THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

trated Weekly
Fou 1728 by Benj. Franklin

NOV. 29, 1913 5 CENTS THE COPY

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well stuffed!

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GENUINE hand-made lace is becoming very rare. Travelers who pass through the countries famous for lace-making find but few places where machines of some kind are not used.

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First soak the lace or embroidery in clear, cold water for a few minutes to keep the dirt from setting, then put in the jar and shake until clean.

If a colored lace, remove and rinse in three clear waters. If white, set the jar on a piece of wood in a kettle half full of boiling water and boil for fifteen minutes. After boiling, remove lace and rinse in two clear waters and then in blue water.

Lay lace flat between Turkish towels and remove moisture by patting. Then shape and pin to a clean cloth on an ironing board to dry. Do not iron.

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HONESTY IN BASEBALL

By CONNIE MACK

GOOD honest criticism is to be taken in the spirit it is given. We recognize the right of the fan, and of the occasional visitor to our grounds, to criticize us for our misplays and for our errors of judgment. I should like to make this very clear before I go into the subject of honesty in baseball.

But to accuse us of cheating—playing for the "gate"—is an entirely different matter. For I want every one at all interested in baseball to know that I should consider playing for the gate receipts—"throwing" a game or even failing to put forth the team's very best efforts to win—as nothing short of dishonest. Either would be no better than sneaking your hand in a man's pocket and stealing his pocketbook.

Those who today attack or question the integrity of baseball fall into two classes—a fortunately small number who, in charging us with dishonesty, unconsciously disclose what they would do were they in our shoes; and a surprisingly large number who don't stop to think or who fail to think straight. Let's take them in order.

A friend of mine once asked me to read a storybook by a fellow in the majors of the writing game—what is called, I believe, a classic. I didn't like it very much; can't to this day remember what it was named or what it was all about. Just one thing sticks in my mind, and that was a good swing the author took at scandalmongers. I can almost repeat it word for word, for I determined never to forget that fair hit into the crowd.

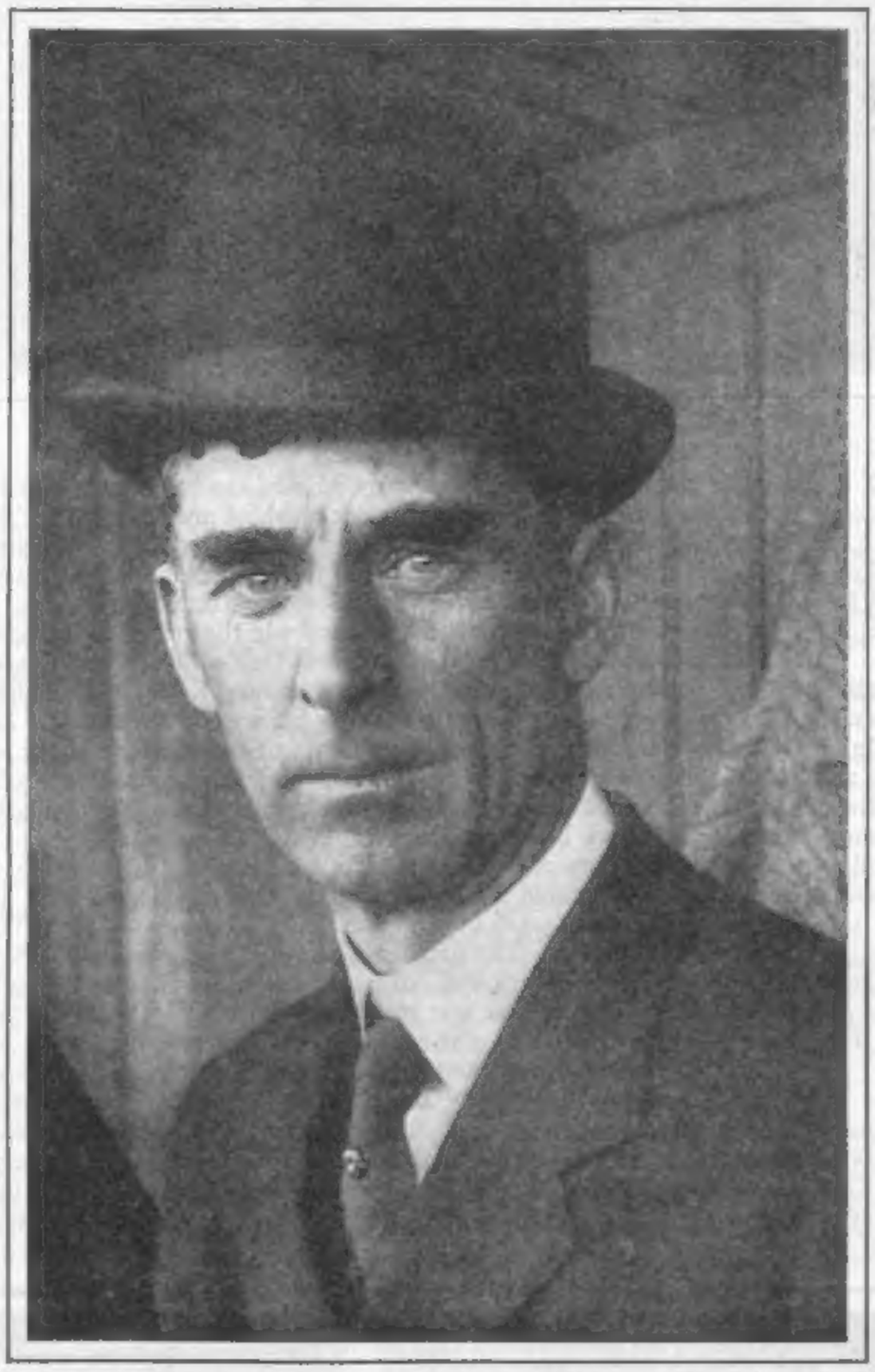
Getting Baseball Brains

MEN who think the worst of others and talk it, said the writer, have taken a stain from the life they themselves lead. They are like troubled puddles—mud puddles, I suppose—incapable of clear reflection! That applies to those unscrupulous critics who openly charge that games are thrown—who would throw games if given half a chance. They are not the lovers of our national pastime, but the gamblers and campfollowers who batten on it and who would destroy it, if they could, to serve their own greedy ends. For such as they I haven't anything to say, except that we are fortified against them and will fight them to a finish. Argument is wasted on them; nothing counts but constant warfare.

Next, the second class—the thoughtless. We have a name for the slow-thinking ballplayer who makes a stupid mistake in judgment, calling him a bonehead. Really the man, supposedly otherwise intelligent, who honestly believes that baseball is "framed up," puts himself, even if he doesn't realize it, squarely in the bonehead class. However, as I have often said about young players, you ought to be slow in passing judgment on that gray matter. Youngsters come to me raw from the bushes, who seem to be born with baseball brains. On the other hand there are older men, as well as promising recruits, good, mechanical players, who are a fearfully long time getting it—or showing it. You may instruct a man what to do and see him do exactly the opposite before your words are cold in his ear. I have a star now who used to forget what I told him walking from the dugout on to the diamond. With him I became almost discouraged, thinking he would never learn; then he wised up all of a sudden—acquired that gray matter. But for hurting his feelings I could single out one of the grandest players in the American League today, who for quite a time was one of the stupidest performers that ever came under my observation. It seemed as though he would never learn—would always class with the boneheads. Today it is the rarest thing to see him make the wrong play.

So as we must devote plenty of patience to the ballplayer until he gets what we call baseball brains, it is only fair to be patient with the fan and with the man who is satisfied to read about the game in the newspapers. If some of them haven't wised up to the absolute honesty of baseball, perhaps a realization of it will come to them just as that gray matter comes to a ballplayer. What I say from here on is like telling the player over and over, so he may think and act straight. It's intended for the true follower of our national sport, whether he sits in the grandstand or the bleachers.

Suppose you had been through a hard, grueling season of over one hundred and fifty games, trying your A-1 best to steer a clever, earnest bunch of players to victory.



I Should Consider "Throwing" a Game Nothing Short of Dishonest

Suppose your lead, while the fight was on, had never been more than ten games and once or twice less than a single game. Suppose you had had to combat injuries to players, poor condition or lack of control of your pitchers, and the luck of baseball, which will sometimes run against you despite anything you can do. Notwithstanding all this you win out—cop the championship for the fifth time.

Then suppose you go into the World's Series with your team in splendid condition, every last man intent on playing as well as he knows how or even a shade better, and resolved to win the big series in four straight, if possible. Suppose you do win four out of five, and so secure the world's emblem for the third time, but drop a ten-inning game—a game your team wouldn't lose again in a whole season if it offered you the same opportunities. And because of that one game you hear honest people make the charge of hippodroming!

How it Pays to Win

MIND you—two major leagues, supposedly of about equal strength, each sending its best team into the series, and one wins four out of five; yet there are those who claim that the series is "fixed." Well, what would you say to that if you were the manager of the winner? You wouldn't want to discuss it. That's the way I feel down deep about those who ignorantly attack the grand game to which I've given thirty years of my life.

But the editor of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST has suggested that I may be able to point out how the World's Series just ended proves the honesty of baseball. For this reason only I am willing to break my silence that I had determined upon. I do it for the good of the national game.

They say that in the Far West Indians traveled a hundred miles or more, some of them in blankets, to get the score by innings of the World's Series and to root for "Chief" Bender, pitcher of our team. Certainly business was suspended everywhere, in the big cities as well as on the reservation! I mention this merely to emphasize my apology for stopping long enough to repeat briefly the rule governing the series, in order to make my points clear.

The team winning four out of seven games takes the championship of the world, so-called, and the winners—that is, those players of the successful club who were under contract before September first—receive sixty per cent of the players' pool, whereas the losers take but forty per cent. Furthermore the players of both teams share in the receipts of the first four games only. The last-named condition was framed in order that all suspicion of hippodroming might be eliminated.

The difference per player, as between winners and losers, in the recent series was approximately twelve hundred and fifty dollars—each member of the Athletics received twelve hundred and fifty dollars more than any member of the Giants. Ballplayers like money just as well as any other class of people. Twelve hundred and fifty dollars means as much to a player as it does to a doctor or a lawyer—probably a little more, for a man does not last long, comparatively, on the diamond. Keeping all this clearly in view, does any one in his right mind suppose for one minute that the players would risk this difference between the winners' and losers' share by prolonging the series to enrich their employers, the club-owners? I'd like to see some club-owner suggest it to his players with one of those dictographs concealed under the bench. But perhaps those machines can't stand strong language.

The ambition of the Athletic players—and just as much of President Shibe and myself—was to win a World's Series in four straight games. This year we planned to do it. I don't mind repeating what I said to the boys before the first contest in New York.

"Think of more than the money," I urged. "Look to the honor! Long after what you win in this series is gone you will be remembered as the heroes who triumphed or as the team that should have won but lost. Your grandchildren will make their boasts if you win. Each of you will be known to fame as one of the World's Champions."

The assurances I got after I made that little talk left no doubt in my mind that every player would be in the fight, giving the very best that was in him—and a little more.

I felt confident, moreover, that the men would try their hardest to win the series without dropping a single game.

Baseball history records how near we came to turning the trick—one extra-inning game lost, with Mathewson pitching as never before in his life—as he couldn't pitch in the deciding game of the series. We won four out of five, and yet the experts believed before the first game was played that it would be harder than in 1911 for us to beat the Giants.

Was there unnecessary delay in winning, do you think?

It is a rule of mine never to play a lost game over in print. It never helps you to win the next game, nor does it serve to make up for the game you have dropped. I had intended to abide by this rule in regard to the game won by New York in the tenth inning after our opportunity to score in the last half of the ninth. But as the charges made to the effect that I was not overanxious to win the game rest upon certain acts of my own in that contest, I have decided, somewhat reluctantly I admit, to break my rule and here give the reasons why I directed the play in the manner recorded. I do this, let me add, in the same spirit in which I met the direct criticism of a thoughtless man.

It was the day following the much-discussed game. We had beaten the Giants in New York rather easily, 8 to 2. It was after dinner, and I was taking a short walk with a relative of mine from Boston, when we met an acquaintance of his, to whom I was introduced as "Mr. Mack." For some reason the man did not connect "Mr. Mack" with the manager of the Athletics, and, ignoring me, he said to my relative:

"What about that game in Philadelphia yesterday? I hear the Athletics didn't try to win it—threw it away on purpose."

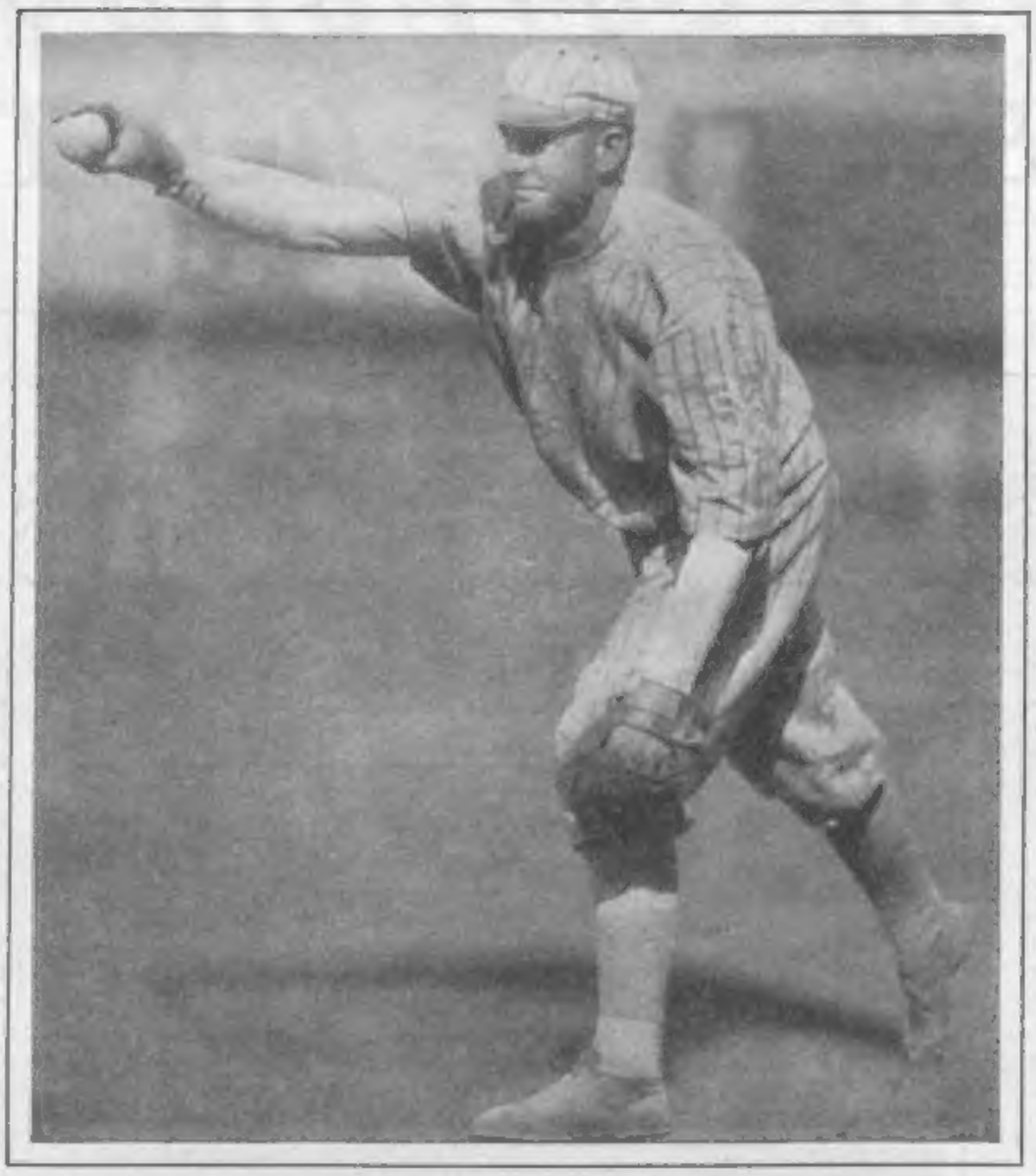
Well, you can imagine how my relative felt. He looked as if he wanted to sink through the walk. He turned to me with a helpless expression, and said simply: "This is Connie Mack."

Then the other man wanted to sink through the walk. I felt sorry for him—never saw any one so flustered in all my life. He stammered and tried to explain that he didn't mean anything by what he said. I smiled and told him as forcibly as I could that I knew he didn't mean it. But after my relative and I had walked away he came running after us, grabbed hold of me, and begged me not to take any offense from his remarks. He said that he hadn't seen the game himself, but that he was merely repeating no doubt ill-founded charges that he had heard bandied about. I took him by the hand, patted him on the shoulder just to try to make him feel easy in his mind, and said to him:

That Nerve-Racking Game Explained

"I UNDERSTAND exactly. I know they're saying these things. I don't blame you for trying to find out about it. Any friend of baseball would want to know. I'm not offended at you, and so far as we're concerned let's forget all about it."

May I say again that it's in this spirit that I propose to explain about that nerve-racking game. As you will remember, it was a pitchers' battle between Plank for the Athletics and Mathewson for the Giants, with Plank having the best of it for nine innings. He had allowed but four hits, and the Giants hadn't scored when we came to bat in the last half of the ninth. We needed a single run to win. Strunk, the first man up for us, hit a single. Barry followed with an infield hit, on which Doyle—the Giants' captain and second baseman—foolishly tried to get his man at first, threw wild, and the ball went to the concrete wall. This put Strunk on third and Barry on second, with nobody out.



To Mathewson Belongs the Glory of Winning

Here is where the manager comes in for the major share of the blame. With no one out or with only one out, a long fly to the outfield would score Strunk and win the game—a safe hit was not required. So experts and fans called for a long fly! I am criticized, first, because I allowed Lapp, our catcher, to go to bat—and because he hit weakly to the first baseman, who threw home, catching Strunk at the plate. The "second guess" of experts and fans decided that it was a mistake to send Lapp to bat; that a utility man should have been substituted. Why? Because the season's batting record of Lapp hadn't been good! Also because, although this is not an argument advanced, he did not deliver the punch in the crisis.

Here's my answer: The first time he faced Mathewson in the game Lapp struck out. His second time at bat he hit sharply to Doyle and was retired at first. The third time he singled. Now he was up for the fourth time, having shown improvement each succeeding turn at the bat. Why should I want to take Lapp out with this batting record in the game and substitute an untried man? Then again there was his attitude of mind, his strong heart in the emergency. The moment Strunk singled in that inning Lapp jumped up from the bench, grabbed a bat and exclaimed to me: "Now put your man down to second and I'll win the game for you!"

Somebody said: "It's dogged as does it."

But most of the criticism heaped upon me came because I let Plank follow Lapp, instead of putting in a utility man, and because he also hit to the first baseman and Barry was run down between third and home. Let's look at Plank's batting up to that time: He hadn't struck out; he had made one safe hit, and he had knocked a sizzling liner which the Giants' shortstop had caught brilliantly. It is a fact, which few who saw that game apparently remember, that Plank hit that ball harder than any man on our team—"Home-Run" Baker not excepted.

"But he's a pitcher!" critics say. That's their whole argument. Plank's batting in the game we're talking about wasn't considered. He was to be taken out merely because he was a pitcher. Who won the game for New York, sending in the only run needed to win? Mathewson, a pitcher!

Suppose it had been the turn of Collins to bat—Collins who hit for an average of .421 for the series. Would any critic have advised the substitution of a utility man for Collins? But in this game Collins did not hit the ball as hard as Plank did and his third time up was struck out.

The fact is, I had been wrestling with this situation in a way long before it actually arose. Whereas to the expert and to the fan it was a problem unexpectedly presented on the moment after Doyle's wild throw to first, as the manager of the team and the director of the game it was my duty to be prepared for this emergency. I was prepared. In the first place I knew Mathewson. He is the sort of pitcher who gets you the first time; then slowly you begin to find him. Take our record against Matty. He beat us, 2 to 1, in the first game in 1911. We beat him the second game he faced us in that series, and knocked him from the box the third. In this last series he beat us the first game—the game I'm discussing. We beat him his next game—the deciding game, played in New York. Apply this to the individual: In the ten-inning game, with two men on base, he struck out Baker the first time up, but afterward Baker got two hits. So Lapp got to him, as I have stated. But the point I am making is, that a new man coming into the game as a pinch-hitter would have had mighty little chance against Mathewson's great pitching in that contest.

As to the Fly to the Outfield

NOW, to confound the experts: When Lapp and Plank went to bat the cry was: "A fly to the outfield—it's easy!" I doubt if twenty men out of the twenty thousand at that game knew that in the eight innings but *one fly ball, far enough out to score a man from third, had been hit by the Athletics.* And yet it was "easy" to pick a man to score Strunk or Barry from third on a fly to the outfield! As a matter of record, Eddie Murphy knocked the only fly ball which would have scored a man from third. It was the drive between left and center that Burns caught after a sharp run. But when Murphy faced Mathewson, after Lapp and Plank had failed to deliver the punch, he hit to pitcher and was an easy out at first. Even he didn't knock a long fly to the outfield!

I don't censure the fan because he failed to recall the record of fly balls to the outfield. The fan is not paid for thinking. I am. It was my business to know this, to be prepared for the emergency, and I was prepared. I did what I thought was right. My conscience is clear. That night I slept as well as after any game in the series. And I must add that I'd be compelled, by my knowledge of

(Continued on Page 52)

Catching Strunk at the Plate in the Second Game of the World's Series

HOLLY COURT

By KATHLEEN NORRIS

ILLUSTRATED BY C. D. WILLIAMS

FOR the first four or five years of their married life the Ennsicoes grasped their destiny firmly and ran events with a high hand. After that their destiny grasped the Ennsicoes and they became the prey of events. Swiftly, subtly there came about the change that brought them from the days of their bold and happy poverty in East Eleventh Street to the era of prosperity and discomfort at Holly Court, Marlborough Gardens, on Long Island Sound.

Their marriage had been one of those latterday high adventures that leave the very parents of the contracting parties gasping with apprehension, and raise a dark cloud of doubts and somber prophecies among the bridesmaids and ushers. Nobody could possibly live on Albert Ennsicoe's income, to begin with, the bridesmaids and ushers thought—even if Nancy Barrett were not the one woman in the world least fitted to try.

Nobody could possibly live in that little flat in hot weather; nobody could make it comfortable in cold; none of Nancy's presents were suited to the young Ennsicoes' position in life; none of her clothing had been selected sensibly, and the whole arrangement was preposterous from beginning to end—and it was too bad for every one concerned!

The Ennsicoes, however, gayly weathered these dismal predictions—weathered the hottest summer on record—weathered the coldest winter. Nancy reigned supremely happy in her three small rooms, gave delightful dinners there, trotted about to cheap theaters and restaurants with her shabby glove tucked contentedly into Bert's arm, and told her friends that she was the happiest woman in the world—and looked it.

Bert spent his mother's Christmas check—a check labeled: "For my boy's winter overcoat"—on a wicker carriage, a tin tub and two pairs of arctic overshoes; and Nancy christened at least two of these gifts with her happy tears. Later she was radiant over the coincidence that brought Albert Junior safely to his crib and his carriage on the Feast of Saint Valentine.

By midsummer she was exhausted, but inextinguished. By midsummer the gallant Nancy knew backache, knew headache, knew moods of weary irritation. Six weeks at a seaside boarding house would do wonders, she said—and she tried it; but somehow she never spoke kindly of boarding houses after that. And it was not until the fall—cool, delicious October—that Nancy revived.

Thanksgiving Day found Bert and his wife giving thanks over a tin quart measure of raw oysters eaten with hatpins. Albert Junior, asleep behind a screen, had the measles; Nancy had been hanging over him all day and laughed the tears into her eyes—tears of pain or tears of pleasure, she did not know which—when Albert Senior, in sudden recollection of the national holiday, had rushed out into a snowstorm for the wherewithal to celebrate.

"We'll laugh at all this some day!" said Nancy, spearing away with her hatpin.

Bert did not laugh; but he told his wife what he thought of her and so made their second Thanksgiving a sacred memory to her forevermore.

Little Ned delayed their start for the country the next year, not joining his parents and his fat, sweet, talkative little brother until early in July. Then Nancy took both babies down to a tiny beach cottage on Long Island, and lived for three months on fruit and milk and ocean bathing. They came back brown and sturdy in October to a larger flat and to the eagerly welcoming Bert. The new flat was not so pretty as the old or in so good a neighborhood; but there was room for the cribs and the fireless cooker, and the park was not a block away.

Nancy did nothing but care for her house, her husband and her babies that year—and the next and the next and the next. She grew thin and lost her bright color; she knew plenty of tired and discouraged days; plenty of worry—about croup, about Bert's needed office suit, about bills.

Yet the web of these days was shot with so much brightness that, even while they were living in it, this time seemed bright to Nancy and Bert. Small pleasures seemed great when shared with the two sturdy boys and the rosebud of

"The Very First Thing Jam Said Was That the Children Were Out With Agnes"

a baby; for a third baby presently came and was named Anne—for her mother—and was a harbinger, Nancy said, of endless changes for good.

Certainly it was not long after Anne's arrival that they found they could afford a better apartment; that they found they could afford to have a maid. Then there was a good cook in the kitchen and a little girl to take the children into the park besides. Nancy could make calls again; could waste a morning shopping now and then; could wear smart suits and hats once more. She and Bert went to the theater when they wanted to go, and, if it was raining, they came home grinning like a pair of happy children—in a taxicab.

Early in a certain summer, the summer that little Bert was seven years old, a real piece of good luck came along to emphasize their rapidly improving fortunes. Big Bert sold the Witcher place.

The Witcher estate had been so long in the hands of Bert's firm for sale that it had become a household word in the family, and nobody ever expected to pocket the very handsome commission the owner and the firm between them had placed upon the deal; but big Bert managed the whole thing in less than half an hour on a wet spring afternoon. Then he and Nancy had a bank account.

They knew what they wanted to do with all that money, did the Ennsicoes. There was only one sensible thing for young people who were raising a family on a rather small salary to do. They would buy a home. No more rent, no more city, no more moving for Nancy and Bert! The bank account had just five figures. Nancy and Bert said they could buy a darling place for, say, nine thousand, spend another thousand on new furniture, and begin to live!

Unfortunately, however, in all the Sundays and Sundays and Sundays they spent in hunting for their country place, they never saw anything that cost just nine thousand dollars. There were plenty of places that cost sixty-five hundred or seven thousand. After that prices made a clean leap to ten thousand, to twelve thousand, to fourteen ——

"No; really there's no use in our considering those!" said the young Ennsicoes, sighing.

They considered instead the six-thousand and seven-thousand-dollar bargains—nice neighborhoods; young trees set out along the streets—trees about the size of carriage whips; nice sunny bathroom; nice bedrooms—"We could change these papers," Nancy always said—very good kitchen; good closets; a fireplace in the dining room. And so back to the front hall again, and to a rather blank moment when the agent obviously expected the Ennsicoes to say something definite—and the Ennsicoes found themselves utterly unable to rise to the occasion.

This went on for many months; but one day, a sweet spring day of green and gold and blue, a new agent took them out to Marlborough Gardens.

"Isn't it one of those fearfully smart developments?" asked Nancy fearfully.

"It's considered the handsomest home development on Long Island," the agent admitted readily; "but we have a few bargains out there now."

"Nothing over ten thousand—positively," said Bert.

"Now you wait and see what I show you and then we'll talk turkey," the agent said, beaming at little Anne who, radiant on the front seat of the motor car, beamed back.

Marlborough Gardens proved to be beyond Nancy's wildest dreams of country places. It was shut off from the vulgar herd of the near-by village by great chained gates of cement. Lawns, trees, glimpses of beautiful homes, glimpses of tennis courts, glimpses of the blue water of the bay, glimpses of white, curving driveways—this was her first impression of Marlborough Gardens. The Ennsicoes had been homehunting for a year now and they never had seen anything like it.

Presently the motor car ran smoothly against a curb and they stopped at a low, rambling house that spread its shingled roof and cottage casements under great elms and locust trees. Nancy had barely time to send her husband an ecstatic glance before the agent led them up the curving, pebbled-brick path, and turned a key in the wide front door.

"A Dutch-top door!" said Nancy. "Isn't that cunning, Anne? See, dear, you can have it half open and half shut!"

"This is Holly Court," said the agent—"built by the owner to live in. He's selling it for practically what the house cost."

"And what's that?" asked Bert.

"Now you wait a few minutes," the agent said good-naturedly.

He called Nancy's attention to the red-tiled porch; to the open fireplaces in the hall and drawing room; the bookshelves in the tiny den. He threw open a casement window on the stairway, led them on to bedrooms with hardwood floors, with mirrors in the bathroom doors. There were two bathrooms on the second floor, a third in the attic, a fourth in the garage, he said.

There was an upstairs porch—"To shake a rug, Mrs. Ennsicoe; or to dry your hair; or for this young lady's supper," said this delightful man. A back stairway led down to tempting culinary regions; a sharp exclamation burst from Nancy at the sight of the great icebox and the tiled sink.

Outside was a tiny but healthy hedge; and a picturesque garage, with window-boxes upstairs and room for at least three cars. Even when these had been inspected the agent would not talk terms; he insisted on taking the Ennsicoes to tea at the country club.

Nancy's heart was choking her with hope and fear; and she knew Bert was nervous too, though they sat laughing and chatting in the lovely awninged tearoom of the country club and drank their tea with an appearance of calm.

The agent, it seemed, really wanted them to have that house. He would have bought it himself, but he had promised his wife never to move away from her mother's home in Flushing. He belonged to this club, however, and there was not a nicer family club on Long Island, he said—swimming and boating in summer, and card parties and dances all winter long.

Eighteen thousand! It was out at last, falling like a stone on the Ennsicoes' hearts. Nancy could hardly keep the tears from her eyes at the sickening revulsion. Bert, more hardy, barked out a short laugh.

"Nix!" said Bert. "Nothing stirring!"

"I don't see it," said the agent, unruffled.

"But I do!" Bert answered briefly.

"Now look here," said the agent argumentatively, "you ——"

"Nothing stirring, I tell you," Bert said cheerfully. "Don't hand me out a long line of dope about it. I like it; the missus likes it; it's a dandy proposition—for a millionaire. But I couldn't touch it with a ten-foot pole."

"Now listen a moment!" again the agent began.

And Nancy said gently, almost tremulously: "Do just listen to him, Bert!"

"You pay rent, don't you?" the agent started off with brisk readiness. "Sixty, you told me—am I right?"

"Yes," said Bert; "but ——"

"Just a minute!" the other man interrupted, smiling. "You're paying interest now on somebody's twelve thousand dollars, aren't you? Do you realize that? You've got ten thousand to invest—am I right?"

An hour later they went to see Holly Court again. It was even more fascinating than ever in the sweet spring twilight. Triangles of soft light lay on its dusty yet polished floors. Bert said it would need very little furniture; Nancy said one maid could easily do the work. Nancy sketched Bert and his friends, arriving hot and weary from the city on summer afternoons, going down to the bay for a plunge, returning to find supper spread on the red-tiled porch. Bert liked the idea of winter fires, with snow outside and friends driving up jolly and cold for a cup of tea at the Ennsicoe hearth.

"What do you think, Nance?" said Bert, very low, to his wife when the agent had considerately withdrawn for a few minutes. "It would be pretty close calculating, dear. There's interest on an eight-thousand-dollar mortgage, you know; and the cost of the move; and my commutation; and fire and life insurance; and club dues. Then living would be a little higher in a place like this—there are no stores near. Just carts coming for orders, he tells me—or you can telephone into the village."

"But think how simply the children and I can dress," Nancy reminded him quickly. "And if they have all out-of-doors to play in I can let Fanny go and just keep Maud!"

"Well, it's just as you say ——" Bert hesitated.

Nancy stared out of the window for a few minutes in silence. Then she turned to her husband a pale, tense face with very bright eyes.

"Albert," said she quickly and breathlessly, "if I could live in a place like this I'd manage somehow! I'd have one servant—I'd do my own work! To have our friends down here—to own this place—to have that club to go to —— Mind, I'm not trying to influence you, Bert," said Nancy in a flat, repressed voice. "You are the best judge, of course; but I merely think it is the loveliest place I ever saw in my life, and if we can't have it I feel as if we'd better give up househunting and live in that detestable city for the rest of our lives. We'll never find anything like this again! That's what I think—if you ask me."

That settled it. A week later the Ennsicoes had in their possession the deed, the mortgage, the keys of house and garage, and the receipts for road grading, for the county tax and the school tax. They were, of course, wildly elated, from Bert Senior to the dancing Anne. The interest on an eight-thousand-dollar mortgage did not seem a very serious matter—they paid no rent, after all. Bert paid his interest for two quarters in advance, and in a lovely twilight in early summer the Ennsicoes moved into Holly Court.

And it was all better than their dreams. Through the happy summer days the boys and Anne romped about under the trees and shrieked and splashed in the lovely bay; and Nancy hemmed curtains of plain net, and made beds, and dusted the charming drawing room. Every hour found the Ennsicoes more infatuated with their home. Nancy made a quiet boast in those days that "They let the neighbors alone and the neighbors let them alone."

"We'll Laugh at All This Some Day!"

In a simple old gingham gown and gypsy hat she sauntered down to meet Bert in the late afternoon, and they bathed and tramped together, and let the children share—on Saturdays and Sundays—the bliss of burning rubbish or making ice cream. Never in their happy lives had the Ennsicoes been so happy.

In the early fall they began to entertain a little with dinners for six or an occasional Sunday luncheon; and by the following summer they knew some of the nicest residents of Marlborough Gardens and began to go pretty regularly to the club. Bert was a fine fellow; Nancy was everything charming; the children were dears; there was nothing to prevent the Ennsicoes from being liked—and they became immediately popular.

After that motor cars began to stop at Holly Court on Saturday afternoons and Sundays, and joyous and chattering groups began to come in to have tea with the Ennsicoes. This was delightfully exciting, even when it delayed dinner and delayed the children's bedtime. Nancy got a second servant, a nurse—Agnes, a plain, devoted and reliable woman—not very well trained, but to be depended on when Bert and Nancy went off in a friend's motor and came home late.

Gradually the old order changed and gave place to the new. Bert and Nancy lived to entertain and be entertained; and after their hard and busy years it seemed only right and natural to them to take this playtime. Winter came again, their second winter in Holly Court; but there were still dancing and cards and dinners at the club, and house parties of city friends for the week-ends.

Miraculously finances stood the strain. Bert was doing well; there were other big sales to his credit—lesser than the Witcher sale, to be sure, but still important. People streamed through lovely and hospitable Holly Court. Nancy bribed her laundress to wash the napkins twice weekly; bribed her cook; got in extra hands for special occasions; made concessions everywhere.

The children were a good deal in the background now, but seemed well cared for and contented enough when they made their well-mannered appearances before their mother's friends.

"Do you recognize us, Bert?" Nancy sometimes asked exultingly as she tucked herself joyously into somebody's big tonneau or snatched open a bureau drawer to find fresh prettiness for some unexpected outing.

"Gosh, it's queer!" Bert would answer, grinning. And early in the second summer he said: "If I put the Buller deal over I'll get a car."

"Well, honestly, we ought to have a car," Nancy answered seriously. "It isn't an extravagance at all, Bert; it's really one of the things that you have to have, don't you know? You have friends down Saturday; you go swimming; you come home to dinner and play auction—well and good! Sunday morning you go swimming again; come home to lunch—then what? I positively feel embarrassed every time that hour arrives."

"Oh, we'll get a car," said Bert.

They got a car a few weeks later and the picturesque garage was useless no longer. A man and wife took the big room upstairs over the kitchen—the man to care for the car and garden; the woman to cook. Nancy kept her nurse and got a little maid besides—Hannah, who was to make herself generally useful in dining room and bedrooms.

Life spun on. The Ennsicoes felt they had never really lived before. They rushed and laughed and played cards—got involved in theater parties, theatricals and week-long trips in the car. Nancy and Bert would come noisily into their home late on a Saturday afternoon and entertain a shouting crowd in the dining room. After that the chugging of motors began again outside, and the watching children saw their parents depart in a trail of gay laughter.

A brief halt was called when a fourth baby, Priscilla, was born. Perhaps it was during the first quiet weeks of Priscilla's life that the Ennsicoes began to look certain unpleasant financial facts in the face. They were running pretty heavily into debt.

"And I don't see where we can cut down," said Bert gloomily.

It was dusk of a bitter winter day. Nancy lay back in a deep chair beside the bedroom fire. Priscilla snuffled in her bassinet. In a lighted room adjoining,

Bert Spent His Mother's Christmas Check

a nurse was washing bottles. Nancy's illness had brought husband and wife nearer together somehow than they had been for a long time.

"What specially worries you, Bert?" Nancy asked.

"Nothing special; but we're running over every month. The servants, the table, the car, your bill at Landmann's—nothing is within any limit any more! It's not that!" He puffed at his pipe a moment in silence. "It's not that!" he burst out; "but I don't think we get much out of it!"

Nancy stared silently at the fire. Then she said in a low tone:

"I don't believe we do."

"I like Biggerstaff—I like the Collins bunch—I like Rose and Fielding well enough!" Bert threw off. "But I don't like 'em all day long and all the time! I don't like this business of framing something up every Sunday—a lot of women and veils and lunchboxes—and tips wherever we stop ——"

"And hours of making talk with women I don't care much about—for me!" Nancy said. "I like the Wicklows," she said presently after thought, "and the Ingrams. But that's about all!"

"Exactly," said her husband grimly. "But it's not the Wicklows and the Ingrams that made our club bill sixty-one dollars last month."

"Bert! It wasn't!"

"Well, some was account rendered. But now here's Atherton, the Collinses' cousin, puts up at the club two nights; and Collins asked me to sign the card for him, for he'd overdone the guest act himself."

"But, Bert—he'll surely pay you!"

"Maybe he will—maybe he won't! It's just one of those things you can't mention."

"I could let Hannah go," mused Nancy; "but in the rush last summer I let her help Marie—waiting on table, and now Marie won't set foot out of her kitchen for love or money."

"And we can't very well let Marie go on account of Pierre. No; but we'll just try to pull in a little where we can. My garage bill is the largest yet, this month. Then there're the prizes for the card party; and the present for the Underhill kid; and a sort of half promise I made Rose to go in with him for a motor boat next year; and the boys' schooling bills in advance—it just seems everything at once, with your party and this young lady's initiation fee!" Bert sighed, shrugged his shoulders and walked over to stare at Priscilla.

"Hello, goo-goo!" said he. "You are having a grand old time with your shawl!"

"The moment I'm downstairs again," said Nancy vigorously, "we'll begin on self-denial week! You wait and see!"

There was no stopping halfway however. The current had caught the Ennsicoes and it carried them boldly along. They began really to be alarmed by the bills that poured

in on them; but they were powerless—they must go on contracting more. Take the children out of the private school that all the other children attended? Get rid of the car? Shut their doors to their friends? These things simply could not be done. Anne's clothes and her mother's must continue to go to a French laundry—how could Nancy ask Marie to begin to do a big weekly washing now?

Nancy and Bert could talk nothing but bills, and now they began to quarrel over them—this extravagance was Bert's fault; this tremendous expenditure was entirely blamable to Nancy. Nancy had many a violent crying spell about it all—crying spells interrupted by the honking of motors in the road and ended by a dash of powder, a cold towel pressed to her hot eyes, and the cheerful fiction of a headache.

"You people are wonderful and you lead a perfectly wonderful life!" said Nancy's guests. "Raising four lovely children—and yet as happy and gay as young people yourselves!"

Nancy could only smile when this was said; but she began to get a little bitter. Bert had changed, she told herself—changed completely! He had become a stranger. He never looked at her any more—hardly listened to her. He had plans with the men and chucklingly completed them, even though Nancy was conveying to him, with everything except actual speech, the idea that she did not want to go off for dinner to Little Mateo's; she did not want to be put into the Fieldings' car while he went off in the Rose car!

He was happy, of course; he was having a glorious time—they both were; but he acted very curiously in those days. He merely smiled sleepily if Nancy burst forth when they were alone.

"Not exactly our crowd," he would agree vaguely; "but we had a fine run!"

Nancy began to wish he would not drink quite so much. The other men did, of course; but she thought perhaps these constant drinks accounted for the general hardening, the indefinable estranging of Bert.

"Let's make a rule," she proposed one Sunday, "that nobody shall come to our house we both don't like!"

"You're on!" said Bert enthusiastically.

Ten minutes later it chanced that two motor loads of persons they both thoroughly disliked poured into Holly Court; and Nancy rushed out into the frigid atmosphere of the kitchen to scramble some sandwiches together under the icy eyes of Marie and Hannah, who were getting ready for a company lunch.

"This is maddening!" said Nancy when the intruders had honked away. "But what can we do? We're here—the house is here; they all know it!"

"Well, we're having a lot of fun out of it anyway," Bert said half-heartedly.

"Am I the One Who Runs the Bills and Spends the Money?"

At this time Nancy thought even the children were changed. Little Bert and Ned were nice-looking, grinning little lads in their brown holland summer suits and white canvas hats; but they rather avoided the society of both father and mother, and seemed to have no confidences to unfold and no hopes to share. They whined and teased sometimes to be included in motor trips; but Pierre took them about a good deal on weekdays and they went about with other small boys of Marlborough Beach, eating too much and staying up too late, but rarely in the way.

Anne was a shy, thin little blonde of eight now—a sensitive, inarticulate little girl, with teeth missing and straight locks of fair hair. Priscilla, giggling and dimpling through her second summer, was, of the four, the most satisfactory—a dear, delightful baby, who chewed her pink ribbons and never cried when she was left with the devoted Agnes.

The Ennsicoes had been four years at Holly Court when real money troubles came. Bert left his firm to establish himself independently, and this meant no regular salary for a long time ahead. It meant that Bert was worried, absorbed, overburdened; it meant a constant drain on the already seriously diminished bank account. Bert and Nancy had a long, worried talk one night when they got home late and tired after a dance at the club.

"We could give up Hannah," submitted Bert.

"I suppose so," Nancy agreed reluctantly; "but we oughtn't to cut down until the Berrys' visit is over, Bert. You know you said you wanted everything extra nice for them. And the Sewalls positively expect to spend a fortnight here in August."

"If we got rid of Marie and Pierre, and the car ——" the man began dubiously.

"Not until after the Sewalls' visit, Bert! We couldn't!" Nancy frowned at herself in the mirror. "And if we give up the car that means we can't ride in other people's cars," she reminded him. "It means that we are simply out of it!"

Bert scowled too.

"Well, you have got to make up your mind to cut down somewhere, my dear," he said. "This can't keep up!"

"I?" Nancy flared. "Am I the one who runs the bills and spends the money? Why, except for the children's schooling and my laundry there isn't one thing ——"

It was the beginning of a bitter quarrel, the most serious they had ever had. Bert left on an early train in the morning without speaking to his wife, and Nancy spent a wretched day, sick of the life she was leading and utterly discouraged as to the future.

It seemed impossible really to reduce expenses—between the things the children must have, and her few indispensable extravagances, and Bert's few, and the constant waste in the kitchen. If they accepted hospitality they must return it; if they went about they must look as other people looked, do what other people did.

An ugly silence lasted between husband and wife for several days. No formal reconciliation ended it. Guests came in and must be kept from suspecting anything amiss; the Ennsicoes had a dinner engagement to keep and carefully avoided any appearance of having disagreed. They both grew more and more wretched.

Yet here they were in a most beautiful home, young and well, in possession of more than their share of good looks, the father and mother of four lovely children, and surrounded by delightful friends.

Nancy was always beautifully gowned now; Bert was very stunning in his white flannels and buckskin pumps; a dozen motor cars vied for the honor of their presence; a dozen luncheon and dinner tables tempted them. They had never lived so well, looked so well, eaten so well—and they were very unhappy!

"The whole thing is that Bert loves neither the children nor myself any more!" Nancy decided one afternoon in July when, with three other young wives and mothers, she was playing auction bridge on the porch of the club.

It was Saturday and Bert was on the tennis courts, where Nancy had been watching the semifinals of the summer's tournament. She had been excited and interested there; but now the three women had carried her off for a game and Nancy seemed to herself to be dummy fully half the time; she had leisure for bitter reflection.

"Who would have thought a few years ago that Bert and I would be here, in one of the smartest clubs of Long Island—and prominent members of it?" Nancy said to herself.

Inconsistently enough she followed the thought with a long sigh. Her head ached a little and her skin felt hot and dry; she did not want to have time to think today—yet what else could she do, sitting here and watching the others play?

And whenever her thoughts were free she remembered with a fresh sense of smarting resentment Bert's reception of her latest idea for economizing, submitted to him only a few hours ago.

"Bert," she had said to him sharply in answer to one of the now drearily familiar dissertations on financial worries, "why not rent Holly Court and go somewhere else for a year or two?"

Even as she spoke she regretted an offer of what would entail so great a personal sacrifice on her part; but Bert's answer had been almost a snarl.

"Don't talk nonsense!" he had said curtly. "D'you think I want every one saying that I can't make good, now that I've left the firm and am out for myself?"

Nancy had shrunk back, instantly silenced; in fact she had not spoken to him directly since.

She played the next hand herself and was absorbed by the interest of the game; but she was not too much so to notice that Sam Biggerstaff came to the door of the club and called his wife away from the game for a moment.

Mrs. Biggerstaff presently tripped back to her seat. Two or three more hands were played before one of the other women said:

"How quiet everything is! Game finished, do you suppose?"

"No trumps!" said Mrs. Biggerstaff.

"Isn't everything quiet!" Nancy exclaimed, also struck; for there had been a great noise of clapping and shouting from the courts and there was not a sound now.

"It must be over!" said the woman who had first spoken; and leaning back in her chair she called to a waiter passing through the nearby dining room:

"Boy! Boy! Go down and ask one of the gentlemen how the tennis went, will you?"

The waiter came out to them, his tray hanging in his dropped hand.

"I don't believe they finished the game, Mrs. Billings," he said very respectfully. "They've all gone to the fire——"

At the same time Mrs. Biggerstaff stood up, terrified eyes on Nancy. Nancy met her gaze and felt her soul sick within her.

"Now, Nancy! Now, Nancy ——" Mrs. Biggerstaff began. "Now, deary, hold on to yourself! Sam told me about it; and he said that Bert begged that you shouldn't be frightened!"

"Not Holly Court!" wailed one of the other women; but Nancy knew that Mrs. Biggerstaff was holding something back, and she said slowly with gray lips:

"What did you hear, Martha? The children! The children ——"

"No; the children were out with Agnes," said Mrs. Biggerstaff, her arms tight about Nancy, who was trembling very much. "Just listen, dear! It was Agnes who gave the alarm, we think—we don't really know anything, Nancy. Sam said the man was crazy with excitement—Pierre, or whatever his name is; but, at all events, the very first thing Sam said was that the children were out with Agnes."

"But Priscilla!" Nancy said in a sharp whisper. She had turned deadly white and looked ghastly. "Priscilla wasn't out!" she said. "She was taking her nap! The baby! The baby ——"

The other three women looked at each other and away from the terrible question in her eyes—a little blank; a little frightened.

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WILSON IN THE COUNTRY

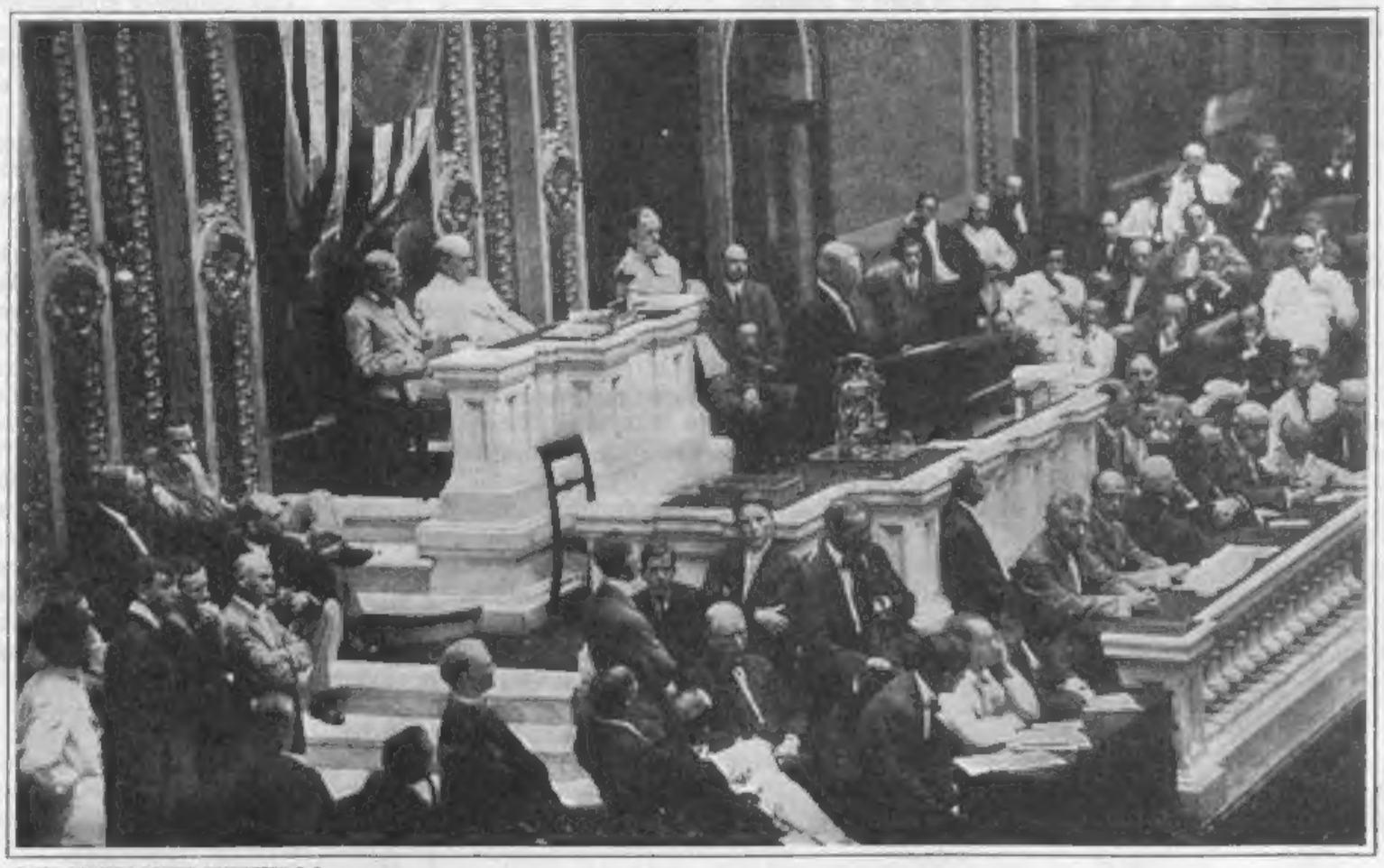


PHOTO. BY HARRIS & EWING, WASHINGTON, D. C.

President Wilson Reading a Message to Congress

By Samuel G. Blythe

THE fact that goes farthest to prove the permanence of the basic principles of our political system is this: The great bulk of American citizens, no matter how widely they may have been separated in a presidential campaign, get together after the result is known and stand ready to support the winner.

They do not change their politics or their beliefs, but they turn to the individual who is elected and wish him well. They are just as partisan as ever, so far as policies and issues are concerned; but they are mostly for the man. The national characteristic is to rally to the support of the victor, to bid him Godspeed, and wait patiently to see whether he makes good or fails. Professional politicians retain animosities; but the people forget the fight and stand on the proposition that the candidate chosen is president of the whole people; that he will be supported so long as he is deserving of support; and that it will be his own fault if he loses the confidence of those whose governmental affairs he directs.

Furthermore the people are rather tenacious in their support of a president. They do not make snap judgments. They pay scant attention to partisan attacks. They read of what the president is doing and make their own opinions so far as he individually is concerned; and they are not especially influenced by editorial comment. As a mass the people are far better judges of men than they are of measures—and they are not hurried judges. They give a president a chance.

Take the case of Mr. Taft: He went into office with everybody his friend. All factions were prepared to be glad if he succeeded—if he lived up to his advance notices. And the people waited patiently for some exposition of his abilities. No matter what the earlier opinion may have been it was not until after the Payne-Aldrich Bill had been signed and defended by him that the real conclusion was formed; but by the end of the first year of his term Mr. Taft was not in the confidence of the people and his defeat was inevitable. The people stood by him as long as they could, but when they turned away they turned away for good and all.

There are two political viewpoints in this country—the Washington viewpoint and the out-of-Washington viewpoint. It is the custom of those within the Washington radius to sneer at the people and the popular viewpoint. These statesmen delude themselves with the idea that the people can be fooled as easily as they can be led. There is basis for this belief, for a glance at most of the statesmen who hold this view shows that the people must have been both fooled and led with great ease, else these very statesmen would not be in Washington at all. The fact is, the people can be fooled up to a certain point; but after that it becomes extremely difficult to impose on them.

Statesmen Without Perspective

NO MATTER how close an officeholder, senator, representative or executive may have been to the sod when he broke into the public service, it requires but a short time to warp his view after he gets to Washington. The reason for this is that the politics of the country crystallizes in Washington. A certain group of men, numbering ninety-six in the Senate and four hundred and thirty-five in the House, because of their herding in one place, their intimate interchange of ideas and their power to legislate, get to think their view is the prevalent view—not because it is, but because their vision is restricted to the narrow circle of their official actions. It is a sort of introspective egoism. They constantly remain inside, looking out, instead of occasionally going outside and having a look within.

The Washington idea of what the country wants and the country's idea of what it wants are often widely at variance. Though it is quite true the country can get what it wants only through Washington, it is also true that the country can and will, whenever the chance comes, send to Washington men it thinks will accede to its desires. This is a political fact that rarely occurs to the man who has the distorted Washington viewpoint, who lives in the political atmosphere of the place; but, without fail, the time comes, sooner or later, when he is given an opportunity to retire to an outside point and think things over.

Washington is too close to the machinery to get a knowledge of anything but the cogs. Washington thinks, because it tends the engine, that Washington supplies the power. It is all a matter of perspective. The statesmen in Washington get strabismic. They do not see clearly. They have a wrong focus. Take this question of patronage, for example—a most important question politically to the majority party, and a most vexatious. You would have your trouble for your pains in trying to convince any Democratic senator or representative that practically the entire population of the United States, male and above the age of twenty-one, does not want to get on the Federal payroll. The pressure here is concentrated; but the fact is that not one-half of one per cent of the people who do the voting, and are more or less interested in politics, ever had an idea of holding a Federal job, and never a thought about trying to get one.

Therefore, whatever official Washington may think of Mr. Wilson as president, that view is by no means the countrywide view. Instead, it is the strictly professional and strictly political Washington view, and as such bears no particular relation to the countrywide view, save as a further evidence of its own peculiarities.

The place to inquire about a president is not in Washington, but outside; for, though official Washington can do much to defeat a president, it will do little to help him win. His winning depends on himself. If a president allows Washington to override him he is done; but if he overrides Washington he has a real chance for popular support. Let me make this clearer by pointing out the differences between the centralized, crystallized politics of the capital and the diffuse politics of the country.

We elect a president after a hip-hip-hurrah campaign, and elect him in November. That over, the people instantly drop politics—except so far as the professional politicians are concerned—and, taking their triumph or their defeat in good part, wish the new president success and go about their work or their play. A president has been elected for four years. There is no need of worrying for three years and six months over the election of another one or the reëlection of this one. That is the opinion and the performance out in the country.

What happens in Washington? At the very minute a president is elected Washington begins shaping politics toward the event of the nomination and election four years hence. Not one important step is taken that does not bear directly on these future contingencies. No legislation is proposed or passed without full consideration of its political effect either on the party as a whole or on the Washington individuals who are of the majority. The object of party politics is party power. The object of party affiliations is continued political preferment for the affiliators. All legislation is political first and personal second. The men who make the laws make them primarily for their own party and political advantage—and secondarily for whatever advantage may slop over for the country.

When the present Congress went into extra session last April for the public purpose of revising the tariff and remodeling the currency, it went into extra session, first of all, for the political purpose of maintaining the majority of the Democracy, and for the further political purpose of making it possible to hold the White House for another four years or longer. That was the object. That is the object now.

The country is not thinking especially about the man to be nominated in 1916, but the politicians have been thinking of that situation and nothing else since it was certain, on the night of election in 1912, that Mr. Wilson had been chosen. Nor have the politicians been doing anything but legislating, contriving and scheming to the end of retaining their power, of keeping themselves in office, or of regaining their power on the part of the minority.

This explains why the concentrated Washington view and the diffuse outside view may differ radically. One is selfish and personal. The other is impersonal, so far as the people themselves come into it, and is based on the general kindly feeling toward the man who is at the head of things.

Popular Faith in the President

RECENTLY I came across the continent from West to East, stopping along the route from San Francisco to Boston, and asked the people—not the politicians—what they thought of Mr. Wilson. I found an almost universal regard for him, an almost universal admiration for him, an almost universal support for him, based on the concrete popular recognition of his honesty of purpose, his power of intellect, his lack of ostentation, his good judgment, and his evident determination to carry out the policies he has laid down as essential to the well-being of the country, as well as for the capacity he has shown for taking the initiative.

The people, as a whole, are for Mr. Wilson. They have watched him carefully and have faith in his sincerity, and are particularly pleased with his mastery of his difficult situation. The people like a man who dominates. They want to be governed. They had a strong personal regard for Mr. Taft, for example, until they made up their minds he was not running things, but things were running him. They find that Mr. Wilson is really president, with no delegation of authority whatsoever; and they like that and like him—and are frank to say so.

It is true I found opposition to the tariff program of Mr. Wilson, but not so much as I had expected. This country has been on a high protective basis for many years, has been organized along those lines; but, outside of the irreconcilable, standpat remnants of the old Republican party, there was an evident and cheerful disposition to try out a reduction of the tariff and see what the effect would be. I found that nobody, except in a few Old Guard instances, had many apprehensions of what would happen; and all were serenely conscious of the fact that if this revision fails to be satisfactory it is the easiest thing in the world to re-revise.

The general disposition was this: The people elected Mr. Wilson and a Democratic Senate and House, with full knowledge that the tariff would be revised and revised downward. There were no popular delusions about that. Now, since the Democrats have revised the tariff according

to their lights and, in a measure at least, as directed by the people, the people themselves have no cause for complaint and should accept the result as their own doing, and wait for the outcome.

If the tariff program of the Democrats fails to work out in a practical and helpful manner there is no doubt as to what will happen at the first general election, where the people have a chance to express themselves. The Democrats will be retired—that is all there is to that; but, until the tariff has had a chance, the great bulk of the people are calmly philosophical about it all; and it is as hard to stir interest in the subject as it would be to revive Knownothingism. We have had tariff dinged at us for several years. The popular attitude is: "For heaven's sake, drop it! Give us a chance to see how it works! Forget it, and let us go about our business!"

So far as the tariff and Mr. Wilson's linked fortunes are considered, the general feeling is optimistic. Your American is a good sportsman, as a whole, and he is willing to take a chance. If it comes right, hurrah for Wilson! If it comes wrong, hurrah for somebody else.

Of course I met many discouraged standpatters who were full of forebodings and who scattered prophecies of ruin; but the bulk of the people have no fears and have many hopes. They are with Wilson.

When you come to consider the obvious fact that there are not ten men in the Congress of the United States who have any exact scientific or even professional knowledge of the currency question, there will be no surprise over the lack of popular knowledge of the subject. The revision of the currency laws is too abstruse for popular grasp. Not one man in ten thousand knows what it is all about. The people have a vague idea that this Administration is endeavoring to do something that will relieve banking and currency situations in times of financial stress, make the currency more elastic, increase credits—or something of the kind; but what or how is beyond them, just as it is beyond most of the men who are making the law.

Credit for the Man, Not for the Party

THE general opinion is that this new law will go to produce more money, and everybody is for that. Offsetting this are the bankers—the men who have had control of the financial situation; and their protests are loud and raucous. They have in many instances tried to impress on their patrons the horrid truth, as they see it, that this new currency program will have the inevitable effect of disorganizing the present financial system and raising hob generally. They admit, most of them, that something should be done, but contend vigorously that they are the persons to do it and not the Congress and the president.

Of course there is force to this argument if a client of a bank finds his credits stopped, money tightened up, and his banker in a blue funk; but the general and popular idea is that the protest of the bankers over what Mr. Wilson is trying to do is based on a rather elaborate self-interest, and, as with the tariff, the people are willing to take a chance with him and see what happens.

Moreover the average voter is pleased with the idea of an income tax. He is glad the big-income man is to be levied on. He thinks the president is responsible for that too. Of course he is not; but his party embodied the principle, after constitutional authority had been given, in the tariff bill and the president gets the credit.

Broadly the outside, countrywide support of the president, which is general and enthusiastic, comes, to a great extent, from the belief—and the just belief—that many of the abuses of our politics and our finances, and our economic situation in other phases, have come from the special interests fostered by the previous tariffs, and by the control of the financial situation by a more or less restricted group of men. The average voter feels he has not had much of an opportunity. He does not know what the tariff will do to relieve his situation or what the currency revision will do; but he hopes they will do something. And, being at heart a patriotic and honest person, he is glad that seeming steps have been taken to relieve him of the oppression of protected monopolies and to take the banking grip from his throat.

It is beyond the purpose of this article to discuss whether these benefits will be derived or not. The crux of it is that the average American thinks some benefit will come, and he gives Mr. Wilson—not his party, but Mr. Wilson, the president—credit; and he is strongly for Wilson.

That is the strange feature of it. So far as the Democratic party is concerned, it has done little for itself *per se;* for the people consider the party and the party politicians merely as instruments in the hands of the president for carrying out these policies. I doubt whether the Democrats have made many converts to their cause. I doubt whether the redemption—whatever form it takes—of their party pledges will add any large number of voters to the Democracy.

It is not support of the Democratic party that exists—it is support of Mr. Wilson. It is individual. Of course the Democracy will gather whatever collateral benefits there may be, but the leaders of that party need not felicitate themselves with the idea that the party is any stronger than it has been—or much stronger, to be conservative about it. It is not. The strength of the Democracy is in the Democratic president. The people consider him and hold him as the active power that is doing these things, and fail to consider his instruments. Their regard is personal. They like the man as a man and as a president, regardless of whether he is a Democrat.

My trip across the country proved this to me incontestably. The status of the Democracy is not any better or any worse than it has been; and the status of the Democratic president is individual and personal, and not political.

As it stands at present, with the Democratic majority in the House and Senate doing what the president demands, but at the same time playing such three-years-hence politics as it may, there is no doubt Mr. Wilson will be renominated in 1916, provided he wants the nomination. Nothing can stop that—not even the plank in the Democratic platform adopted at Baltimore in 1912, which says:

"We favor a single presidential term, and to that end urge the adoption of an amendment to the Constitution making the president of the United States ineligible for reëlection; and we pledge the candidate of this convention to this principle."

Mr. Wilson has expressed no public opinion of that plank, so far as I know, and has never taken a stand on it. Moreover I doubt, from what I have seen of the man, whether he is at all concerned as yet about renomination in 1916. His belief in predestination is rather strong and he is not doing much to shape 1916 events. He seems to be attending strictly to the work at hand.

Of course he is human—far more human than most of his critics will admit—and if he is successful for four years he probably will desire to be successful for eight years; but he may not at that. I never knew a man in whom the sense of duty was stronger, or a man who had the ability to impress that sense of duty on others to such an extent. If he thinks it is his duty to run again he will run, and nobody can stop him; but that is all a matter for future determination.

Still, at present, with his wide popularity throughout the country, his successes so far, his evident determination to carry out his program, and his evident expectation that the program will result in the benefits he has in mind, there can be no consideration of a future presidential situation without consideration of Mr. Wilson as the candidate of the Democracy.

As it now looks, that situation is inevitable, notwithstanding any ideas he may have and notwithstanding the plank in the Democratic platform. Events may change all this; but, so far as there can be a certainty thus far ahead, Woodrow Wilson is as good as nominated now—provided, of course, he continues as high in popular regard as at present and keeps on as successfully as he has started.

Therefore the question of opposition to him is the important one. What is going to happen to the opposition? What will be the opposition and from what direction will it come? Who shall lead it? Will it be concrete or scattered? Will there be two candidates against him or one?

When you begin seeking answers for these questions, as I did, you find yourself out on a limb of speculation instead of near a trunk of fact. After talking to many persons in all parts of the country, the only tangible proposition I can formulate is that there will be an opposition to the Democracy in 1916 that can best be described as anti-Democratic.

Dead, Coffined and Entombed

NO ONE can say yet what sort of opposition it will be. No one can say whether it will be based on a tariff protest, on a recrudescence of the Republican party, reformed out of all semblance of its former self—for the former, historical Republican party is deader than a doornail. No one can say whether it will be dominated by the Progressives who will have absorbed the remnants, or whether it will be dominated by the remade Republicans who will have absorbed the Bull Moosers.

It will be anti-Democratic—that is all that can be said of it. Since the summer of 1912, when Mr. Taft was nominated at Chicago and Mr. Roosevelt became the Progressive candidate, and the campaign that resulted in the defeat of both, there has not been a single tangible, expedient political idea put forward by anybody relating to the opposition that must be formed.

Various near-Progressive but still-true-to-the-old-flag gentlemen have elucidated their own ideas. Various others have yelled: "Get together!" Various others have advocated reform, reform, and once more reform! A meeting of the Republican National Committee has been called for December to see whether some way out of the wilderness can be found. They are anxious to do anything—everything—to rehabilitate themselves; and we observe the enlivening spectacle of Boies Penrose, Elihu Root and William Barnes gravely talking about the extension of popular rule and guaranteeing future impeccable conduct.

There is no organized opposition. The Republican party is still dead, coffined and entombed. The Progressive party is necessarily marking time. The whole natural opposition is disorganized, nebulous, inefficient. A good-enough example of the situation is found in the campaign in Massachusetts that was in progress as this was written. There we have a regular Democratic candidate for governor, a Republican candidate, who gayly kicked his party's platform to pieces and made one of his own; a Progressive candidate; and an independent candidate. The opposition is disorganized, mixed and individual. Gardner, the so-called Republican, is in reality as progressive in his own way as Bird, the Progressive candidate; and Foss, the independent candidate, concedes nothing to either of them.

If there should be a presidential election this fall that same Massachusetts situation would exist nationwide. There would be disorganized opposition, because the various elements of the opposition have not yet found any place where they can stand together. That is the task for the next three years.

Some kind of party will eventually result from the fusing of all these discordant elements, but it is possible the result will not be effective by 1916. No one can foretell what will happen. President Wilson is undeniably seeking to attract to himself as many of the Progressives of the country as he can, and he is having some success at it.

The idea of raising the Republican party from the grave by the joint agencies of Penrose, Barnes, Root and Crane,

(Concluded on Page 38)

LIVING AT HIGH C

Strange Phenomena in the Altitudes of Grand Opera

ILLUSTRATED BY Z. P. NIKOLAKI

"GRAND-OPERA singers are the mos' funny people." So says my friend Lemaire. Being a grand-opera singer himself, he speaks feelingly, though the detached point of view of his remark is not common in the profession. He is, however, very nearly a normal human being—much more nearly than most of his colleagues.

His statement of the case is the result of the observations and feelings of several seasons and was put into words last spring at the break-up of the company for the season. As our mightiest prima donna was bidding farewell to the rest of the singers, she called across the stage to Lemaire:

"*Au revoir*, Jean—until we meet this summer at the Paris Opéra."

The others looked at each other blankly. It was the first time they had learned of his engagement at that famous opera house, for Lemaire is a silent person and keeps his own counsel well. A buzz of low-toned conversation arose, from the trend of which one might have concluded that the speakers were not pleased. It was not at all along the lines of the lofty, high-souled figures they had been impersonating during the season. I could catch remarks about inexplicable engagements and the strange luck attending a singer who—eloquent gestures—was by no means any greater than several of whom modesty forbade mention. Strange as it may seem, one might even have thought they were jealous.

Lemaire grinned and moved away. As he passed me he whispered the remark I have quoted.

I am an American singer in the company and, I might as well state now, a comparatively unimportant member of the force. I have no thrilling tale to tell of how I, understudying the greatest singer in the world, saved the performance when he became hoarse between acts, thereby winning fame, fortune and much publicity for myself in a single night. On the contrary I was engaged in a thoroughly commonplace, businesslike way, and for two seasons I have sung the rôles assigned to me—that is all.

Children Who Never Grow Up

IN OTHER words I intend to speak the truth, and not fiction. What I shall have to say about grand-opera singers comes under the heading of facts. I have taken the liberty of changing a few names, but that is as far as I have gone.

In the beginning, then, Lemaire is quite right. Grand-opera singers are the "mos' funny people." They are little more than children, and spoiled children at that—quarrelsome, bad-tempered, vain, sometimes bewilderingly sunny and sweet, gifted with beautiful voices—but still essentially children. They are musical Peter Pans who have never grown up, and their childlike qualities, good and bad, have only become intensified with age.

If you want to see a grown-up person in a fit of childish rage just observe a member of an operatic company when he has been affronted—or when he thinks he has been. Even off the stage no one cares about being slighted, but the degrees of affronts and their resultant ebullitions are to be seen in their full glory in professional companies. In such cases the resentment varies directly with the square of the importance of the artist, as they used to say in geometry classes. Let a singer of first rôles get the idea that something has been done or is going to be done that will react unfavorably on his position in the center of the stage, and he will forthwith touch off an explosion of a kind to make those round him long to go to England and join the militant suffragettes for the sake of peace.

We were billed for a gala performance one night last season. Speaking technically a gala performance means a hodgepodge bill of detached acts from six or seven different operas. For some unknown reason they are enormously popular with audiences and consequently form a regular part of the season.

On this program our pretty little dancer, Gemma Giovanni, the *première danseuse étoile*—to give her full title—was to give a solo dance as the third or fourth section. Two hours before the curtain went up Jane Stevens sent over word that she wanted her position on the program changed. Wherefore there was perturbation and disgust in the manager's office, because the programs had been printed and delivered at the opera house, ready for distribution. However, Miss Stevens is the highest-salaried prima donna and the most popular with the audiences. Consequently her requests are commands up to a certain point, and a new list was at once made up and rushed over to the printers.

What they said in the office was not a patch to what Giovanni said when she learned that in the general shift she had been elected to close the show. She looked upon the change as a mortal insult.

When I went by her dressing-room door that night on the way to my own I heard more words in a given time issuing from the inside than I had ever heard before. The door was open and I peeped in.

There was Giovanni standing before her mirror in full costume and make-up, and in a royal wildcat rage. She had been in eruption just long enough to get thoroughly under way and she was certainly putting her heart into it. Such a torrent of mingled French and Italian objurgations as she was getting off her mind must be heard to be appreciated. *Brutta!* and *Mauvaise femme!* and *Gelosa!* were only a few of the mildest. The general tenor of her remarks was to the effect that she was an artiste; and that this unspeakable person of nameless origin and the voice of a sick cat, this singer of no manners, with the disposition of a hyena, should displace her—her, Giovanni!—from her rightful place on the program was enough to ruffle the disposition of an angel.

She was crying with vexation and, as fast as the tears formed, with perfect aplomb carefully wiping them from her eyes with absorbent cotton so as not to spoil her make-up. Then she would throw the wad of cotton on the floor, stamp on it, and at the top of her voice declare that she would not dance at all—no, never! She would leave the company; she would go where real talent was appreciated.

Incidentally, be it noted, she made no movement toward changing back to street clothes.

When she ran out of ammunition or breath—it was all the same with her—her mother would interject a remark in her own crude, uncultivated voice, which started the exhibition all over again.

I Am a Comparatively Unimportant Member of the Force

Of course it was all for effect; and nobody within hearing, which meant practically the whole stage, paid the slightest attention to her. I had to get ready for my own scene about that time and I left her still inventing new and startling slanders about the artistic achievements of Miss Stevens. When I was through and ready to leave the theater she was standing in the wings waiting for her music cue. The orchestra struck up and she ran out on the stage with a heavenly smile and danced as though the one desire of her heart was that she should dance at just that time. There was no more talk of Gemma Giovanni's leaving the company—then or at any other time.

Absent treatment is the best kind for an artist in a tantrum, unless, as does not happen nearly often enough, he meets his match in violence, in which case it is over more quickly and with more joy to the onlooker. Our manager tells about a time when he was personally conducting a singer named Boivin and his wife on a concert tour about the country. One day he received an invitation from Madame Boivin to come into their drawing-room compartment on the train and play cards with them. The game had not progressed very far before a violent quarrel broke out between husband and wife. Boivin had not expressed himself more than thirty seconds before his wife leaned across the table and gave him a wallop on the jaw that would have made a prize-fighter envious.

Boivin gasped, turned white, rolled his eyes and burst into tears. From that time on he was under complete subjection. Every time his wife looked at him he jumped.

Lemaire's Practical Joke

SHE completed her conquest by ordering in two table-d'hôte dinners from the dining car—one for herself, the other for the manager. What Boivin got was scraps from her plate—an occasional chicken wing or piece of bread handed to him in disdainful silence and received with equal silence, but gratefully. The manager says that it was like feeding a big dog. He declares he could almost distinguish the wagging of a ghostly tail.

Lemaire conceives it to be his mission to rebuke certain members of the company by gentler means. He finds the practical joke wisely applied of great service as a deflator of boastfulness. Dupont and McInerney, two tenors, respectively French and Irish, were successfully treated by him last year with the result that one topic of conversation was barred permanently by them, and incidentally that they hardly spoke to each other for the rest of the season.

Each of the two is inordinately proud of his muscular development, and each has many photographs taken with short sleeves, folded arms and distended biceps. Also each would, up to the time of the incident I am relating, talk for hours on his prowess as an amateur boxer.

All this got on Lemaire's nerves, particularly as he had never seen any marked signs of pugilistic ability in either; so one day, happening to meet Dupont, he said:

"When is the fight coming off?"

"What fight?" asked the surprised Dupont.

They are Musical Peter Pans Who Have Never Grown Up

"The boxing match between you and McInerney! I am told it is all arranged and that he is advising all his friends to bet on him. He says he can knock you out in one round."

"He knock me out! Pouf! Do you see this?" showing his fist. "He would not be there one round. One blow is enough!"

Lemaire then proceeded to McInerney, said the same thing and, allowing for racial differences, received the same reply. The next day they met on the stage in rehearsal. They sat on opposite sides and glared at each other until both missed their cues.

It was Lemaire also who wrote a mash note to Chalifoux, our great, slow-moving, dignified basso, signing a girl's name and asking him to call on her at some impossible place miles out in the suburbs. The next night Lemaire went into a café where Chalifoux and some of his friends were sitting and repeated the whole note, to the consternation of Chalifoux and the equal delight of his friends.

"Au Revoir, Jean—Until the Paris Opera"

Chalifoux himself can engage in a jest on occasion. A card was sent to Elise Barnard one night at her hotel by a young man who had met her outside somewhere. She went to the reception room to see him, and Chalifoux, grasping the situation, followed. Just at the doorway he roared at the top of his mighty voice: "Where is my wife?" The young man grabbed for his hat and, without waiting to say good night, started for the other door on the run. For all that any of us know he is going yet.

One of the gentlest and most inoffensive members of the organization is Heinrich Wolff, the leader of the first violins in the orchestra—or, as he is called by those who talk the musical argot, the Konzertmeister. He is a kind-hearted, soft-voiced, baldheaded little man, with a habit of talking several languages at once when he is tired or nervous. I met him one day just before the season opened when he was completely exhausted. The conductor had given them a rehearsal the day before, which had lasted all day and about half the night, and Wolff's knees were trembling with weariness. I asked him how he was feeling.

"Tired," he said. "*Ach, Gott*, I am so tired!"

"Come in and have a drink," I suggested.

"No, I sank you. I care not for a drink. I am too tired."

"How did the rehearsal go?" I asked. He straightened up and his eyes brightened.

"Fine! Fine!" he said. "*Nach der erste Repetition, der Kappellmeister sagte mir, 'Herr Wolff, je suis très content de vous.'*" ("After the first repetition the conductor said to me: 'Herr Wolff, I am much pleased with you.'")

As the Sparks Fly Upward

HE SAID that along about midnight the conductor, having had the orchestra for fully twelve hours, did not seem to realize that the men were worn out, but began to give sharper and sharper beats and to call out: "More expression! More fire!"

"Finally I looked up at him on the stand," said Wolff, "and said: '*Maestro*, we got no more.'" Then the rehearsal was dismissed.

The conductor referred to above is one of the most indefatigable workers who ever lived. He claims that he seldom sleeps more than five hours a day and it is certain he is busy most of the other nineteen. Such of them as are not employed in working are consumed in laying traps for those who are his enemies and who do not admit that he is the greatest of living conductors. He watches his reputation with a jealous eye and is in position to wreak summary vengeance on those with whom he does not get along.

He conducted a performance one night wherein Madame Raffaelli was singing, on which occasion she sang off pitch in one passage. When the act was over he went on the stage and told her about it.

With the current operatic willingness to shift all responsibility, otherwise known as passing the buck, she replied:

"I know I did. I could not help it. Any one would have sung off pitch with such conducting as you were doing."

The conductor began to emit sparks like an overcharged dynamo.

"Yes, dearest, sweetest, *carissima!*" he said in a tone that meant something quite different from his words; then turned on his heel and walked away.

The next time he conducted for her she blew up again, once more off pitch and this time in an unaccompanied, skyrocket cadenza. If he had been filled with kindly feelings toward her he would have let the last note die away, bringing the orchestra in very softly; and the chances are the slip would have passed unnoticed by the audience. Instead of that he signaled for a fortissimo chord, and the men came in with a crash that showed her a full half-tone flat. There was a groan of dismay from all over the house.

Since then she constantly declares that she must have a clause in her contract providing that he is never to conduct for her again.

Wolff claims to have had a dream in which he died and was sent to the lower regions. Before being admitted, he was given a court trial to determine where he ought to be put to spend the rest of eternity. In his dream his attorney argued thus: "This man ought not to be sent here at all. When he was on earth he played the Meditation from Thaïs so often that he got all the hell he deserves."

The argument was approved and Wolff was sent up to heaven. He says that he enjoyed himself immensely for a few days. Then, as he was taking his morning stroll, he happened to come into an enormous marketplace. There in front of him was a large bulletin board with a crowd gathered round it. He went up to look at it and was confronted with the words: "Rehearsal for The Jewels of the Madonna tomorrow morning at nine-thirty." He at once went to the guardian of the gate and said: "Please send me back to hell."

The life of a grand-opera singer during the season may look to the outsider as much a matter of lights, music, handsome costumes and flowers as the other branches of the theatrical profession. In reality it means even less of these pleasant adjuncts and more hard work than the others. This is because of the incessant and perpetual rehearsing. New operas are constantly being prepared—no small task. Even the standard operas, which every one has heard all his life and ought to know thoroughly, are given so infrequently and discontinuously—not more than ten or a dozen times during the season on an average—that each one has to be worked out as carefully as though it were a new production.

Consequently the artist leaves his hotel in time to attend a morning rehearsal, usually of the music with piano accompaniment. There is a short time off for lunch, then back to the opera house again for a stage rehearsal; then dinner, with the evening performance to follow. Between times he works on his rôles in his room, alone or with an accompanist. The final dress rehearsal lasts practically all day.

In spite of all this work, which necessarily must be methodical and systematic, the casts are very frequently changed at the last minute and a luckless singer is impressed into the task of going on without rehearsal, simply because there has been no time to give him one. The number of cases where a member of the company sings an unrehearsed principal rôle would be enough to give a theatrical manager heart failure; yet breakdowns are infrequent. There may be temporary flurry, but it is so well concealed by conductor, prompter and the other artists that the audience seldom notices it.

It is nerve-racking for a young singer to receive such an assignment, and he or she never fails to use vigorous language about the lack of consideration shown by the management; but it is very seldom the aspiring artist refuses to make an attempt. He goes on the stage resolved to do or die and resorts to all sorts of devices to carry him through.

I once saw a girl appear as the picture in the Tales of Hoffmann, which becomes articulate through the conjuring powers of Doctor Miracle. All during her solo she was quite unconsciously beating time with her fingers, for which she was afterward upbraided by the stage manager. No one under such circumstances can be perfectly at ease or sing at his best, but all anxiously seek the bubble reputation—with rehearsal if they can get one; without it if they cannot.

Coddling the Artistic Temperament

ONLY a few of the singers are on the stage during an evening performance, of course. The rest are in the audience—unless the house is sold out—listening, comparing, studying their rôles at second-hand, and deciding how they can do them better when their turn comes. Between the acts they promenade conspicuously in the lobbies, apparently unconscious of the audience—in reality with eyes and ears open for looks and comments. Very few opera singers believe in hiding their light under a bushel. The attention they receive from the public is worth nearly as much to them as their salary.

There is one matter of appearance that the average singer pays little attention to. The grand-opera figure is notorious. Most singers eat too much and exercise not at all. The only time any one puts a check upon his appetite is immediately before a performance. At that time he eats very lightly—a bowl of soup or less. After the performance he is weak with hunger and exhaustion; then he goes to his favorite café and orders—and eats—a meal large enough for two or three people. When he is fully gorged he goes to his room and sleeps many hours. During the day he has little time and less inclination for exercise.

A few years of this regimen and if he has any tendency to put on weight he inclines toward the corpulent—not to say globular. There have been a few singers who remained slim to the end of their days; but in the majority of cases it was due to a happy dispensation of Nature, and not to their method of life. *(Continued on Page 35)*

She Would Not Dance at All—No, Never!

AFFINITIES

By Mary Roberts Rinehart

ILLUSTRATED BY MAY WILSON PRESTON

We Rugged the Rest of the Afternoon

SOMEBODY ought to know the truth about the Devil's Island affair and I am going to tell it. The truth is generally either better or worse than the stories that get about. In this case it is somewhat better, though I am not proud of it.

It started with a discussion about married women having men friends. I said I thought it was a positive duty—it kept them up to the mark with their clothes and gave a sort of snap to things, without doing any harm. There were six of us on the terrace at the country club at the time and we all felt the same way—that it was fun to have somebody that everybody expected to put by one at dinners, and to sit out dances with and like the way one did one's hair, and to say nice things.

"And to slip out on the links for a moonlight chat with you," said Annette, who is rather given to those little pastimes, the most harmless in the world.

We were all awfully bored that Sunday afternoon. Most of the men were golfing; and when you meet the same people all the time—day after day, dinner after dinner, dance after dance—anything new is welcome. Really the only variety we had was a new drink now and then. Some one would come home from his vacation with a brand-new idea in beverages and order one all round—and it was a real sensation.

That was all we had had all summer for excitement, except the time Willie Anderson kissed Sybilla—she was his wife—on a wager. They had been rather cool to each other for a month or so. We would sit on the terrace and the conversation would be about like this:

"There's the Jacksons' car."

"Why on earth does Ida Jackson wear green?"

"Hello, Ida! When d'you get back?"

"Yesterday. Bully time!"

Just in time to save us from utter boredom somebody says:

"Here comes the Henderson car."

"Jane Henderson's put on weight. She's as big as a house! Hello, Jane!"

"Hello, everybody! My goodness! Why did I come back? Isn't it hot?"

More excitement for a minute and then more yawns. It was Ferd Jackson who suggested the affinity party. He heard about what I said on the terrace, and he came to me while Day was playing on the links. Day, of course, is my husband.

"Had a nice afternoon?" he asked.

"Only fair. Day's been underfoot most of the time. Why?"

"How'd you like a picnic?"

"I would not!" I said decisively. "I hate cold food and motoring in a procession until you choke with dust—and Day getting jealous and disagreeable and wanting to get home early."

"Poor little girl!" said Ferd, and patted my hand in a friendly way.

Ferd was a good scout always; we got along together pretty well and sat together at dinners whenever we could. He never made love to me or anything like that, but he understood me thoroughly, which Day never took the trouble to do. It is absurd, now that it's all over, to have the others saying he was my affinity or anything of the sort. I never cared for him.

"I didn't mean the usual sort of picnic," Ferd said. "How has it got its pretty hair fixed today? Rather nice, ladylove; but why do you hide your pretty ears?"

Ladylove was only a nickname.

"So I won't be able to hear Day bragging about his golf score. What sort of a picnic?"

"It's a peach of an idea!" Ferd said. "It came to me out of a clear sky. Every picnic is a failure—because why? Because they are husband-and-wife picnics. There's no trouble about a picnic where nobody's married, is there?"

"Humph! What's the peach of an idea? To get divorces?"

"Certainly not! Have husbands and wives—only somebody else's husband or somebody else's wife. You and I—do you see?—and Annette and Tom; Jane Henderson and Emerson Riley; Catherine Fredericks and that fellow who's visiting the Moores. Do you see?"

"Day would have a convulsion, Ferd."

"Good gracious, Fanny!" he said. "Haven't you any imagination? What has Day got to do with it? You wouldn't tell him, of course!"

Well, that was different. I was rather scared when I got to thinking of it, but it sounded dandy. One way and another I see such a lot of Day. He's always round unless there's a golf tournament.

"It's moonlight," Ferd said. "The only thing, of course, is to get off. I can stay over at the club or go on a motor trip. It's easy enough for the fellows; but the girls have got to work out something."

So we sat and thought. Day came in from the links just then and stopped by my chair.

"Great afternoon!" he said, mopping his face. "Y'ought to hear what I did to Robson, Fan—I drove off my watch and never touched it. Then he tried it with his. Couldn't even find the case!"

"Go away, Day," I said. "I'm thinking."

"Ferd doesn't seem to interfere with your thinking."

"He's negative and doesn't count," I explained. "You're positive."

That put him in a good humor again and he went off for a shower. I turned to Ferd.

"I believe I've got it," I said—"I'll have a fight with Day the morning of the picnic and I'll not be there when he gets home. I've done it before. Then, when I do go home, he'll be so glad to see me he'll not ask any questions. He'll think I've been off sulking."

"Good girl!" said Ferd.

"Only you must get home by ten o'clock—that's positive. By eleven he'd be telephoning the police."

"Sure I will! We'll all have to get home at reasonable hours."

"And—I'm a wretch, Ferd. He's so fond of me!"

"That's no particular virtue in him. I'm fond of you—and that's mild, Fan; but what's a virtue in Day is a weakness in me, I dare say."

"It's an indiscretion," I said, and got up. Enough is a sufficiency, as somebody said one day, and I did not let even Ferd go too far.

Annette and Jane and Catherine were all crazy about it. Annette was the luckiest, because Charles was going for a fishing trip and her time was her own. And Ferd's idea turned out to be perfectly bully when the eight of us got together that evening and talked it over.

"There's an island up the river," he explained, "where the men from our mill have been camping; and, though the tents are down, they built a wooden pavilion at the edge of the water for a dining hall—and, of course, that's still there. We can leave town at, say, four o'clock and motor up there—you and Tom, Annette and ——"

"I've been thinking it over, Ferd," I put in, "and I won't motor. If the car goes into a ditch or turns over you always get in the papers and there's talk. Isn't there a street car?"

"There's a street car; but, for heaven's sake, Fanny ——"

"Street car it is," I said with decision. "With a street car we'll know we're going to get back to town. It won't be sitting on its tail lamp in a gully; and we won't be hiding the license plates under a stone and walking home either."

There was a lot of demur and at first Annette said she wouldn't go that way; but she came round at last.

"I'll send a basket up late in the afternoon," Ferd said, "with something to eat in it. And you girls had better put on sensible clothes and cut out the high heels and fancy dress. If you are going in a street car you'd better be inconspicuous."

That was the way we arranged it finally—the men to take one car and the girls another and meet opposite the island on the riverbank. We should have to row across and Ferd was to arrange about boats. We set Thursday as the day.

Some sort of premonition made me nervous—and I was sorry about Day too; for though the picnic was only a lark and no harm at all, of course he would have been furious had he known. And he was very nice to me all the week. He sent flowers home twice and on Wednesday he said I might have a new electric. That made it rather difficult to quarrel with him Thursday, as I had arranged.

I lay awake half the night trying to think of something to quarrel about. I could not find anything that really answered until nearly dawn, when I decided to give him some bills I had been holding back. I fell asleep like a child then and did not waken until eleven o'clock. There was a box of roses by the bed and a note in Day's individual writing.

"Honey lamb!" he wrote: "Inclosed is a telegram from Waite calling me to Newburyport to the tournament. I'll hardly get back before tomorrow night. I came to tell you, but you looked so beautiful and so sound asleep I did not have the heart to waken you. Be a good girl! DAY."

Somehow the note startled me. Could he have had any suspicion? I felt queer and uneasy all the time I was dressing; but after I had had a cup of tea I felt better. There is nothing underhanded about Day. If he had known about the picnic he would have handed me his information on a silver platter, like the head of John the Baptist or anything else disagreeable.

The weather was splendid—a late summer day, not too warm, with a September haze over everything. We met at the hairdresser's and Jane Henderson was frightfully nervous.

"Of course I'm game," she said, while the man pinned on her net; "but my hands are like ice."

Catherine, however, was fairly radiant.

"There's a sort of thrill about doing anything clandestine," she observed, "that isn't like anything else in the world. I feel like eloping with Mr. Lee. You'll all be mad about him. He's the nicest thing!"

Mr. Lee was the Moores' guest.

I had got into the spirit of the thing by that time and I drew a long breath. Day was safely out of the way, the weather was fine, and I had my hair over my ears the way Ferd liked it.

Everything went wonderfully—up to a certain point. Have you ever known it to fail? Everything swims along and all is lovely—and the thing, whatever it may be, is being so successful that it is almost a culmination; and then suddenly, out of a clear sky, there is a slip-up somewhere and you want to crawl off into a corner and die.

Ferd had got there early and had a boat ready, all scrubbed out and lined with old carpets. He was just as excited as any of us.

"The trouble with us," he said as we rowed over to the island, "is that we are all in a rut. We do the same things over and over, at the same places, with the same people. The *hoi polloi* never make that mistake and they get a lot more out of life. Every now and then the puddlers from the mill come over here and have a great time."

There were two islands, one just above the other, with about a hundred feet of water between them. The upper island was much the nicer and it was there that Ferd had planned the party.

He does things awfully well—really. He had a decorator out there early in the day and the pavilion was fixed up with plants and vines, which looked as if they grew on it. He had the table fixed too, with a mound of roses and the most interesting place cards. Mine had a little jeweled dagger thrust through it, and the card said:

That's as much as to say, they are fools that marry.

He said the quotation was from Shakspere and the dagger was for Day.

Annette's card said:

She was married, charming, chaste, and twenty-three,

which delighted Annette, she being more than twenty-three.

Ferd's own card said:

Another woman now and then
Is relished by the best of men.

I have forgotten the others. The dagger was a pin, and each card had something pretty fastened to it.

We sat and gossiped while we waited for the others and then we wandered round. The island was not very pretty—flat and weedy mostly, with a good many cans the campers had left, and a muddy shore where a broken dock, consisting of two planks on poles, was the boat landing. But it was only later that I hated it—really. That afternoon we said it was idyllic—and the very place for a picnic.

The other men arrived soon after, and it was really barrels of fun. We made a rule first: No one was to mention an absent husband or wife; and the person who did had to tell a story or sing a song as a forfeit. I was more than proud of Ferd. He had even had a phonograph sent up, with all the new one-steps. We ragged the rest of the afternoon and the Lee man had a lot of new steps. I never had a better time. Jane voiced my feelings perfectly.

"It's not that I'm tired of Bill," she said. "I dote on him, of course; but it is a relief, once in a while, not to have a husband in the offing, isn't it? And the most carping critic could not object to anything we are doing. That's the best of all."

The dinner was simply great—trust Ferd for that too. We were almost hilarious. Between courses we got up and changed our own plates, and we ragged to the side table and back again. Once we had an alarm, however. An excursion boat came up the river and swung in close to the pavilion. We had not noticed it until it was quite near and there was no time to run; so we all sat down on the floor inside the railing, which was covered with canvas, and had our salad there.

By the time dinner was over it was almost dark; and we took a bottle of champagne down to the dock and drank it there, sitting on the boards, with our feet hanging. Ferd had been growing sentimental for the last hour or two and I had to keep him down. He sat beside me on the boards and kept talking about how he envied Day, and that Ida was a good wife and better than he deserved; but no one had ever got into him the way I had.

"I'm not trying to flatter you, Fanny," he said. "I've always been honest with you. But there's a woman for every man, and you're my woman."

He had come rather close—and, anyhow, he was getting on my nerves; so I gave him just the least little bit of a push—and he fell right back into the water. I was never so astonished in my life!

The way Jane Henderson told it later was criminally false. I did not push him with all my strength and he had not tried to kiss me. Nobody had had too much to drink. It was a perfectly proper party, and my own mother could not have found a single thing to criticize. If anybody had had too much it was Emerson Riley.

Well, Ferd was wet through and not very agreeable. He said, however, that he had merely overbalanced, and that he would dry out somehow. The only thing was that he had to get back home and he felt he was not looking his best.

The moon came up and was perfectly lovely; but about the time we had settled down to singing soft little songs and the Lee man was saying what a good lot of sports we were, and that he was going to take the idea back home, a lot of puddlers and their wives put off from the shore and started toward our island. Ferd was awfully put out. He stood up and shouted at them.

"You can't come here!" he called. "This place is taken. Go to the other island."

"Go to the devil!" one of the puddlers called from the boat; nevertheless they turned the boat's nose round and went to the other island. We could hear them yelling and laughing there, and singing in the commonest fashion. It ruined the moonlight for us. From that time the bloom was off, as one may say, and things went from bad to worse.

The last car went at ten o'clock, and at half-past nine we commenced to pack up. Annette insisted on taking the roses; and there was the phonograph and the club's silver and dishes, and almost a boatload of stuff. We could not all get in, of course, so Ferd and Emerson Riley agreed to wait; but just as I got into the boat I dropped my gold bag overboard.

I would not go without the bag. It was set with diamonds and I did not know when I should get another. I just got out of the boat and refused to stir until it had been fished out.

There was a great deal of excitement. The last car had come and was waiting on the bank for its return trip, and every one was anxious to get off. Ferd, who was wet anyhow, waded in, but he could not locate it immediately, and Jane grew hysterical.

"Come on and leave it, Fan!" she begged. "What's a bag beside one's reputation? That car's moving now!"

"Go on!" I said coldly. "I shall stay here until Ferd finds it. Go on, all of you! You can send a man back with the boat, I dare say."

They did it! I never was more astounded in my life; but they all piled in except Ferd and me, and made for the shore as fast as they could. They said it was all well enough for me, with Day out of town; but the rest of them never had any luck and they had to get that car.

"They're terribly nervous, all at once!" I said. "If that car goes without me, Ferd, I shall jump into the river!"

It was moonlight, but not very bright. I sat on the dock and Ferd fished for the gold bag. He brought up an empty bottle, two tin cans and an old shoe.

"Look here, Fan," he said finally, "I'll buy you a new bag. I'll do anything—only let's get out of this."

"Try once more."

"I'll get neuralgia," he said. "I have to be awfully careful, Fanny. Ida has to watch me like a hawk."

"I should imagine so," I replied coldly.

"I mean about the neuralgia."

"Humph! Day never has anything the matter with him—that's one thing. Try again, Ferd."

He stooped again, and this time he got it. He straightened up with it in his hand. The car was still on the bank and a boat was putting out from the shore. All seemed to be well.

"They'll bribe the motorman," said Ferd. "I told Riley to. So you see, little girl, everything's all right. Here's the bag and there's the boat. Do you like me a little bit again?"

I felt rather queer, alone there on the island with him; and the only thing that occurred to me was to keep him down.

"I'll like you well enough when we get back to civilization," I said shortly.

"You're not like yourself, Fanny. You aren't a bit kind to me."

"Being nice to you with everybody round is one thing. This is another. I'm scared, Ferd."

"Not of me?" he said, getting hold of one of my hands. He looked horrid in the moonlight, with his collar in a crease and his coat stuck to him. He looked awfully thin,

"I'll Buy You a New Bag—Only Let's Get Out of This"

"These are Your License Plates, Aren't They?"

too, and his hair was in straggles over his face. "Fan, the boat's coming and I'll never see you alone. Do say you care a little bit!"

Well, I had to play the game. I am not a quitter. I had let him get up the party and spend a lot of money, and I had pretended for months to be interested in him. What was I to do? You may say what you like—a lot of married women get into things they never meant to simply because they are kind-hearted and hate to be called quitters.

"I've always cared a little," I said, trying not to look at him. "Ferd, you're dripping! Don't touch me!"

"Ladylove!" said Ferd, very close to my ear; and then: "Good gracious, Fan! Where's the boat?"

It had absolutely disappeared! Ferd stood up on the shaky dock and peered over the water.

"He's gone to the other island," he said after a moment. "They'll tell him he's wrong, but—time's passing!"

He did not start the ladylove business again, and we sat side by side on the dock, with the river, damp and smelly, underfoot. It was very silent, save for the far-away yells of the puddlers on the next island and the drip-drip from Ferd's trouser-ends to the water below.

Somehow the snap was gone out of the whole thing. I hated it, being alone with him there, and his looking so mussy, and my vanity case soaking from the river. I hated the puddlers' picnic; there was nothing I didn't hate. And the boatman did not come. Even Ferd began to get anxious.

"The infernal fool!" he said. "He's probably joined the picnic, and —— Hello, there!" he called, with his hands to his mouth.

I think they heard us on the bank, for we could hear the trolley bell very faintly. And, immediately after, the car moved off! I had the most awful feeling. We sat on the boards watching it getting smaller and smaller down the river, and neither of us said anything. It had been our one tie, as you may say, to respectability and home—and it had deserted us. After a minute Ferd got up on his feet.

"It's the puddlers, after all!" he said. "We'll have to hail them and get them to send that ass of a boatman. Wouldn't you think that Emerson Riley would have had sense enough to wait and see that we got over safely?"

I fairly clutched at his arm.

"You'll do nothing of the sort," I said. "They'll know you if they're from your mill, and they'll know I am not Ida! It will be in the papers!"

Ferd looked sulky.

"What am I to do, then?" he demanded. "Swim to the bank?"

"Couldn't you swim to the other island and steal one of their boats?"

He did not want to—I could see that; but what else was there to do?

"It's a good way off," he said. "It won't help things any for me to be drowned, you know."

"It would be better than a scandal, wouldn't it?"

He threw up his hands.

"Oh, if that's the way you feel ——"

"That isn't half the way I feel!"

He went off at that in a fury, leaving me alone on the little dock in a state of frenzy. I kept thinking of Day's getting home sooner than he expected and finding me gone—and calling up the police; and my wandering in about daylight with my slippers worn through. I made up a story—if the worst happened—about having had an attack of loss of memory, coming to myself seven miles from town and walking in.

There was no sign of Ferd. The puddlers' picnic was noisier than ever; they had brought a phonograph, too, and were dancing.

When I had waited for what seemed half the night I got frightened about Ferd. He had said it was a good way to go; and if he was drowned—and Ida really fond of him, and welcome to him so far as I was concerned—it was all up with me. Day would loathe the very sight of me—I knew that.

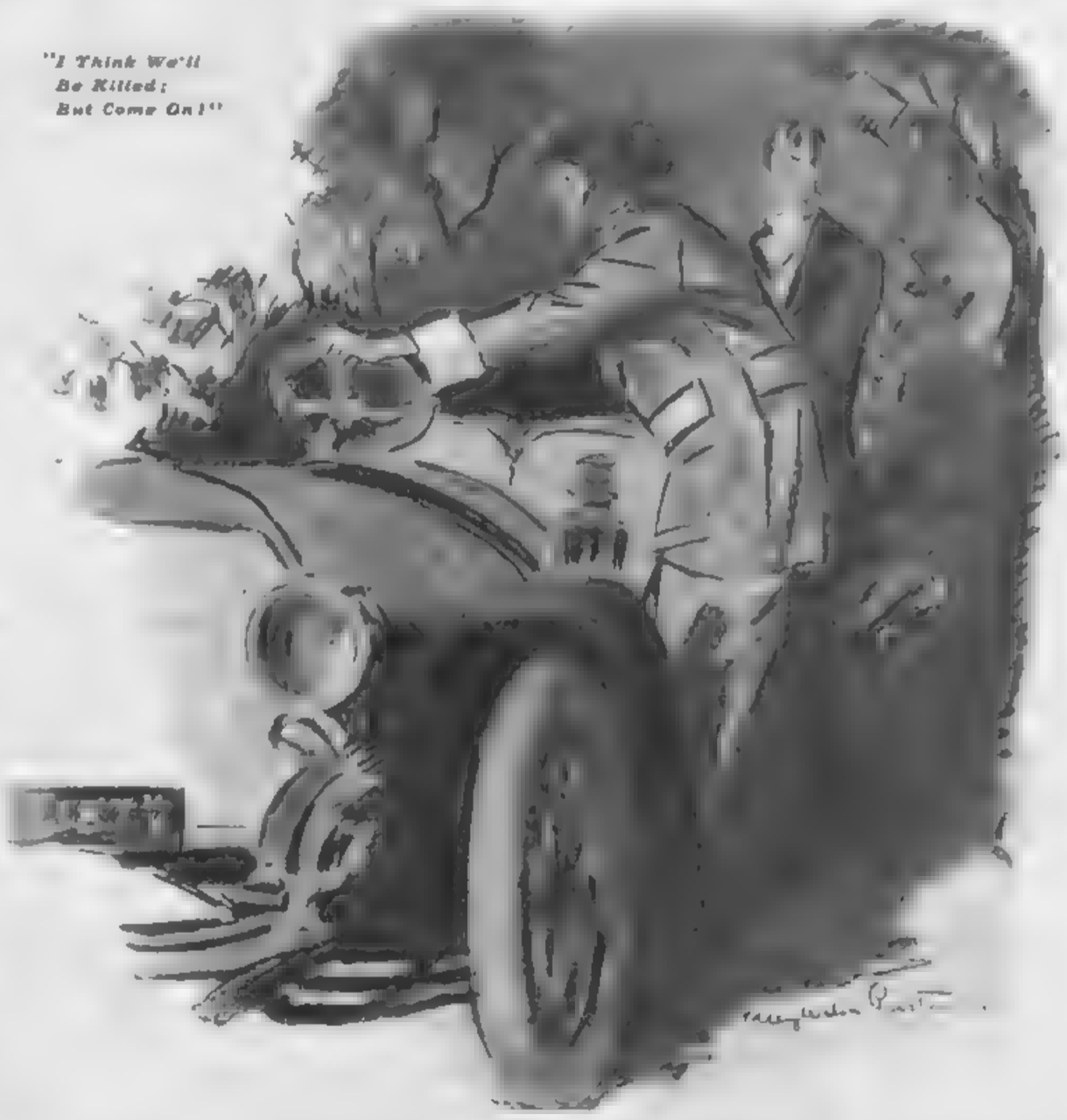
The grass looked snaky in the moonlight and I felt I was taking my life in my hands; but, somehow or other, with my hair pulled down by branches, and ankle-deep in mud every now and then, I got to the place where the two islands faced each other, end to end. There was not a sign of Ferd.

I just sank down on the ground and hoped for death. There was no way out. Jane and the others would think we had the boat and could hire a machine or something to get to the city, and they would not give us another thought. Even if I hailed the puddlers and told them, they would never believe my story. And, of course, there was poor Ferd in the river mud—sure to float in and spoil any story I could make up about loss of memory.

It was when I had reached that point that pandemonium broke loose on the other island. I could hear shouting—men and women together—and, in a pause, the frantic splashing of oars. The next moment a boat appeared round the corner of the island, with Ferd rowing like mad, and a perfect pandemonium from the shore. He had stolen their boat and they had found it out. I was almost crazy. I waded out to my knees and called to him; and he saw me. There was no other boat after him yet, but some one was yelling to follow him.

Ferd was rather steadied by the excitement, I think. He reached over and dragged me in without a word, and the next instant we were pulling for the shore in the moonlight, with the entire puddlers' picnic on their bank, saying awful things to us.

That was not all though. One of the men had got into their other boat and was coming after us. He could row too; I screeched to Ferd to hurry—hurry! And I kept turning round to see whether he was gaining. That was how I discovered why they were so wrought up. There were two dozen quart bottles of champagne in the stern of that boat! We were carrying off the picnic! I told Ferd. "Throw it overboard!" he said. "It'll lighten the boat."



"I Think We'll Be Killed; But Come On!"

So I did, basket after basket; and, whether it lightened the boat or not, we drew ahead. Ferd rowed like a demon. In the moonlight his face was white and set, with the queerest expression.

We struck the shore with a bump that sent me on my knees, but Ferd grabbed my hand and jerked me out.

"Now run—if you ever ran in your life!" he said. "Make for that grove over there, and bend over. The bushes will hide us."

"I can't," I panted after a minute. "And why should I, Ferd? He's got his old boat by this time ——"

"Run!" gasped Ferd. And I ran.

We crouched down in the grove. My teeth were chattering, but I was nothing to Ferd. He was pallid. The puddler landed just then. We heard him throw his oars into the boat and drag it up on the beach, and I knew he was examining the other boat and finding that the wine was gone. We could hear him breathing hard, and he even made a start toward us, beating the bushes with an oar. He was in a red fury, muttering to himself in the most horrible manner. I had been in Ferd's mill once or twice, and I remembered the enormous shoulders the men had, and how they simply toyed with steel rails; and I was paralyzed. A puddler turned Berserk!

He gave it up just in time, however, and started back for the boat. I could see him moving about—a huge creature in white flannels. And he seemed to have cut himself on a branch or something, for he was tying a handkerchief round his forehead.

We dared not move until he had started back and was safely out from shore. Ferd's voice had lost its strained quality and he looked a little less like death. We could hear the picnic party calling to the man in the boat about the wine, and his calling back that we had got away with it, but for some of them to come over and they could beat the bushes. They couldn't come, of course, until he took the boat back.

"We've got to get out of here, Fan," Ferd said. "In ten minutes the whole shooting match will be here. Can you run any more?"

"Not a foot—I'm all in. And I lost a shoe in the water at the island."

Ferd groaned.

"They'll have us up for stealing champagne!" he said. "I suppose you can walk."

"I can limp along, I dare say." I was wet and cold, and horribly miserable. "Don't let me detain you. They can't arrest me for stealing their wine. You did that."

He turned to me suddenly.

"Fan," he said solemnly, "don't ask me why, but we must get out of here quick. Must! If you can't walk, roll. Now come on!"

There were no houses in sight. The trolley line ends there, and I think it is a picnic grove. He took my hand and dragged me along. I lost my other slipper, but he paid no attention when I told him of it; and just when I was about to sink down and die we reached a road.

"Now," said Ferd, "they came in something—machines probably—for they'll have to get back, and there are no more cars. Ah, there they are!"

There were two machines. I gripped Ferd's arm and held him back desperately.

"The chauffeurs?" I gasped.

"There aren't any probably. The millmen drive their own cars."

Even then I was not satisfied. We were loping down the road toward the machines—Ferd sloshing, rather, with each step; and we could hear loud calling from the islands and the banging of oars in oarlocks.

"F-Ferd," I managed to say, "c-can—you—drive—a—car?"

"Why, you can, can't you?"

"I—c-can—d-drive—my—own car. I d-don't—know about—any other."

"They're all alike. The principles are the same."

"I don't know anything about the principles," I said despairingly. "And I won't touch a strange machine."

"Oh, very well!" said Ferd sulkily. "We'll make a deuce of a stir—arrested here for stealing a case of champagne; but never mind. It'll blow over."

"We can tell the whole story."

"We cannot!" he said gloomily. "We can't tell on Jane and Annette and Catherine. We'll have to take our medicine—that's all. We needn't give our own names—that's one thing."

I was perfectly crazed with fright and exhaustion. I leaned up against a fence. And I remembered the time Lilly Slater asked Ollie Haynes to see her off to Chicago, her husband being out of town; and how Ollie was carried two hundred miles before the old train would stop to let him off; and how Harry never believed the story and was off shooting big game at that minute; and Lilly getting gray over her ears as a result, and not even going out to lunch with anybody for fear there were detectives watching her.

And, compared with Day, Harry Slater was an angel of mildness.

The boat was almost across by that time and Ferd was wringing the ends of his trousers. A sort of frenzy seized me. It seemed to me it would be better to be found crushed under a strange car than to be arrested for stealing champagne. I started on, rather tottery.

"I'll try it, Ferd," I said. "I think we'll be killed; but come on!"

For once luck was with us. It was a car like the roadster I drive. I almost cried for joy. I leaped in and pressed the starter, and the purr of the engine was joyous—absolutely. I let in the clutch and the darling slid along without a jerk. We were saved! I could drive that car. I snapped the gear lever forward into high and the six cylinders leaped to our salvation. We were off, with the white road ahead; and the puddlers were only beaching their boat. Ferd sat half turned and watched for pursuit.

"They'll search the bushes first," he said. "They'll not think of the machines for a few minutes. We can hit it up along the highway for four or five miles; then we'd better

(Continued on Page 45

BEATING BACK—Rehabilitation

By Al J. Jennings and Will Irwin

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE WRIGHT

"You're Safe! I Wouldn't Contaminate the Horsethieves With Your Presence!"

FROM the day I married and crept back into the law by a side door, the old life, with its sense of adventure, its restlessness, its continual uneasiness and its feeling of disgrace, passed forever behind me. I could afford to take no more chances. Now that I had a good and innocent woman to consider, I had to control the promptings and temptations of that worse man in me.

As I went on building up my practice I began to notice how my powers had increased between the age of thirty-one, when I took to the road, and the age of thirty-nine, when I made my final peace with society. I had grown rusty in law; moreover, I had to acquaint myself with the new decisions. I found myself absorbing books as a dry field absorbs rain. It seemed that I had but to glance over a passage in order to remember it. When I rose to speak in court I possessed a confidence, a mastery of words and a power of emotion I had never known before. Above all, I found I had a new knowledge of men, by which I read their thoughts before they spoke.

I realized in time that I owed all this to my five or six years in county jails and penitentiaries. Up to the point where it breaks a man, prison life is a drill for the memory—one has nothing to do but remember. The tragic sense of misery and the restraint you must keep over your terrible impulses tend to develop all the harder powers. And if you expect to live through it and get any alleviation at all you must learn such skill in reading faces, gestures and hidden meanings as no free man ever acquires. The guard is always with you; your happiness and comfort depend on fooling or persuading him. With nothing to occupy you except merely mechanical labor, you watch his face day by day to see of what he is thinking. You keep the same scrutiny over all your surroundings. To this day I am always surprising my friends by deductions which they take for a kind of clairvoyant instinct.

Newly-Acquired Senses

FOR example, I will be sitting with a group of a dozen people having a social talk. Some one will look up and say: "Why, where's John gone?" No one but I will know: I can always tell when and how he left the room. Usually I have learned by his expression and gesture what made him leave—and all that without losing any of my absorption in the conversation. I was not so when I took to the road; I got the habit in prison. That my old crimes and my punishment raised me from a rough country practitioner to a real lawyer I have not the slightest doubt.

My first client, as I have said, was charged with cow stealing. I picked up two or three more briefs of the same kind before I began the systematic course of soliciting small law business, which would be called ambulance chasing in a larger city. No one would as yet trust me with cases involving much property; I knew that and I did not attempt such practice. On the other hand the criminal element, as soon as I began to prove my competence, showed a disposition to employ me. They still regarded me as one of their own kind; they could tell me everything without fear that I would break their confidence. Moreover I had a special, technical knowledge of their game; I could bring out points of which the ordinary lawyer never dreams.

I worked up from small cases to really important ones, such as a murder famous in Oklahoma. Before I knew it I had all the criminal practice I wanted.

The sign "Jennings & Jennings" was not weatherbeaten before I had my last offer to adopt the old life. One day when I returned to the office from court I found my brother John looking serious and severe.

"Al," he said, "there's been a man here asking for you. He wouldn't give his name, but I shouldn't call him honest from his looks. He's watching the office now—over on the corner."

I peeped through the shutters and recognized my man at once, though he had grown a beard since I saw him last. It was Charlie, as I have called him, the old bank burglar who escaped from the Ohio penitentiary by the help of the sewer route, a bunch of accomplices and a can of red pepper. I went racing over to him. Charlie was a portly and dignified-looking person with polished manners. As he stood there you would have thought he owned the street.

"Who's that fellow in your office, Al?" he asked the first thing. "Has a kind of a bull look to me!"

"That's my brother," I replied.

Charlie did not believe me for some time. It was amusing how he and John read each other at once; if John had been sure this man was a burglar he would have called the police—just to guard me.

"What the blazes are you doing in this country?" I asked. In half the Eastern cities the police had posted Charlie as a fugitive.

"Saw from the papers you'd started a law practice down here," said Charlie. "And it struck me you had a great chance to be an outside man. Say, that's an easy-looking bank down there—you must know where they keep the dogs! Fix it for me and we'll split!"

I had a hard time convincing Charlie I had gone square and meant to stay square. He left me and started back north with the air of a man who is disappointed in his friend. His offer worried and amused me, but it presented no temptation whatever—and yet only a few months before I had accepted the very same offer from Dutch and Tom.

Lawton was a new city, just shaking itself into form. The courts, like the commercial enterprises, had been run at first without any great attention to rules and etiquette—the main object was to get the business done. But Lawton began to settle down, and when this happened the ex-convict who had opened practice before Judge Gillett's court, without the formality of becoming a citizen, attracted attention from certain conservative lawyers.

Further, I had taken away practice from some lesser lights, and naturally they grew jealous. Three members of the bar finally made an informal protest to the court. Nothing came of it, and Judge Gillett never referred to the matter in my presence. However, the clerk of the court told me afterward that the judge read them a lecture on Christian charity.

I went along, building up my practice. After a year of our partnership John moved to the city of Oklahoma and I set up offices alone. By the end of three years I shared with one other man the reputation of being Lawton's most successful criminal lawyer. I no longer drew all my clients from the criminal classes. Business and professional men charged with offenses against the law gave me their briefs. And now I began to hear through roundabout channels that I was a menace to society.

However I did not let this worry me until the sneers began in court. There was a time when I felt that I stood aloof from the whole bar. I have left the courtroom after a trial weak with helpless anger. I am not referring to those exchanges of repartee that any lawyer is a fool to resent, but to subtle and deliberate attempts to hurt my feelings by recalling my past. Against such tactics I could do nothing. I could not even take up the matter outside the courtroom, because that might necessitate a fight—and, above all things, a man with my reputation must avoid personal encounters.

An Unpleasant Encounter

ONE day I finished my argument in a bank-wrecking case and left court with W. I. Gilbert to get a glass of beer. Bill Gilbert was one of the men I robbed in the Chickasha holdup. When the firing began that day he hid his big money and valuables behind a steampipe. I tell him that the diamond ring he wears belongs to me. When I reëntered the law he became my friend; we were associated in many trials.

As we stood talking and drinking our beer an old lawyer and journalist of the state approached us. I asked him to have a drink. He already had too much, it appeared, though nothing about his manner showed it. He just stood looking me over.

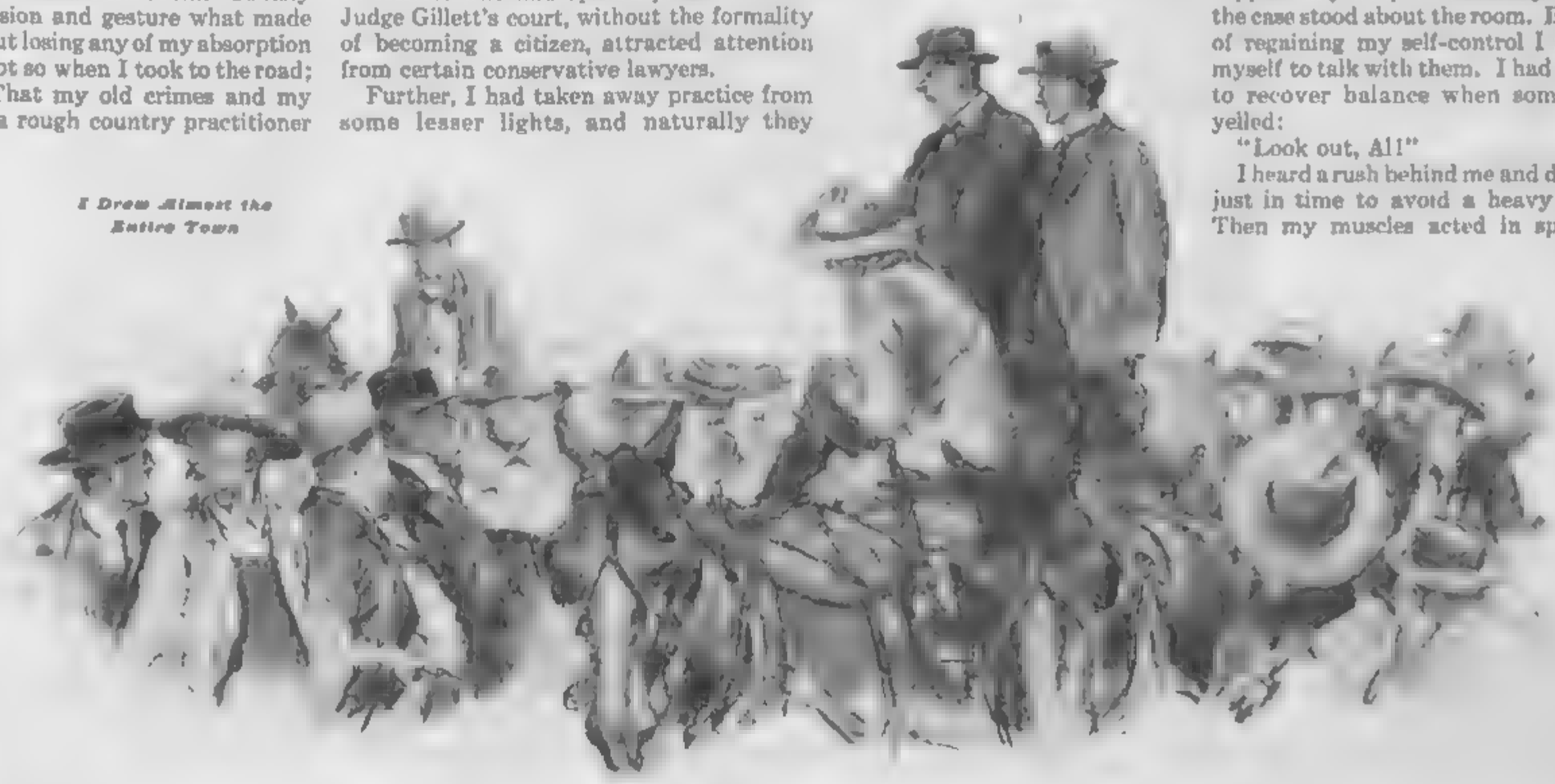
"I don't propose to drink with a damned ex-convict!" he said.

I felt like sinking through the floor. My pride told me that I should fight him; but actually I never felt less like fighting in my life. The insult had taken all the starch out of me; and I knew what the community would say—"Al Jennings has broken loose again!"

I controlled my face and passed it off as a joke. He refused to take it that way. He piled insult on insult—asked the whole place to look at the ex-convict who was trying to be a lawyer. Still I held my tongue. He made a rush at me. He was a big man, weighing perhaps one hundred and ninety pounds, while I was just a sliver. Nevertheless I defended myself, without hitting him, until Gilbert and the bystanders pulled him off. By this time I had grown really angry; I was grinding my teeth to suppress my temper. Several jurors in the case stood about the room. By way of regaining my self-control I forced myself to talk with them. I had begun to recover balance when some one yelled:

"Look out, Al!"

I heard a rush behind me and ducked just in time to avoid a heavy blow. Then my muscles acted in spite of



I Drew Almost the Entire Town

my brain. I caught him with a short shoulder punch that sent him on his back. As he rose I hit him again—how and where I do not know; but I left him down and out.

I walked back to the courtroom with my face bleeding from a fingernail scratch I had received in the first encounter. The news had preceded me. During recess Judge Gillett called me into his chambers.

"So," he said, "you've had a fight, have you?"

"Yes, judge," said I, "and it's one that I regret very much."

"Fights," said the judge, "are to be regretted—officially. Privately I'm glad you did it. The incident should teach certain people a lesson."

Let me say here that Judge Gillett never let his personal kindness affect his judgment on the bench. If anything he bent backward. Also I hold no resentment against my assailant. Sober, he was a gentleman.

I Ducked Just in Time to Avoid a Heavy Blow

I broke loose once again; and that incident I shall regret to my dying day! I had been defending a great many bootleggers—our Southwestern slang for illicit whisky peddlers. I disliked the existing method of enforcing liquor laws—especially the nefarious spy system. The feeling between me and the prosecutor had grown pretty bitter. Finally I took the brief of a notorious bootlegger, who had operated openly and, as every one believed, under official protection. The prosecutor had for his chief witness an ex-convict from Texas, whom they used habitually as a spy. I interviewed this man; he admitted he had often accused innocent people. I made him swear to this on the stand.

The prosecution was forced to turn against its witness. When he rose to address the jury the chief representative of the prosecution was in a white heat of anger. He scored the spy from Texas as a perjurer before he touched on the subject of ex-convicts in general. All of them, he said, were on the same footing—all were a menace to society. Shooting ostensibly at others he hit me; yet he did it so cleverly that, though every one knew what he meant, I could not claim the protection of the court.

By the time I began my address I had forgotten my determination to ignore such insults. I turned to the jury and laid my record on the table. I told of my criminal past, my prison sentences, my reform. I told of the insults I had endured from the bar of Oklahoma. I went on to say that I had left behind me in jail a lot of petty thieves with more character and honesty than a number of officials now standing in that very courtroom. I pointed my finger to the objects of my references.

"You know that is true, you white-livered curs!" I said.

The judge, who had been sitting as though paralyzed, slammed down his gavel at this point.

"I won't permit such language as that!" he said.

"You'll have to permit it!" said I. "This is one time I'm going to be heard—if I go back to the penitentiary for it!" Then I went through the court, muckraking man after man—I did not spare even the jurors. I laid bare old offenses about which every one in Lawton knew and no one had dared whisper publicly. A minor court official stepped across as though to stop me.

"Stay where you are!" I said. "You're a bribetaker yourself!" He froze in his tracks as though I had pulled a gun on him.

Meeting Snubs and Slights

AFTER that neither the court nor the officials tried to stop me. I finished my speech, turned, and left the courtroom.

Half an hour afterward I would have given anything I owned to undo that speech, though all I said was true to the best of my belief. I almost expected to be disbarred; but no one took action. There was pity in this as well as fear, I suspect.

Let me not convey the impression that every member of the bar jabbed me with my old record. Several of the most eminent, even in the heat of a stiff fight, would handle delicately any reference to ex-convicts; yet the one thing that hurt me most during my active days at Lawton was a constantly recurring episode of court routine. The bar would be sitting quietly, listening to the impaneling of jurors. The judge, as by law required, would ask each juror if he had ever served a term in the penitentiary.

The same thing always happened—two or three lawyers, usually lesser lights, would glance at the court and then at me, and give a smile or a nudge. Probably they thought I did not see them; but very little in human expression goes past an ex-convict. I remembered those sneers; and when I opposed the culprits in court I would lash them down the line like runaway slaves.

On the social side of life I was less mortified—perhaps because I gave little opportunity for slights. I have never cared much for so-called society. Life has been so exciting with me that purely social pleasures seem tame at best. From the first I nailed my colors to the mast, as I had resolved to do when Bart and I discussed my comeback in the Ohio penitentiary. My old acquaintances knew the worst. Whenever I had more than a passing talk with a new man I managed to tell him that I had been an outlaw and a convict.

In some cases this has produced an awful shock; but I wanted my new acquaintance to know the worst. It gave him his choice between seeking and avoiding me. Let me say that nine men out of ten to whom I made this frank admission renewed the acquaintance. Of all the disgraces I know none would sting me more deeply than to have some man say: "That fellow Jennings has imposed on me. I have learned that he is an ex-convict!"

I bent backward in my pride. If I was ostracized in Lawton society it was a voluntary ostracism. As time went on and I worked up in the law a few people of standing invited Mrs. Jennings and me to their houses. I always found a way to refuse without giving offense. Probably these people sought me as they would seek any one else; but at the time I attributed the action to curiosity or charity—either I felt they wanted to thrill their friends by exhibiting a bandit, or they hoped to show me that I was not such an outcast after all. There came later a few such invitations that I could not afford to refuse. Those occasions I never enjoyed. I felt, somehow, that I was imposing on hospitality; and I took care not to repeat the experience.

To expose my own prison record has become as much a habit with me as shaking hands or saying good morning! Yet even now I dislike to have any one else make the first reference. In my early days of freedom an acquaintance or friend would sometimes introduce me as Al Jennings, the notorious train robber. No one ever knew how deeply this sank into my soul. I felt at times that it was a punishment worse than the Fort Leavenworth penitentiary. The feeling is illogical—I grant that; but I have never conquered it.

Yet very gradually Maud and I became acquainted in one way or another with a number of charming and congenial people who had no social pretensions. I began to visit their houses. Before we left Lawton we had a circle of real friends—not mere acquaintances.

All this time the desire for rehabilitation inspired my actions. Under the curious circumstances a restoration to citizenship would scarcely have helped my law practice; but I felt about the matter as many noble and advanced women feel about the franchise. They may have no practical use for it, but not to have it constitutes a brand of inferiority. I dreamed of still another advance. When, by election or appointment, I should represent the people of Oklahoma in some official capacity, I could feel that I had completed my rehabilitation.

As things turned out I came near taking the second step before the first. Oklahoma Territory stood on the verge of statehood; the people were electing delegates to a constitutional convention. They had cut our county into two districts. Living a mile and a half from Lawton, on a rural route, I was in the Southern District, whereas the city lay in the Northern. On one of those sudden impulses by which I have taken most of the turns in my life, I determined to run for delegate to the convention. I had no hope of election—I was not even sure whether I could legally hold such an office; but the campaign would prove whether an ex-convict could expect anything of the people and it would help my law practice. I announced myself as a candidate; no one objected.

Court was in session just then and I had some difficult cases in hand; I found time for only two or three speaking appointments. I opened at the town of Chattanooga, where all the candidates were to appear in one meeting. On the way to the hall I passed a saloon. The bartender, whom I had known during my whisky-selling days, asked me in to have a drink. To his disgust—he being an old-time saloon man—I took a soda.

"I'm going to vote for you," said the bartender; "but some of those candidates have been noratin' round that you're an ex-convict. How about it?"

Then and there a plan that had been growing in my mind took definite form. I had gone down to Chattanooga, as a speaker sometimes will, with several lines of attack in mind. This reference at the very gates of the town to my old record determined what line to adopt.

The rest of the candidates were local politicians—and with professional politicians I had always been unpopular. They sat apart from me as though I were tainted. I found myself scheduled for the last speech—they hoped, I suppose, that the crowd would be going by the time I rose. In the middle of the meeting some one started a call for Jennings. The rest took it up, and the chairman brought me forward.

I introduced myself by saying that I wanted them to know me as I was. I had been a train robber. I had done time in two penitentiaries and I had started to retrieve the past. I hoped that some of the other candidates would be as fair with themselves as I had been with myself.

A Square Deal at Frederick

"FOR, gentlemen," I said, "I left men in the penitentiary at Columbus who are better equipped by ability and honesty to represent you before the constitutional convention than half the candidates in this string. If these men object to the language I am using let them take it up now, and not slink through this district assassinating the character of a man who is trying to live down a criminal past."

When I sat down I had captured the crowd. Out of seventy votes cast from Chattanooga I got all but three.

I spoke next in Frederick, a town whose citizens held a strong logical objection to me. This was a prohibition center and I had been a whisky salesman. Furthermore, the townspeople wanted to divide the county, making Frederick the county-seat, and I opposed that plan. No one would rent me a hall. Judge Alexander, a personal friend, but against me on the division question, told me that it would do no good to speak in Frederick.

"Judge, I'm going to speak there if I have to get up in a wagon on the street," I said.

"In that case," replied Judge Alexander, "I'll introduce you. We're against you, but you'll get a fair shake in Frederick." He borrowed a wagon from a farmer, mounted the cart-tail, gathered a crowd, and told them that he wished to present a competent and honest man, though a political opponent.

The news that the outlaw was going to speak emptied the stores and houses; I drew almost the entire town. And I tore in as I had done at Chattanooga—put my own record before them and proceeded to assail other records. A wealthy and prominent resident had been saying, to my certain knowledge, that no decent man would vote for an ex-convict. I had been acquainted with that man on the range; I knew that if he should receive a year in the penitentiary for every cow he had stolen he would serve two life terms. I said this to the crowd, giving names and places. I lost Frederick in the election by only fifteen votes.

Now I saw that my campaign was going entirely too well. I did not want the job. I should probably have been seated without question. So many delegates more powerful than myself had records that would not bear investigation that no one would have dared to start any muckraking; but such an illegal proceeding might rise up in future to reproach me. I had a close call. In spite of my virtual withdrawal I lost, as I remember now, by only

eight votes. This whirl at politics was a milestone in my progress toward rehabilitation. I learned that the people will stand by an honest man who confesses his sins.

My citizenship came soon afterward. When Jack Abernathy made his campaign for appointment as United States marshal for the Western District of Oklahoma I acted as his adviser. He volunteered—out of friendship and gratitude—to put my case before President Roosevelt. We visited Washington. Jack took me into the Cabinet room, where many people stood waiting for the president.

"I'm glad to see you!" said Mr. Roosevelt when Jack introduced me. "I've heard a good deal of you. At another time I want to have a talk with you."

I did not feel like letting the opportunity slip.

"Mr. President," I said, "I've come a long way. I may never have a chance to see you again."

Mr. Roosevelt replied in his impulsive manner:

"Yes, that's true; and I know what you're after. Your friends say you're all right. Jack here indorses you—and I can trust him. What I want to know is whether you were guilty of the crime of which you were convicted."

"No, sir," I said. "I was charged with robbing the United States mail; but I didn't do that."

Mr. Roosevelt's teeth clicked and he looked ferocious.

"You didn't!" he said. "Weren't you there at all?" He thought—as Mark Hanna had thought—that I was putting forth the regular talk about injured innocence.

"Yes, I was there," I replied. "I held up the train, robbed the express and went through the passengers."

"That, sir, is a distinction without a difference," said the president.

"It's the difference between a few years in jail and life," I replied—"and it's the truth."

"That's what I want," said the president—"the truth. Is there anything else?"

"Yes, sir," said I—"a great deal else; but that's the only time I was ever convicted of robbery. I'm asking you to judge me by what I've done since I reformed."

"I'm going to give you a pardon restoring your citizenship," broke in Mr. Roosevelt abruptly, "because I know you won't violate my confidence, and because I want to help you to be a good boy and make a man of yourself."

Movies at the White House

I LEFT Washington with the signed and embossed document that made me a citizen again. During our talk with Mr. Roosevelt some one spoke about Jack Abernathy's method of catching wolves with his bare hands—Jack used to jump them and hold down their lower jaws so they could not bite. The president had told this story and certain persons had accused him of being a Nature-faker.

"I can prove it by a moving picture," said Jack.

"I don't believe that can be done," replied the president, "but I'd like to see it."

As soon as we got back to Oklahoma, Abernathy and I rounded up an outfit of old cowpunchers, deputy marshals and Indians, hired a moving-picture operator, borrowed a camping outfit from the War Department, and spent six weeks chasing wolves before the camera. After many failures we got some good films. We took them back to Washington and reported to the president. He ordered a screen set up on the wall of the East Room, and there we gave a private exhibition.

"Marvelous!" said the president. "Perfect pictures! Can't you show them here tomorrow night? I'd like to invite some friends." Jack and I figured that this was going to be a special occasion, so we hired dress suits—but we were hardly prepared for what happened. As we stood in the waiting room talking to Dr. Alexander Lambert, the president came bounding in.

"I'm going to describe these pictures myself!" he said. "Come along and meet my friends!"

We entered the reception room; and it looked like a royal stag party. There were almost the whole diplomatic corps, part of the Cabinet, two or three justices of the Supreme Court, Nicholas Longworth, General Young, Andrew Carnegie, the Italian historian Ferrari, and a few others whose names I have forgotten. We smoked a while and had a round of drinks—I remember, in the light of recent events, that the president took only mineral water—before we proceeded to the East Room, stopping on the way to meet Mr. Roosevelt's wife and daughter. The president made a great lecturer.

After the guests left we stayed for a little chat with the Roosevelts and a few intimate friends. I have been sorry ever since that conviction keeps me in another political party from Mr. Roosevelt. I should like to support a man like that—and not entirely through gratitude either.

Half of the shrinking from the world, which no ex-convict ever wholly overcomes, passed away from me after I received my citizenship. I went ahead in the law, working from criminal cases to civil suits.

Before I dismiss this part of my life I feel I must say a little about the law as I have found it. Eminent lawyers will tell you that they never defend clients they know to be guilty, or appear in civil suits for clients they know to have done wrong. In the whole world there is not a greater fake than this! I have known but one lawyer who refused a case because his client was guilty. He was a clergyman who studied law late in life. A cattle thief jailed in Lawton asked for an attorney. The jailer out of kindness recommended the ex-clergyman. The cattle thief stated his case.

"Then you're really guilty?" asked the ex-clergyman.

"Sure," said the cattle thief—"or why should I be wanting you?"

"God help you! I can't defend you; I can only pray for you," said the clergyman.

"I wanted a lawyer, not a preacher!" said the cattle thief. He sent for a regular member of the Oklahoma bar, who cleared him.

Again there are the matters of suborning perjury and fixing jurors. No lawyer who cares to look himself in the face ever actually does such work—certainly I never did; but handling perjury that you suspect to be suborned by your client and appearing before jurors whom you suspect of being overfriendly to your client—these are different matters. I believe that every criminal lawyer does these things at one period or another of his career.

Let me take a murder trial as a typical example. Except in cases where the defense can pick to pieces imperfect circumstantial evidence, how does a guilty man escape? In nine cases out of ten through the perjured testimony of himself or his friends. The lawyer who handles his case and who knows him to be guilty builds the defense on this perjury; in fact, it is an exceptionally conscientious lawyer who does not suggest a few trimmings.

I have defended innocent men. I have defended guilty men who deserved no punishment because of considerations you cannot introduce in court; and I have defended and cleared men whom I never wanted to see again after I left the courtroom.

This is not so immoral as it sounds—at least, not to me. I have viewed the law of the land from both sides of the line. It is an imperfect institution. The men who make a business of enforcing it tend, even if they are honest, to become calloused and oversevere. If they have more ambition or cupidity than honesty they will go as far to convict a man as the crookedest little shyster will go to acquit him.

Miscarriages of law—most people, when you use that term, think of guilty men going free. I know, as few other men do, that the miscarriage frequently runs the other way. The corrupt and careless policeman, being pressed to find the culprit in a troublesome case, will seize the first likely crook in sight and railroad him through by inventing or bolstering up the evidence. A prosecutor who cares more for advancement than conscience will take this faulty evidence, though he understands its real character, patch it up and get a conviction.

I know three men serving life terms who are innocent—to my certain knowledge—of the charges on which they were convicted; they had committed other and lesser crimes perhaps—but not those.

So with one side, and that the more powerful one, straining legal ethics, no one can blame the other side for following suit. The law becomes a kind of dual game. First there are facts against facts—the law as it was intended to be. Then there are tricks against tricks—one sharp mind outwitting the other.

An Admirer of Mr. Bryan

BY ADDING the scores of the two games you get the ultimate result—and justice is done after a rough fashion. It would be roughly done under the best circumstances, for many men who are guilty under the law still deserve less punishment, from my point of view, than others who seem never to have transgressed a law in their lives. In which would the devil take more delight—a plain horsethief or a millionaire manufacturer bloated with the blood of little children?

All this time I had been growing, I suppose, in the regard of the common people of Lawton; and after my campaign for the constitutional convention I found myself perpetually mixed with city and county politics. I hate most professional politicians, as I have said before and shall say again; but I began to like the game itself.

Being of Southern birth, I was brought up to believe that no gentleman could be anything but a Democrat. After I began to do my own thinking Bryan appeared. I believed in him; I have seen the country swing to my belief. I was an outlaw when he made his first campaign and a convict when he made his second; yet on the road and in our debates at the Ohio Penitentiary Club I was always talking Bryan. Even before I regained the right to vote I lined up with the Democrats—not from heredity, but from conviction.

A little chance meeting led me into the larger politics of the state. We were approaching the primary stage of our second campaign for governor. Lee Cruce, the machine man, and W. H. Murray were after the Democratic nomination. Personally I favored neither of these men. I should have liked to see Leslie P. Ross in the field. An Arkansas man originally, he had been chairman of the Democratic Territorial Committee. He had figured as the insurgent in our first territorial legislature when, with Senator Ben Wilson, he stood between the politicians and graft. Ross, however, had not announced himself; and though many people felt as I did about him, no one asked him to run.

An advertising solicitor appeared in Lawton and made my acquaintance. One evening we fell to discussing Ross. He held the same views as myself. It seemed to us a shame that no one should put forth a man so well fitted to be a candidate.

"Why not start him ourselves?" I asked.

He fancied the idea and we were in the game before we knew it. Gathering a few prominent Democrats who felt as we did, we drafted a letter to Ross, selected tentative committees in all parts of the state, and announced ourselves to the newspapers.

The movement took. Everywhere people who liked neither of the announced candidates indorsed Ross.

"You Know That Is True, You White-Livered Cur!"

We organized a mass meeting at Lawton and persuaded Ross to address us. Up to this time the politicians regarded the Ross movement as a joke; but after our meeting it gathered momentum like a snowball. We grew so dangerous that Governor Haskell was rushed to Lawton, where he made a speech tearing the hide off Ross. He held his meeting in the afternoon. That very night we got up a Ross rally. While the speaking was going on inside I read a telegram to a big overflow crowd.

By arrangement some of our supporters began to yell: "Speech!" Others took it up; and I delivered an address wherein I recited facts about the Oklahoma political machine that burned in like a branding iron on a nester calf. When I sat down the Ross boom was launched. Because there was no time to pick and choose, I became by the logic of circumstances the secretary of the Ross campaign.

However, we were late in beginning, while our opponents had been building fences for years. Moreover, as I shall show later, the laws of Oklahoma are badly framed. They ran things in that election as they have done since and are preparing to do, I think, at the next general election. And Ross lost.

When the campaign was finished the governor sent for me without preliminary announcement. It appeared that he was eager to conciliate the Ross forces. With that end in view, I suppose, he offered me a state position. He was expecting the resignation of the state enforcement attorney—the official who prosecutes the violations of our liquor laws. When the resignation occurred, he said, I might have the place. It carried a salary of only five thousand dollars a year. I was making much more than that in the law; but, having no social ambitions, I could live on the salary. And it would be the complete rehabilitation of which I had dreamed so long! I accepted the offer at once.

In preparation I closed my practice at Lawton, gave up our little house and home acre in the suburbs, and moved to the city of Oklahoma—the capital. I acted too impulsively—as I often do. The incumbent did not resign after all. However I had been wanting a chance to practice in the capital; so I formed the firm of Jennings & Ross, hired offices in the State Bank Building, and set out to acquire a new and wider practice.

It was almost like starting the fight again. My penitentiary record, which I had lived down and half forgotten at Lawton, stared me in the face at every turn. The bar of the capital appeared solid against me; it was solid, in fact, against almost every newcomer. I never saw a place where law practice went so much by favor and so little by merit.

A year's residence in the city of Oklahoma gave me a chance to study the business of our state government at first hand, and to confirm what I had hitherto suspected about the politicians who ruled us. In one way of speaking Oklahoma is the newest state of all. Those admitted later have a much longer territorial history. We came together as strangers during the few years after 1889. Under such circumstances bluffs and crooks are quickest to put themselves forward for public office. The state is still paying for its early mistakes in men.

As I look at it, there are two stages in public graft: In the first, officials pick and steal from the emoluments of their offices; in the second, they tie up with the corporations. We still lived in the first stage, though I saw signs here and there that we were passing on to the second. However the political machines in both parties were fully organized; and, as usual, they worked together between elections to keep the graft.

With most Oklahomans I believe that our state is naturally about the richest of all. I take pride with the rest that the city of Oklahoma, founded less than twenty-five years ago, has grown faster than any other city in the Union; but those very resources and that very growth constituted a danger and a cause for immediate action. If we did not check the politicians, I felt, the people would wake some day—as California did—to find their resources sewed up by the corporations.

Gradually my mind settled upon one important office—county attorney at the city of Oklahoma. By our legal system that official represents the people in criminal as well as civil cases. It is within his power to prosecute every malfeasance in state offices. I thought of his chance to clean up Oklahoma and wished that I had it; but I did not yet make the wish concrete.

As I started for my office one morning in 1912, Bill Alexander, boss of the Democratic machine, came along in his automobile and picked me up. An election was coming; we began discussing the Democratic candidates for the primaries. Some remark of his—I have now forgotten what—stung me a little; and out of my irritation came a sudden determination.

"Bill," I said, "I believe I'll announce myself for county attorney."

He wheeled half round in his seat and almost ran his machine into the curb.

"You're a fool!" he said. "You couldn't be elected!"

"If you think I'm asking your permission to run," I said, "you're a mile off the track."

"You couldn't be elected!" he said. "You have been in the city of Oklahoma only a little more than a year."

"That makes no difference," said I. "Let a man go after the system here in Oklahoma—and the people would listen if the checks were still on his baggage! I'm eligible under the law."

(Continued on Page 29)

AN AMIABLE CHARLATAN

By E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM

ILLUSTRATED BY WILL GREPÉ

III

AT TEN o'clock the following morning my telephone bell rang and a visitor was announced. I did not catch the name given me, and it was only when I opened the door to him in response to his ring that I recognized Mr. Cullen. In morning clothes, which consisted in his case of a blue serge suit that needed brushing and a bowler hat of extinct shape, he seemed to me, if possible, a little more objectionable than I had found him the previous night. He presented himself, however, in a wholly non-aggressive spirit.

"Mr. Walmsley," he said, as he took the chair to which I motioned him, "I have called to see you very largely in your own interests."

I murmured something to the effect that I was extremely obliged.

"I have made inquiries concerning you," he went on, "and I find that you not only have a blameless record but that you are possessed of considerable means, and that you belong to a highly esteemed county family."

"And what of it, Mr. Cullen?" I asked.

"This," he answered, "that I feel it my duty to warn you against the companions with whom you spent a portion of last evening."

"You mean Mr. and Miss Parker?"

"I mean Mr. and Miss Parker."

"Are you making any definite charges against this young lady and gentleman?" I inquired after a moment's pause.

"Very definite charges indeed!" he replied. "I warn you, Mr. Walmsley, that this man and his daughter are in bad repute with us, and to be seen associating with them is to bring yourself under police surveillance. We had a special warning when they sailed from New York, and since their arrival in London they have already been concerned in two or three very shady transactions."

"If they break the law," I inquired, "why do you not arrest them?"

"Because I have had bad luck—rotten bad luck!" Mr. Cullen declared firmly. "I am perfectly convinced that this Mr. Parker, as he calls himself, has been financing one of the greatest artists in banknote counterfeits ever known to the police. I am perfectly convinced that Mr. Parker left this young man in Adam Street last night, with a packet of notes upon his person for which he had just paid two hundred pounds, and if I could have arrested him then the game would have been up. He dodged me by going into the Cecil, leaving by the back way and coming through the Savoy; but I picked him up again within two minutes of his reaching Stephano's.

"Obviously with your collusion—you'll pardon me, sir, but there the facts are—he was seated at your table as

"You Know It's Torture for Me to Think of You in Trouble—Perhaps in Disgrace"

though in the middle of a dinner. I had him searched, but there wasn't a thing on him. I am not going to ask you what he did with the notes he had—whether he palmed them off on you or not—but I will simply say that between the time of his entering Stephano's and the time of my searching him he got rid of a thousand pounds' worth of counterfeit notes."

"Sounds very clever of him!" I remarked. "How do you know that he didn't get rid of them to some one in either the Cecil or the Savoy?"

"Because," Mr. Cullen explained, "he was followed by one of my men through both places and not lost sight of for a single second. You see I made sure he would come to Stephano's and I was on the other side of the Strand, but I had left a man in case he went the other way. I tell you he was under the strictest surveillance the whole time, except during the few minutes—I might almost say seconds—when he disappeared in the restaurant."

"Anything else against him?" I asked.

"I am not inclined," Mr. Cullen continued slowly, "to mention specifically the various cases that have come under my notice and in which I believe him to be concerned; but, among other things, he is a frequenter of half the gambling houses in London and a tout for their owners. Trouble follows wherever he goes. But, Mr. Walmsley, mark my words! I am not a man given to idle speech and I assure you that within a few weeks—perhaps within a few days—I shall have him; aye, and the young lady too! You don't want to be mixed up in this sort of business, sir. I am here to give you the advice to sheer off! They'll only rob you and bring you, too, under suspicion."

I lit a cigarette and stood on the hearthrug with my hands behind me.

"Mr. Cullen," I said, "it is, of course, very kind of you to come to me in this disinterested manner. You don't seem to have anything to gain by it, so I will accept your attitude as being a bona-fide one. I will, if I may, be equally frank with you. I met both Mr. Parker and his daughter last night for the first time ——"

"Then that dinner was a plant!" Mr. Cullen interrupted swiftly. "I knew it!"

I ignored the interruption.

"For the first time," I repeated; "and I find them both most delightful companions. As to how far our acquaintance may progress, that is entirely a matter for chance to decide. You have doubtless come here with very good motives, but I see no reason why I should accept your statements concerning Mr. Parker and his daughter. You understand? My suggestion is that you are mistaken. Until I have proved them to be other than they represent themselves to be," I added with infinite subtlety, "I shall continue to derive pleasure from their society."

Mr. Cullen rose at once to his feet.

"My warning has been given, sir," he said. "It only remains for me now to wish you good morning, and to assure you most regretfully that your name will be added to those whom Scotland Yard thinks it well to watch and that your movements from place to place will be noted."

"I trust that Scotland Yard will benefit," I replied politely, and showed him out.

At half past ten I rang up 3771A Gerrard. The telephone was answered almost immediately by a man, apparently

a servant. I inquired for Mr. Parker and in a moment or two I heard his voice at the telephone.

"This is Joseph H. Parker speaking. Who are you?"

"I am Paul Walmsley. You told me I might ring up between ten and eleven."

"Sure!" was the prompt reply. "My dear fellow, I am delighted to hear from you. None the worse for our little adventure last night, I hope?"

"Not in the least," I assured him. "On the contrary I am looking forward to another."

"You shall have one," was the delighted answer. "What about —— What is it, Eve? Excuse me for one moment, Mr. Walmsley."

Mr. Parker was apparently dragged away from the telephone. I waited impatiently. He returned in a moment or two. His voice sounded as though he were a little irritated.

"Sorry," he said. "I was going to make a little suggestion to you for this evening, but my daughter here doesn't fall in with it. They will have their own way—these girls."

"It's very disappointing!" I said. "Don't you think you could prevail on her?"

"Look here!" Mr. Parker continued. "I'll tell you what: Let's meet accidentally at dinner tonight. I'll talk Eve round before then. You drop into Stephano's for dinner at about seven-thirty. Then, when you see us there, you can come over and join us."

"Thank you very much," I replied heartily. "By the by, I suppose you couldn't tell me your address? I should like to send Miss Parker some flowers."

Mr. Parker obviously hesitated.

"Better not," he decided regretfully—"not this morning, at any rate. Eve is a bit peculiar; and if you come into our little scheme and it goes wrong the less you know of us the better. See you later!"

I did see Mr. Parker later, but not quite so late as the time appointed. He was in the American bar at the Milan when I looked in there just before luncheon and was talking to two of the most ferocious and objectionable-looking ruffians I had ever seen in my life. He glanced at me blandly, but without any sign of recognition, save that I fancied I caught the slightest twitch of his left eyebrow. I took the hint and did not join him. My reward came presently; for, after leaving the room with his two acquaintances, Mr. Parker strolled back again, and coming straight over to me clapped me on the shoulder.

"This is capital!" he exclaimed. "We meet tonight?"

"Without a doubt," I assured him.

He drew me a little on one side.

"Say," he inquired, scratching the side of his chin, "have you any objection to a bit of a scrap?"

"Not the slightest," I replied, "so long as Miss Parker is out of it!"

"Good boy!" Mr. Parker pronounced.

"Yes; we'll keep her out of it, all right.

I shall count on you then. Just keep yourself in reserve. We'll talk it over at dinnertime. You just stroll in casually and I'll call you over. By the by," he added, lowering his voice, "did you see those two fellows I was with?"

"I saw them!" I confessed. "They were just a trifle noticeable."

Mr. Parker came a little nearer to me. He accentuated his words by beating on the palm of his left hand with two fingers of his right.

"Absolutely, my dear Walmsley, two of the most unmitigated and desperate ruffians on either continent!"

"They looked it," I agreed heartily.

"Their record," Mr. Parker continued—"their police record, I mean—is one of the most wonderful things ever put on paper. The marvelous thing is how, even for a few minutes, they should be out of prison! Did you notice the one with the cast in his eye?"

"I did," I admitted.

"They used to call him Angel Jake," Mr. Parker proceeded confidentially. "He was sentenced to death once for shooting a policeman, but there was some technicality—he was tried in the wrong court—so he got off."

"A very interesting acquaintance," I remarked with utterly wasted sarcasm.

"They're fairly up to their necks in trouble, both of them, on the other side," Mr. Parker declared with relish; "and they're kind o' looking for it here."

I took him by the arm and led him out of the bar into a retired corner of the smoking room. We sat upon a divan and had the room almost to ourselves.

"How is Miss Parker this morning?" I asked.

"Fine!" her father replied. "I told her about the flowers and it made her quite homesick. Girls miss that sort of thing, you know; and over here, living under a sort of cloud, as it were, one can't risk making many friends."

It was a very good opening for me and I took advantage of it.

"Why do you choose to live under a cloud, Mr. Parker?" I asked.

"My dear fellow," he replied earnestly, "I don't altogether choose. I have been frank with you. It's my life."

"If it were only a question of money ——" I began tentatively.

"A question of money!" Mr. Parker interrupted. "Isn't everything a question of money? Say, what do you mean exactly?"

"I mean that I admire your daughter, sir—I admire her immensely," I told him. "If she'd have me I'd marry her tomorrow. I am not what you would call a wealthy man, but I have enough money for all reasonable purposes."

"Then That Dinner Was a Plant! I Knew It!"

Mr. Parker was clearly staggered. He stroked his waistcoat for a moment in an absent sort of way.

"This takes my breath away!" he exclaimed. "Let us understand exactly what it means."

"It means," I told him bluntly, "that I'll make a settlement upon your daughter and give you enough to live on."

He looked first at me and then at the carpet. He began to whistle softly.

"And they always told me," he murmured under his breath, "that you Britishers were so cautious! Why you know nothing about us at all except what I've told you, and goodness knows that isn't much of a recommendation! Besides I may not have told you half!"

"I am willing to take my risk," I declared. "I simply don't care. Once in a lifetime a man has that feeling for a woman. If he is wise he goes nap on it. I have never had it before and I am not going to let go. I feel that if I do I may regret it all my life. I don't want any other woman in this world except your daughter, and what I possess in life worth having I am willing to give to make sure of her."

Mr. Parker sat for several moments in profound silence. I could not make out what his mood was. He seemed neither unduly depressed nor elated. He was obviously puzzled, however—puzzled to know precisely what to do or what to say. He sat in the middle of the divan with one thumb in his waistcoat pocket and the other hand flat upon the table. His round face was innocent of smile or frown. Yet I knew he was taking what I had said seriously, though for some reason or other it did not seem to give him unqualified pleasure.

"Well, well!" he said at last. "You've spoken up like a man, any way—and like a man who knows what he wants. I can't tell how to answer you. I have never lived on any one yet. Sponging's never been in my line. I have enjoyed living on my wits. And Eve—she's a little that way too. Makes me kind of sorry I've let her go about with me so much. It's a wonderful cloak of respectability you'd throw over us; but I'm wondering whether it's large enough!"

"As my wife ——" I began.

"Oh, yes! you'd gather her in all right to start with," he interrupted; "but there are other things," he added, turning a little toward me and looking me in the face. "Suppose she didn't turn out just as you thought! She's a wild, high-spirited sort of creature—is Eve. She loves the music and the rattle of life. I can't fancy her in one of those out-of-the-way, God-forsaken little mudholes you call an English village, sitting in an early-Victorian drawing room all the afternoon, waiting for the vicar's wife to come to tea, and taking a walk before dinner for entertainment, with an umbrella and mackintosh."

"You've been reading Jane Austen," I told him.

"Never heard of her," he replied promptly. "I once—but never mind. Just keep this to yourself for a bit, my boy. If we come to any arrangement there are one or two things we've got on that we might have to drop. We'll think this over. So long until this evening."

He bustled away then, evidently anxious to escape any further conversation. I went about my business, which consisted of a visit to my lawyer's and a couple of rubbers of bridge at my club before dinner.

At half past seven precisely I strolled into Stephano's. I had scarcely taken my table before Mr. Parker and Eve entered. Contrary to his usual custom Mr. Parker was wearing a dress coat, white waistcoat and white tie; and Eve looked exquisite in a low-necked gown of white silk. Mr. Parker, according to his promise, at once beckoned me over.

"My dear boy," he said, "I insist upon it that you sit down and dine with us. Last night I dined with you. To be literal, I ate off your plate. Tonight I return the compliment."

I had no idea of refusing, but I was watching Eve with some anxiety. Her attitude seemed a little negative. However she welcomed me pleasantly.

"Well," she asked, "is your conscience beginning to prick yet?"

"My conscience," I replied, "is about as imaginary a thing as my early-Victorian drawing room. I can assure you I have the most profound admiration for your father. I think he is one of the cleverest men I ever met."

She seemed a little taken aback. My tone, I felt quite sure, was convincing.

"Of course," she remarked, "it is possible I have formed a wrong idea of Englishmen. I have met only one or two."

"I should say it is highly probable," I agreed. "What scheme of villainy is before us tonight? I claim a share in it at any rate."

She shook her head.

"Not tonight, I am afraid."

Mr. Parker, with the menu in front of him, was busy with the waiter and a *maître d'hôtel*. I dropped my voice a little.

"Why not? Are you going to the theater?"

"To the opera."

"You love music?" I asked.

She leaned a little toward me. Her hair almost brushed my cheek as she whispered:

"We love jewelry!"

I flatter myself that not a muscle of my face moved.

"No place like the opera!" I remarked. "You should do well there with a little luck."

This time I certainly scored. She looked at me fixedly for a moment. Then she laughed softly.

"I want a pearl necklace," she said.

"What about the one you have on?"

She held it out toward me.

"Imitations unfortunately," she sighed. "They may look very nice, but they don't feel like the real thing."

"Why can't I go to the opera with you?" I suggested.

"Because there are no vacant seats anywhere near ours," she replied. "You see we happen to know whom we are going to sit near."

"Anyhow I think I shall go," I decided. "I may be able to come and talk to you between the acts at any rate."

Mr. Parker, having finished giving his orders, joined in the conversation, and we dined together quite cheerily. For educated Americans they seemed very ignorant of

English life, and I was not surprised to hear that it was their first visit to Europe. They listened with interest to a great deal that I told them. It was only as we were preparing to leave the place that I asked Mr. Parker a definite question.

"Tell me," I whispered, "have you really any plans for tonight?"

He nodded. "Sure! We are in luck just now. There's nothing like backing it."

"Are those fellows I saw you with this morning at the Milan in it? If so I am going to take Miss Parker away. There are limits ——"

He patted me on the back.

"That little affair is off for tonight at any rate. A lady we are very anxious to meet is going to the opera. The little girl wants a pearl necklace. Well, we shall see!"

"You've thought over what I said? Have you mentioned it to her?"

"Only kind of hinted at it. It's no good putting it too straight to her. She's got the bit between her teeth and she'll need to be humored."

Eve had gone to fetch her cloak and we were alone outside the door. I looked at him steadfastly—he was so very pink and white, so very cheerful, so utterly optimistic!

"You've never seen the inside of an English prison, have you, Mr. Parker?" I asked.

He stared at me blankly.

"I am not thinking about you or myself," I went on. "She's so dainty and sweet! She looks like a child who has never known an hour of rough usage in her life. They wouldn't leave her much of that, you know."

I had certainly succeeded in making an impression this time. Mr. Parker's smooth forehead was wrinkled; his face was clouded.

"You are right, Mr. Walmsley," he admitted. "I wish—I wish she would listen to reason. We'll have a talk together—the three of us—soon. You've no idea how difficult it is! She doesn't know fear—can't realize danger. Hush! Here she comes. It will only set her against you if she thinks you are trying to influence me behind her back."

Mr. Parker's car was waiting and we drove together to Covent Garden. I left them in the vestibule and went to call on some of my friends. My sister had a box in the second tier and I was fortunate enough to find her there and alone with her husband. Almost directly underneath us in the stalls Mr. Parker and Eve were sitting; and next Mr. Parker was a woman wearing a pearl necklace. I asked my sister her name. She raised her lorgnette and looked over the side of the box.

"Lady Orstline," she told me. "Her husband is a South African millionaire."

"Are those real pearls she is wearing?" I inquired.

"My dear Paul," she laughed, "why not? Her husband is enormously wealthy and they say that her jewels are wonderful. Unlike so many of those people, she really does select very fine stones, independent of size. Those pearls she is wearing now, for instance, are quite small, but their luster is exquisite. What an extraordinary fat man is sitting next her—and what a pretty girl!"

"Americans," I remarked.

"They look it," she agreed. "Quite the Gibson type of girl, isn't she?"

The curtain went up and we turned our attention to the stage. As a rule I find music soothing; but that night proved an exception—perhaps because my moderately well-ordered life had crumbled into pieces; because I was conscious of a new and overmastering passion—the music appealed to me in an altogether different way. My enjoyment was no longer impersonal—a matter of the brain and the judgment. I felt the excitement of it throbbing in my pulses. The gloomy, half-lit auditorium seemed full of strange suggestions. I felt in real and actual touch with the great things that throbbed beneath. I was no longer an auditor—a looker-on. I had become a participator.

The hours passed as though in a dream. I talked to my sister and her husband, and exchanged the usual gossip with their callers. I even paid a call or two on my own account; but I have no recollection of whom I went to see or what we talked about. I had no chance to visit either Mr. Parker or Eve, for neither of them left their places and they were in the middle of a row; but I took good care that we were close together in the vestibule toward the end. With a little shiver I saw that Lady Orstline was there too—next Mr. Parker. I was a few feet behind them both, with my sister. I found myself watching almost feverishly.

As usual there was a block outside, and the few yards between us and the door seemed interminable. I had none of the optimism of those others. I was filled with vague fears of some impending disaster. Suddenly, with a shiver, I recognized Cullen, scarcely a couple of yards away, also watching, wedged in among the throng. His lips were drawn closely together; his opera hat was well over his forehead; his eyes never left Mr. Parker. He looked to me there like a lean-faced rat preparing for its spring.

I followed the exact direction of his steadfast gaze and I became cold with apprehension. Lady Orstline was just

Without the Slightest Doubt in the World It Was Lady Orstline's Pearl Necklace!

in front of me; by her side was Eve, and immediately behind her Mr. Parker. I tried to lean over, but in the crush it was impossible.

"Some one you want to speak to, Paul?" my sister asked.

"There's a man there—if I can only get at him."

The little crowd in front of us was suddenly thrown into disorder by having to let through two people whose carriage had been called. We seemed to lose ground in the confusion, for a moment or two later I noticed Lady Orstline standing outside the door, and my heart sank as I realized that her neck was bare. Almost at the same instant I saw her hand fly up and heard her voice.

"My necklace!" she called out. "Policeman, don't let any one pass out! My necklace has been stolen—my pearls!"

The confusion that followed was indescribable. The doors were almost barricaded. My sister and her husband and I were allowed through easily enough, as we were known to be subscribers, but almost every one else seemed to be undergoing a sort of cross-examination. My brother-in-law was disposed to be irritable.

"Why can't the silly woman look after her jewels?" he exclaimed. "Another advertisement, I suppose."

"Can we drop you anywhere, Paul?" my sister inquired. "Or would you like to give us some supper?"

I had been staring out of the window. There was not a sign anywhere of Eve or her father; nor had I been able to catch a glimpse of Mr. Cullen.

"I am sorry," I replied; "but I am supping with some friends at Stephano's. Could you set me down there?"

My sister raised her eyebrows as she gave the order. We were already in the Strand.

"Really, Paul," she remonstrated, "at your time of life—you are thirty-four years old, mind—I think you might leave Stephano's to the other generation!"

"Second childhood!" I explained as I descended. "In any case I really have an appointment here. Give you supper any other night with pleasure. Many thanks!"

My first intention had been not to enter the place at all, but to return at once to Covent Garden. Some impulse, however, prompted me to glance round the room first. To my amazement Eve and her father were already seated at their usual table—Eve drawing off her gloves and her father with the wine list in his hand. I made my way toward them. I suppose my expression indicated a certain stupefaction, for directly I got there Eve began to laugh softly up into my face.

"We aren't ghosts!" she declared. "Did you think you were the only person who could leave the opera house in a hurry?"

"I saw you in the vestibule," I ventured. "I never saw you get away."

"No more did our friend Cullen," Mr. Parker remarked, smiling. "I really am beginning to feel sorry for that man. We were within a yard or two of him and he was watching us good and hard. I think he had an idea that Eve had a weakness for pearls."

"Oh, don't!" I exclaimed rather sharply. "Even in joke it isn't exactly wise, is it, with people passing all the time?"

"Joke!" Mr. Parker repeated. "Precious little joke about it, I can assure you. I dare say it looked simple enough to you, but it was really quite a complicated business. Never mind, Eve has her pearls—and that's the great thing."

Then he thrust his hand into his trousers pocket and, without the least attempt at concealment, produced and plumped upon the table in front of him the pearl necklace which only a few minutes before I had seen upon the neck of Lady Orstline.

"Look much better on Eve when they've been restrung, won't they?" he observed. "Gee whiz! What lovely stones they are!"

"Put it away!" I gasped. "For Heaven's sake, put it away!"

"Why should I?" he asked coolly.

My heart suddenly seemed to stop beating. I felt as though the end of the world had come. With the light of triumph ablaze in his narrow black eyes, Mr. Cullen was standing by our table!

"Good evening, Mr. Parker!" he said in a tone from which he struggled to keep the note of triumph. "Good evening, young lady!"

The hand of Mr. Parker had suddenly covered the pearl necklace. Mr. Cullen was looking steadily toward it.

"I trust," he continued, "that my arrival was not inopportune. I haven't interrupted anything, have I—any little celebration, or anything of that sort?"

"On the contrary, we are always pleased to see you," Mr. Parker declared warmly. "Sit right down, Mr. Cullen! You'll join us, I trust? We were just thinking of ordering a little supper."

Mr. Cullen shook his head. "Perhaps," he advised, "it would be better to postpone that order."

"Postpone it?" Mr. Parker repeated, glancing at the clock. "Why, it's late enough now. Good Heavens, is that the time?"

Mr. Cullen and I both glanced at the clock at the other end of the room. It was twenty minutes to twelve. The detective looked back with a smile.

"You are a past master, Mr. Parker," he said, "in the accomplishment that, I believe, in your country goes by the name of bluff; but there are limits, you know. I shall have to ask you and your daughter and Mr. Walmsley here to accompany me at once to Bow Street. And," he added, suddenly leaning across the table, "move your right hand, please! Don't make a disturbance—for Luigi's sake! If you want trouble you can have it."

Mr. Parker raised his hand at once.

"Trouble?" he echoed. "That's the last thing I'm looking for."

Mr. Cullen smiled grimly.

"Ah! I thank you," he said. "A pearl necklace, I see! You must allow me to take charge of this, please."

Mr. Parker's look of surprise was admirably done.

"That is my daughter's necklace," he explained. "The fastening has become loose."

"Exactly!" Mr. Cullen sneered. "I am now going to ask you all three to come with me without any further delay to Bow Street."

"This man is mad!" Mr. Parker sighed, leaning back in his place—"stark, staring mad! His interference with my meals is becoming unwarrantable."

"If you take my advice you will avoid a scene," the detective said, leaning a little over the table. "Believe me I am not to be trifled with. If you do not come willingly there are other means. I am simply trying to avoid a disturbance in a public restaurant."

Mr. Parker rose reluctantly to his feet.

"Eve, dear," he said, "I suppose we may as well obey this very autocratic person. The sooner we go the sooner we shall be back to supper. Mr. Walmsley, I owe you my most profound apologies. I had no idea when I asked you to join us that you would become involved in anything disagreeable."

"Don't mind me," I begged him. "I am glad to come. Perhaps we had better get it over as soon as possible."

"We shall be back," Mr. Parker explained to Luigi, who had strolled up to see what was happening, "in twenty minutes. Prepare, if you please, three oyster cocktails, some grilled cutlets and sauté potatoes. Thank you, Luigi. In twenty minutes, mind!"

We passed out toward the entrance. Mr. Cullen was walking with almost professional proximity to his companion. Eve and I were a few steps in the rear.

"Eve," I whispered, drawing her for a moment close to me, "remember that whatever comes of this—whatever happens—there is no word I have ever said to you, or to your father about you, which I do not mean and shall not always mean."

She looked at me a little curiously. From the first her own demeanor had been singularly unmoved. During the

last few seconds, however, she had grown paler. She suddenly took my hand and gave it a little squeeze.

"You really are a little more than nice!" she said.

We drove to the police station and Mr. Cullen ushered us at once into a private room, where an inspector was seated at a table.

"Mr. Hennessey, sir," he began, "I have a charge of theft against this man and his daughter. I watched them at the opera house tonight. At the entrance they were both of them hustling Lady Orstline. As you may have heard she cried out suddenly that her pearl necklace had been stolen. I rushed for these two, but by some means or other they got away. I followed them to Stephano's restaurant and discovered them with the necklace on the table in front of them. The man Parker was showing it to the other two. He attempted to conceal it, but I was just in time."

The inspector nodded.

"Very good, Mr. Cullen," he said. "Where is the necklace?"

The detective produced it proudly and laid it upon the table. The inspector dipped his pen in the ink.

"What is your name?" he asked Mr. Parker.

"Joseph H. Parker," was the reply. "I am an American citizen and this is my daughter. Mr. Cullen appears to be a person of observation. It is true we were at the opera. It is perfectly true we were within a few yards of Lady Orstline when she called out that her necklace was stolen. There's nothing remarkable about that, however, as we occupied adjacent stalls. What I want to point out to you is, though, if you'll allow me, that the necklace I had on the table before me at Stephano's when Mr. Cullen suddenly popped round the screen—the necklace you are now looking at, sir—is of imitation pearls, valued at about ten pounds. I bought it in the Burlington Arcade; it belongs to my daughter, and I was simply examining the clasp, which is scarcely safe."

There was a moment's breathless silence. To me Mr. Parker's statement seemed too good to be true; yet he had spoken with the easy confidence of a man who knows what he is about. Standing there, the personification of respectability, a trifle indignant, a trifle contemptuous, his words could not fail to carry with them a certain amount of conviction. The inspector rang a bell by his side.

"What are your daughter's initials?" he asked quickly.

"E. P.—Eve Parker," Mr. Parker replied. "Look at the ..ck of the gold clasp. There you are," he pointed out—"E. P."

Mr. Cullen and the inspector both bent over the necklace. The inspector gave a brief order to a policeman.

"The inituals on the clasp are certainly E. P.," the inspector admitted slowly. "I do not pretend to be a judge of jewelry myself. However I have sent for some one who is."

A man in plain clothes entered the room. The inspector beckoned to him, showed him the pearls and whispered a question. The man examined them for barely five seconds. Then he handed them back.

"Very nice imitation, sir," he pronounced. "There's a place in Bond Street where I should imagine these came from, and another in the Burlington Arcade. Their value is from seven to ten pounds."

The inspector dismissed him. He handed the necklace back to Mr. Parker and rose to his feet.

"I can only express my most profound regret, sir," he said, "on behalf of the force. Such a mistake is inexcusable. Mr. Cullen will, I am sure, join in offering you every apology."

Mr. Cullen was standing a few yards back. He was biting his lip until it was absolutely colorless. There was a look in his face that was quite indescribable.

"If I have made a mistake this time," he muttered; "if I have been premature—I apologize; but—but——"

Mr. Parker turned to the inspector.

"You know," he said, "I fancy this young man's got what they call on this side a 'down' on me! He's got an idea that I'm a crook—follows me about; doesn't give me a moment's peace, in fact. Say, Mr. Inspector, can't I put this thing right somehow—take him to my banker's——"

"Banker's!" Mr. Cullen ejaculated softly. "The only use you have for a banker is to fleece him!"

"Mr. Cullen!" the inspector exclaimed, frowning.

"I beg your pardon, sir. I am sorry if I forgot myself." He turned abruptly toward the door. "I offer you my apologies, Mr. Parker," he said, looking back; "also the young lady. But—some day the luck may be on my side."

The door slammed behind him. Mr. Parker turned toward the inspector.

"That young man, Mr. Inspector," he said complainingly, "puts altogether too much feeling into his work. I may have been a bit sarcastic with him once or twice; but if it comes to a lifelong vendetta, or anything of that sort, why, he's beginning to look for trouble—that's all! I'm getting sick of the sight of him. If ever I lunch or dine out he's there. If I go to a theater he's about. Whatever harmless amusement I go in for he's there looking on. Just give him a word of caution, Mr. Inspector. I'm a good-tempered man, but this can't go on forever."

The inspector himself escorted us to the door.

"I beg, Mr. Parker," he said, "that you will take no more notice of Mr. Cullen's little fit of temper. As regards your complaint, I promise you that I will talk to him seriously. Allow me to send for a taxicab for you. Oh! I beg your pardon—that is your own car. I only regret that we should have wasted a few minutes of your evening. Good night, gentlemen! Good night, madam!"

We left Bow Street amid many manifestations of courtesy and good will.

"Where shall I tell him to go to, sir?" the policeman asked as he closed the door.

"Back to Stephano's!" Mr. Parker ordered.

We glided down into the Strand. Mr. Parker glanced at his watch.

"We shall just about make those grilled cutlets," he remarked. "Gives you kind of an appetite—this sort of thing! Say, what's the matter with you, Mr. Walmsley?"

"Oh, nothing particular!" I answered. "Only I was just wondering what in the name of all that's miraculous can have become of Lady Orstline's necklace!"

"I Haven't Interrupted Anything, Have I—Any Little Celebration, or Anything of That Sort?"

We descended at Stephano's and were ushered to our table, where the oyster cocktails were waiting. Mr. Parker took my arm.

"Perhaps," he murmured, "you may even know that before you go to sleep tonight."

I thought of Mr. Parker's words an hour or so later when I was preparing to undress. I emptied first the things from my trousers pockets. The feeling of something unfamiliar in one of them brought a puzzled exclamation to my lips. I dragged it out and held it in front of me. My heart gave a great leap, the perspiration broke out upon my forehead. My knees shook and I sat down on the bed. Without the slightest doubt in the world it was Lady Orstline's pearl necklace!

IV

I SPENT a very restless and disturbed night. I rose at six o'clock the following morning, and at ten o'clock I rang up 3771A Gerrard. My inquiry was answered almost at once by Mr. Parker himself.

"Is that you, Walmsley?"

"It is," I replied. "I have been waiting to ring you up since daylight! I want you to understand——"

"You come right round here!" Mr. Parker interrupted soothingly. "No good getting fussy over the telephone!"

"Where to?" I asked. "You forget I don't know your address. I should have been round hours ago if I had known where to find you."

"Bless my soul, no more you do! We are at Number 17, Banton Street—just off Oxford Street, you know."

"I am coming straightaway," I replied.

I was there within ten minutes. The place seemed to be a sort of private hotel, unostentatious and unprepossessing. A hall porter, whose uniform had seen better days and whose linen had seen cleaner ones, conducted me to the first floor. Mr. Parker himself met me on the landing.

"Come right in!" he invited. "I saw you drive up. Eve is in there."

He ushered me into a large sitting room of the type one would expect to find in such a place, but which, by dint of many cushions, flowers and feminine knickknacks, had been made to look presentable. Eve was seated in an easy chair by the fire. She turned round at my entrance and laughed.

"Where's my necklace, please?" she demanded.

"The necklace," I replied, as severely as I could, "is by this time on its way to Lady Orstline—if it is not actually in her hands."

"You mean to say you have sent it back?" Mr. Parker exclaimed incredulously.

"Certainly!" I replied. "I posted it to her early this morning."

Mr. Parker's expression was one of blank bewilderment.

"Say, do I understand you rightly?" he continued, coming up and laying his great hand upon my shoulder. "You mean to say that, after all we went through because of that miserable necklace, you've gone and chucked it? Do you know it was worth twenty-five thousand pounds?"

"I don't care whether it was worth twenty-five thousand pounds or twenty-five thousand pennies!" retorted I. "It belonged to Lady Orstline—not to you or your daughter or to me. I know that you are a skillful conjurer and I won't ask you how it found its way into my pocket. I am only glad I have had an opportunity of returning it to its owner."

Mr. Parker shook his head ponderously. He turned to Eve.

"This," he said solemnly, "is the young man who asked leave to join us! What do you think of him, Eve?"

"Nothing at all!" she replied flippantly. "He is absolutely useless!"

"If you think," Mr. Parker went on, "we are in this business for our health, I want you to understand right here that you are mistaken. I never deceived you. I told you the first few seconds we met that I was an adventurer. I am. I brought off a coup last night with that necklace, and you've gone and queered it! It isn't for myself I mind so much," he concluded, "but there's the child there. I was going to have the pearls restrung and let her wear them a bit—until the time came for selling them."

(Continued on Page 54)

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PHILADELPHIA, NOVEMBER 29, 1913

That Famous Victory

BY AN enormous effort, and by an extraordinary run of luck during the campaign, New York succeeded in defeating Tammany. But—in spite of the Sulzer episode, which alienated many thousand Tammany voters; in spite of Hennessy's astonishing disclosures; in spite of the weakness of Tammany's candidate; in spite of a uniform record of graft and waste extending over forty years—a quarter of a million citizens of the metropolis voted for Murphy's organization.

In this result we should like to discover something to crow over, but are not able to do so. It looks to us as though Tammany lost the city by bad luck and poor management rather than by any settled determination on the part of a decisive majority of voters to drive it out.

Now there is really no dispute among intelligent people as to what city government by Tammany is. The facts are too well known. They have been set forth in a bulky and well-authenticated literature, with which nearly every Gotham voter is more or less familiar. We see no escape from the conclusion that a great body of voters in New York wants just that sort of government; and, so long as that want exists, Tammany, you may be sure, will be there to supply it.

We are not impressed by the cheerful view that four years of exclusion from all the more important offices will starve Tammany to death. You don't starve an appetite by withholding food; you merely whet it. Tammany is an appetite. We expect to hear from it four years hence.

Helping Farmers to Farms

THE state of Washington contains many million acres of good land that can be bought very cheaply, but cannot be brought under cultivation except by an investment of capital that is beyond the means of the ordinary individual settler. This is land in the western part of the state from which the timber has been cut, the clearing of which for cultivation costs from fifty to a hundred and fifty dollars an acre, or arid land that requires an irrigation system.

Once the improvements have been made, the land will be worth all it costs; but the individual settler has not the capital to make the improvements. The state proposes to supply him with it—or, rather, to furnish him the means of supplying himself.

A law passed this year authorizes the formation of Development Districts, which may issue bonds and with the proceeds buy and improve logged-off and arid lands within the district; then sell them to settlers at cost, plus five per cent, on twenty-year payments at an interest rate one-half of one per cent above that paid by the district on its bonds. Not more than twenty acres of logged-off or forty acres of arid land can be sold to one purchaser, and to discourage speculators the title cannot be assigned until three annual payments have been made and the purchaser has actually resided on the land two years.

Under this arrangement a man with hardly any capital can get possession of land that is ready for cultivation—which makes this about the most interesting agricultural credit scheme we have yet come across.

It is really coöperation, for the people of the district pool their credit in a bond issue in order to raise capital to improve the land; but the individual beneficiary need have little or no capital of his own.

What He Might Have Said

THE duty of obtaining an interview with distinguished foreigners seems to have been neglected in the case of a recent notable arrival. To repair that neglect we offer the following:

"This is my first visit to America. The United States is a truly wonderful country. You know, it sends two or three thousand dollars a day over to my grandpapa in London, though my grandpapa never had anything in particular to do with the United States, except to disapprove of it!

"Life must be very pleasant for everybody in a country where money is so easily obtained that nobody minds handing over several million dollars a year to a gentleman who never turned his hand to produce anything.

"I suppose money in this country rains down or is picked from bushes. Perhaps the happy people go out once a month or so to shake the bushes, with pretty songs and dances. That must be much pleasanter than in England, where a great part of the population, I am told, has to labor very hard in order to produce money. No doubt if people here had to work hard for money they would be more particular to inquire what equivalent in the way of productive labor is given by those who receive it. That might be awkward for my family.

"Seven or eight hundred fellow passengers downstairs in the ship I came over on were also making their first visit to America. I could see they were very poor people, and I suppose they were coming here to find the money bushes and fill up their odd-looking luggage with bright, ripe dollars—immediately after which, I hope, they will get themselves some proper clothes and stop the ridiculous practice of dining on cheese and sausage. I am very glad that my great-great-great-grandfather happened to buy a farm in a country so fortunately conditioned."

The Vampire Skyscraper

THEY have decided to tear down New York's first skyscraper, because for some time it has had so few tenants that it no longer pays even operating expenses. It was built twenty-four years ago and was then considered a most ingenious invention.

By using steel and building high the landlord obviously could pack more tenants on a given ground area, and consequently extract more rent from it; but as soon as the possibility of extracting more rent from a given ground area was thus demonstrated land values rose proportionately, and if the landlord wished to earn a satisfactory return on the enhanced land value he must build still higher. The higher skyscraper, however, shuts off light and air from its humbler neighbors; and as light and air are shut off, tenants depart.

Thus for some years in lower Manhattan the bigger skyscrapers have literally devoured the lesser ones. Now nothing is left of the first skyscraper except the unprofitable and tenantless husk. Other big buildings that were the mammoths of their day are now so blanketed by bigger neighbors that the lower stories are used mostly for storage, while low buildings sandwiched between towering rivals are almost empty.

The skyscraper, in fact, saps the life of its humbler neighbors, so that in the immediate vicinity of the biggest buildings are poor structures which nobody would improve, except for some special purpose.

It is a strictly competitive arrangement, resolving itself largely into a contest for light and air. This has produced some very striking results—some billion-dollar fortunes, so to speak, tower attractively in the sun; but if no one had been permitted to build more than a certain height the general result would have been better.

An Opening for an Editor

BECAUSE a eulogy on an eminent brewer, delivered by a private citizen a thousand miles from the city of Washington, was printed in the Congressional Record recently, that shelfworn talk about curtailing leave to print has been revived. The trouble with the Record, however, is no more the irrelevant stuff that appears in it than the absence of everything in the nature of editing.

It is a good deal as though the contents of a newspaper should be published in the chronological order in which the matter came into the office and with only one-line headings. You might find your baseball item between marine news and an obituary notice in the third column of the fifth page, or you might find it under a dramatic review in the second column of the eighth page—in which case you would telephone some friendly fan to find out which side won and what the score was, and let it go at that.

Every day's proceedings in Congress develops something that would interest a great number of people; but the task of picking it out of the general welter of congressional proceedings is so extremely difficult that even the newspapers, with trained correspondents on the spot, mostly give it up.

We do not see why every issue of the Record should not contain an index and syllabus, which would make it really useful to persons who wish to follow congressional proceedings—without unduly offending members who naturally incline to the view that their own particular speeches are the only really important happenings of the day.

The Wife's Allowance

THE abysmal ignorance of a great majority of married American women concerning the simplest facts and forms of business is amazing and pathetic. Before showing a high-school girl a cookbook and teaching her how to make a pie we would show her a checkbook and teach her how to make a deposit. You have insured your life, we trust, in favor of your wife; but have you explained to her what she should do with the money if it should fall into her hands—what sort of investments to make; with whom to consult; how to check up a bank passbook?

The best beginning for such an education is to give your wife—at once—a fixed allowance, whatever portion of the family income reasonably belongs to her for her personal use. There is no more reason that a wife should ask her husband whether she may have two dollars with which to buy a pair of gloves than there is that he should ask her whether she will please see that the beds are made and the dinner cooked. If a wife cannot handle her own pinmoney intelligently, what is the use of leaving her life insurance?

Paying the Income Tax

GLADSTONE'S oft-quoted observation that an income tax made a nation of liars does not apply to a tax like this country's, which is collected, so far as possible, at the source of the income. Hardly any large incomes can evade this tax. Nearly all such incomes are derived from corporations in the form of dividends, interest or salaries, or from rents; and the Treasury's net is pretty sure to catch them.

The professional man and the merchant doing business as an individual or as member of a partnership can, no doubt, evade some portion of their income tax by committing perjury; but the tax is very light—only seventy dollars a year on a ten-thousand-dollar income—and the man who will lie to evade it could not be trusted in the neighborhood of an unprotected child possessing a dime.

Personal-property taxes are evaded because evasion is the rule. Almost everybody does it who has the opportunity, and the evasions are universally winked at. Under such conditions a man who pays the full personal-property tax is paying much more than his fair share.

No such condition will obtain with the income tax. The taxed person will pay with a comfortable assurance that nearly everybody else who is liable to the tax is paying also. We are confident this new tax will be paid cheerfully and honestly by an overwhelming majority of those who are liable to it. Do not begin figuring on whether you may conceal this or that item of your income. Prepare to set it all down honestly.

About Florida Lands

IN AN article by Mr. Roger W. Babson which appeared in THE SATURDAY EVENING POST a few weeks ago the author told of the experience of a neighbor of his who, on the strength of a real-estate advertisement, bought without investigation a worthless tract of land in Florida and thereby lost the savings of years.

Since the appearance of Mr. Babson's article a number of Florida boards of trade have complained that it conveys to the average reader an unfair impression of the opportunities and conditions that exist in their state. We do not believe that any one who has read the whole of Mr. Babson's article can labor under any misapprehension as to the point that he intended to make. He certainly committed no injustice in warning his readers against buying advertised land, either in Florida or anywhere else, without making the fullest investigation of the property and ascertaining the character of its soil, its proximity to market, and the chance that the average man would have to make good upon it.

Florida, like every state of the Union which affords exceptional opportunities to the hard-working man of experience, capital and agricultural knowledge, has had real-estate agents who have been none too scrupulous about the claims made in their advertisements and who have victimized small purchasers living at a distance. This does not mean that Florida, which like California, Texas and the Western apple country has had its unscrupulous real-estate men, does not hold splendid opportunities for the man of determination who sees and investigates land before he buys it, assures himself that there are good markets within easy access, and takes those precautionary measures that must be the first thought of every prudent investor in real estate who has a right to expect to make money.

WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great

THERE are classic anecdotes as well as classic poems, dramas and other gems of literature. The principal reason a gem of literature is called classic is because it is old. The authors who are now revered as producers of classics—the boys we all revere, but never read—were pretty lucky in their day and generation; for, with most of them, the sole excuse for the embalming of their productions in the amber of literary regard is found in the anterior period in which they produced, and not in the art of their productions. There was not so much competition, and they got by rather easily.

Running the first thought in this palpitating piece back on the main track, however, let me say again: There are classic anecdotes as well as classic poems—and so on; and, after a careful consideration of all competitors, I am prepared to state that the classiest of the classic anecdotes, of which there are not more than a score, is the anecdote about Joseph W. Folk. There is an anecdote that has all the attributes admired by anecdotarians. It is short. It has humor. It has pith and point. It has a well-known subject and a better-known object. A classic anecdote!

This is it: On a certain occasion—but, before relating the anecdote, it might be well to identify Mr. Folk in his relation to the affairs of the nation. At the present time, then, Joseph Wingate Folk is the solicitor for the State Department. This does not imply that Mr. Folk has in any way relinquished his former and greater claims to fame, but that for the nonchalant nonce he has consented to undertake the representation of the Department of State in the courts of justice—if such there be—and whenever Mr. Bryan happens to be in the city to hand him the law in such and whatever cases made and provided.

We have had many solicitors for the State Department since we began business therein, and some of them have been husky persons—notably the aggressive Penfield, who on a sunny afternoon said some things to the Honorable Joseph Weldon Bailey which made that rhetorical statesman earnestly desirous of fighting, in which condition he remained until he satisfied himself that Solicitor Penfield was perfectly willing—when Mr. Bailey remembered the dignity of his position.

Still, all this is apart from the issue. Mr. Folk is now solicitor for the State Department and the anecdote concerns his former sphere of activity in Missouri. It was this way: Once on a time—but it is quite possible there are people who may not be aware of Mr. Folk's activities in Missouri. In order that the tale may lose none of its tang let me explain that for some years Mr. Folk's activities in Missouri have been confined largely to running for office and lecturing.

Strictly speaking, of course, he has not been confined to Missouri for his lecturing, for the whole boundless lyceum has been his and he is a star of magnitude. Odd—isn't it?—that two such great lecturers as Mr. Bryan and Mr. Folk should be in such close communion officially! However maybe our State Department needs lecturers. It is quite possible. Knox and Root and Hay were not particularly oratorical, nor Olney, nor Gresham, nor Evarts, nor Blaine—that is, not in a lyceum sense.

An Unfortunate Circumstance

MR. FOLK, as must be shown in order to make the anecdote effective, desired to be a United States senator; but, as it turned out, he was more or less alone in his desire. Anyhow he did not achieve his ambition. And, again, he desired to be the Democratic candidate for president and sought the support of Grand Old Missouri. The amount of literature Bill Cockran wrote and circulated with the earnest intent of getting the Missouri delegates for Mr. Folk was nothing short of stupendous. It was excellent literature—there need be no question about that; but there was a circumstance that rendered Mr. Folk's quest, as authored by Bill, somewhat difficult. That circumstance was Champ Clark.

Mr. Clark also desired to be the Democratic candidate for president—and came mighty near being so too; but that drags things along to Baltimore, and a deadlock and "houn'-dawgs," and lots of things that have no place in this story.

The point is that Mr. Folk's desire and Mr. Clark's desire could not be accommodated by the Missouri Democrats, as they could send but one set of delegates to the convention; and after the smoke of battle had cleared away Mr. Clark might have been observed herding the delegates and Mr. Folk delegating the herd. As the advertisements used to say, Mr. Folk was "At liberty"—and he renewed his lyceuming.

The Hero of the Folk Anecdote

This being clear, to the anecdote. It runs: Not many years ago, when Mr. Folk was a candidate for governor—but just here it seems imperative to tell how it was that Mr. Folk became a candidate for governor and how it came he was governor, in order that no whit of enjoyment of this clever little story may be lost. I must go back a bit, if the digression may be pardoned. Some thirteen or fourteen years ago Mr. Folk, a young lawyer, was elected or selected as circuit attorney for St. Louis.

Then, no less than now, he was a man of high and stern resolve and, albeit he had not then reached that maturity of expression that caused the universal remark, "How much he looks like Napoleon!" he had enough of the appearance of the Little Corporal to corporate; in truth he was the dead spit of Napoleon even in those days—if Napoleon had by any chance looked as Joseph Wingate Folk did at the time.

Well, to proceed: He was circuit attorney of St. Louis, and St. Louis was by no means a civic center of political purity—by no means! The distressing verity of the situation was that St. Louis was about as dis-pure politically as any municipality of which we, speaking in a broad, general American sense, had wotted since the earliest days of graft.

Young Mr. Folk sensed this situation and became incensed thereby. He, as circuit attorney, began haling various persons, hitherto held to be of great power in St. Louis affairs, before grand juries, and he seemed to be utterly oblivious to either threats or persuasion. In short they could not do a thing with him. He proceeded as he had planned, hewing to the line; and he hewed the respectability and the political power and the perquisites and a lot of other protuberances off a considerable number of persons who had been doing about what they pleased in and with St. Louis.

Those were exciting and interesting days in St. Louis. When you took up the paper you never knew whether to read the indictment news or the sailing-for-Europe news first; for it was certain that under one head or the other you would find the names of some pillars of the social structure of that fair city. Mr. Folk stirred things up in St. Louis. He caused grafting to become practically an abandoned profession for quite some time, made it a distasteful and unprofitable occupation, and increased the population of the penitentiary to an extent. Also he secured for himself a wide acclaim.

It is well known that the people of Missouri are an intensely appreciative people. Though it may be true that there are set limits to their appreciation—that it does not run in perpetuity, as witness the later treatment of Mr. Folk—it is undeniably certain that in the first flush of their enthusiasm Missourians do the right thing.

In this case there was but one thing to do. That one thing was to show Joseph W. Folk how highly they esteemed him; and they elected him governor, with full knowledge of the constitutional limitation to the governorship. A governor serves four years in Missouri and is not eligible for reëlection. Thus the Missourians, honoring Folk, did it in a manner that had no cumulative attachment. They gave him his four years at Jefferson City and turned to other things.

He was elected in 1905 and served through 1909; and an excellent governor he was—and popular. Thus, having made these preliminaries clear, I now pass on to the classic Folk anecdote, the stage being set and the curtain up. Therefore: When Joseph W. Folk was a candidate for governor—stop!—one thing more before I unfold this sparkling bit of repartee. It is necessary for a clear conception of its manifold beauties to know that Joseph W. Folk is a short man and a sturdy. Five feet seven would measure his height. His shoulders are square. His paunch is truly Napoleonic. He is of vast and compelling eloquence and of pleasant and affable address. He is highly democratic, has ardent followers and as ardent protestants—which shows he is not lacking in force—and has no difficulty at all in filling the tent whenever he is billed to speak.

Thus do we see how aptly an anecdote may illustrate the chief characteristic of a public man. Good little yarn—that Folk anecdote! Ha! Ha! Ha!

The Last Straw

THERE is a trusty of a penitentiary in Nevada who says his name is Woodrow Wilson. He is a mechanic and drives the warden's machine.

Recently the warden, who is ex-Governor Dickerson, Governor Oddie and William Maxwell, a former warden, drove over into California on an official trip. They lost their number plate and were arrested for driving in California without a license. Governor Oddie explained to the arresting officer that he was the governor and that his companions were ex-Governor Dickerson and Mr. Maxwell. The officer was satisfied.

As the trusty was cranking up, the officer asked him:

"What's your name?"

"Woodrow Wilson."

"Here!" shouted the officer. "You guys come along to the judge. You can't put this stuff over on me any longer."

And he took them in.

Star Brands

THE late Crosby Noyes, editor of the Washington Star, did not smoke, but his sons did. One day Frank Noyes, president of the Associated Press, visited his father. The elder Noyes took two boxes of cigars out of his desk and offered the son a choice.

"No, thank you, father," said the son. "I'll smoke one of my own."

"What's the matter with these cigars?" asked the father.

Frank looked at the boxes with a grimace. They were alfalfas.

"I'll smoke one of my own," he said again.

The father rang the bell for his office boy.

"Jimmie," he said, "what sort of cigars did you buy when I sent you out for them? Mr. Frank won't smoke them."

"Why," answered Jimmie, "I picked out the only two kinds that advertise in the Star!"

The State Line

DAN FRASER, a Western lawyer, was a classmate of Senator Elihu Root at Hamilton College, in New York.

They met at a reunion at Hamilton when Root was secretary of state.

"Howdy, Elihu?" said Fraser.

"How do you do, Dan?"

There was some general conversation. Then Root said:

"What are you doing, Dan?"

"Oh," Fraser replied, "I'm practicing law—and what line are you in?"

An Excellent Coffee
and economical as well

IF you are not already a user of our coffee, permit us to send you a trial package. Then you can see for yourself that it is not only better and purer, but that it costs less per cup than ordinary coffee, as it makes more cups to the pound.

A Trial Can Free

SEND us your grocer's name and we will send you a trial can of Barrington Hall, enough to make six cups of delicious coffee, and booklet, "The Evolution of Barrington Hall." This explains the three stages of progress through which this famous coffee has passed.

Barrington Hall
The Baker-ized Coffee

At first Barrington Hall was sold whole or ground as ordinary coffee is today, then steel-cut with the bitter chaff removed, and finally Baker-ized. In it we have retained the good points of our older methods and adopted new features (explained in booklet) that make it economy without economizing. A luxury not at the expense of health, but one that is an aid to correct living.

Baker's Steel-Cut Coffee

Steel-Cut Coffee lacks a little in quality and in evenness of granulation when compared with Baker-ized Barrington Hall, but the chaff with its objectionable taste is removed from it also. It is far superior to the so-called cut coffees that are offered in imitation of Baker-ized Coffee.

Our Coffee is for sale by grocers in all cities and most towns. Write for grocer near you who can supply it.

BAKER IMPORTING COMPANY
116 Hudson St., New York, N. Y.
246 No. Second St., Minneapolis, Minn.

The Forehanded Man

By WILL PAYNE

INVESTMENT bankers will tell you they do not object to Blue Sky legislation—provided it is reasonable. At least, they tell me so. I begin to suspect, however, that their notions of what is reasonable in that line are rather impractical.

This is a pity. Postal officials estimate that inexperienced persons have been robbed of a hundred million dollars a year by fake investments. Part of these fake investments are swindles pure and simple, gotten up with no other intention than to defraud. Another part rest upon some tangible property basis, but involve such wild hazards, with the chances of loss so far outweighing the chances of gain, that in comparison with them betting on a faro game is a conservative business transaction.

Widows who have come into a few thousand dollars of life-insurance money are a favorite prey for the fake stock sharks; but the extent of gullibility among men is simply amazing—as my own mail constantly attests. You would suppose that a man who knew enough to make five thousand dollars of surplus money would have some rudimentary ideas about safe investment of it.

The fact is, we are still very much imbued with the speculating pioneer spirit. We see a great deal of money made overnight and are much inclined to listen to the gentleman who proposes to show us how it is done.

Investment bankers ought to be foremost in fighting this fake-investment robbery, on the same sound business principle that would lead an intelligent manufacturer of wholesome candy to fight an imitation article with arsenic in it. It is true that, among the twenty or more states which followed Kansas in passing Blue Sky laws, a number went to unreasonable extremes—considering the proportions and conditions of investment business within their boundaries; but last winter Michigan passed a Blue Sky law that in all its main provisions is quite reasonable.

The Michigan Blue Sky Law

The law, by specific exemptions, does not apply to stocks, bonds or other securities issued by any state or national bank, trust company, building-and-loan association or corporation not organized for profit; or to the bonds of the United States; or of any state, territory or foreign government; or of any city, county, township, school district or other taxing subdivision of a state; or to the stocks, bonds or other securities of any railroad, street railroad, electric light, power, gas, telephone, telegraph or other public utility company the security issues of which are supervised by the public-service board or commission of any state or foreign government; or to mortgages upon real estate in Michigan when the entire mortgage is sold and transferred.

Nor does it apply to the sale of any security by the owner thereof for his own account "when such sale is not made in the course of continued and successive transactions of a similar nature." In other words, if you own any security you are free to sell it in Michigan regardless of this law. It is only when you make a business of selling securities that the law applies to you.

The law creates a Securities Commission, consisting of the commissioner of banking, the state treasurer and the attorney-general. It provides that any company the stocks, bonds or other securities of which are offered for sale in Michigan—with the exceptions noted above—shall file with the Securities Commission a statement describing its business, showing in detail its assets and liabilities, a copy of its articles of incorporation and by-laws, "and such other information touching its condition and affairs as the Securities Commission may require."

Moreover, the company must file annually with the Securities Commission a statement showing its condition at the close of the year. At any other time the Securities Commission may require the company to file a sworn statement of its condition. At any time the commission may make a personal examination of the company by one of its own members or a deputy, similar in all respects to the examinations of state and national banks by bank examiners.

Now if the Securities Commission finds that the company is not solvent or that its securities are fraudulent, "or of such a nature that their sale would in all probability work a fraud upon the purchaser; or if said commission finds that the securities of said company are of such a nature and character that their purchase would in all probability result in loss to the purchaser," then the commission shall notify the company by registered mail of such finding and thereafter the company's securities cannot lawfully be sold in the state.

All this simply corresponds to the listing of securities on the New York Stock Exchange. Not a trade can be made in any company's stocks or bonds on the exchange until the company has filed an application and statement describing its business and property, showing its assets and liabilities, and containing any other information that the listing committee sees fit to require. The listing committee may send for the officers of the company and examine them at any length it pleases upon any subject.

In short, the company must satisfy the listing committee in every particular before a share of its stock or one of its bonds can be sold on the exchange. The company must file annual reports; and at any time the authorities of the exchange can strike its securities from the list, after which they cannot be traded in on the exchange.

A Model Stock Exchange

The purpose of this is obvious and wholly commendable. The Stock Exchange proposes that any securities dealt in on its floor shall have some basis in actual property and in a real going business concern; also that official information concerning such securities shall be available. It does not propose that securities "of such a nature that their sale would in all probability work a fraud upon the purchaser—or of such a nature and character that their purchase would in all probability result in loss to the purchaser"—shall be sold within its walls.

When the New York Stock Exchange makes these requirements no company thinks of objecting. If it cannot meet the requirements, or does not wish to meet them, its securities are not admitted to the exchange—and that is the end of it. Now Michigan proposes in effect to set up a listing committee in behalf of its citizens, with requirements very similar to those of the New York Stock Exchange. If a company cannot meet the requirements, or does not wish to do so, its securities are not admitted to the state—and that is the end of it. Why should requirements that are cheerfully complied with on behalf of the Stock Exchange be deemed outrageous on behalf of a state?

Obviously what the state wants is merely reasonable assurance that securities sold within its borders are not fraudulent or of such a wildcat sort that their purchase would "in all probability" result in loss.

The law further provides that no dealer shall offer securities for sale within the state without having registered; nor, having registered, shall he offer the securities of any company that has not complied with the law; but if the company has not filed the information required by the commission the dealer himself may file it—"provided, however, that the detailed information required in the foregoing need not be filed . . . if the information required is contained in any standard manual of securities approved by the commission."

Upon organizing, the commission announced that it would not demand the filing of statements as to the stocks and bonds listed in any one of six standard manuals of securities that are to be found in all brokers' offices and city banks.

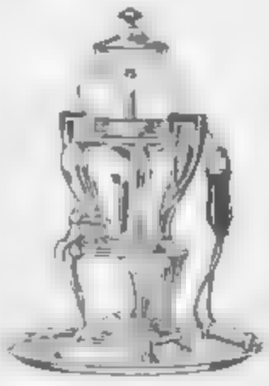
This announcement shows the intention of the law and the spirit in which it is proposed to administer it. The manuals mentioned contain descriptions of every security listed on the New York, Boston, Philadelphia and Chicago Stock Exchanges, besides a great number of others. The publishers of the manuals, of course, are anxious to make them as inclusive as possible. There is hardly a company in the country concerning whose securities there is any sort of public inquiry that is not to be found in one or another of these manuals.

It is true that a great many securities mentioned in the manuals are poor stuff; but the Securities Commission obviously is

EVERY woman prizes a gift of Westinghouse Electric Ware because of its value. Its fine design and workmanship put it in the class with fine silverware, and it has every-day usefulness that few articles of silverware possess.

Electric Coffee Percolator

3½ pint Colonial—$20.00
3½ pint Empire —$16.00
2½ pint Empire —$15.00

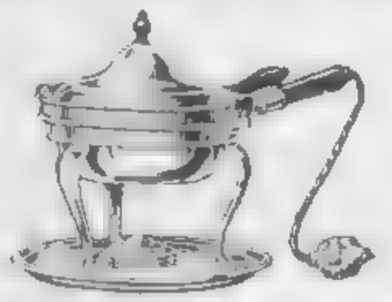


The graceful Westinghouse percolator is an ideal gift. It makes eight cups of delicious coffee for one cent, and begins to percolate in less than two minutes. Comes ready for use.

Electric Toaster-Stove—$6.00

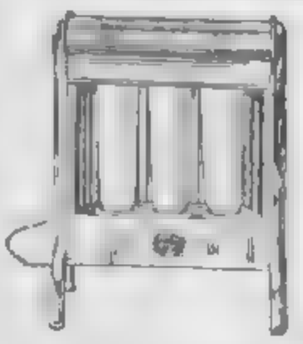
Thousands of breakfast tables use a Westinghouse Toaster-Stove. As a gift it will be appreciated and *used*. It has two interchangeable tops—one a wire grid for toasting, the other an aluminum griddle which when inverted is a frying pan. Price includes tray and connections.

Electric Chafing Dish—$15.00



The Westinghouse Chafing Dish brings the holiday cheer every time it is used. No odor of alcohol or gas, and no fire danger. Comes either in nickel or copper finish.

Electric Radiator



2 unit—$12.50
3 unit—$15.00
4 unit—$18.00

The cheerful glow of the wood fire, with none of its smoke or danger. Good for small rooms and cold corners.

These devices are all on sale in your city. Send for Westinghouse Catalogue 1529. It makes a fine Christmas list.

Westinghouse Electric & Mfg. Co.
Dept. H P East Pittsburgh, Pa.

not trying to keep people from buying poor stuff. It does not by any means seek to furnish a sure guide to safe investment. What it is trying to do is to shut out the rank fake and wildcat stuff.

With this announcement that the sale of any security listed in the manuals would be permitted without the filing of statements—and in view of the exemptions mentioned in the text of the law—it is probable that fully ninety per cent of all the legitimate investment business in Michigan would have gone on exactly as though the law had never been passed; but the exemption by the commission of securities listed in the manuals was made one of the chief points of attack on the law when a number of very eminent investment bankers brought it into the United States Court on a bill for injunction. They said the commission had no right to exempt the securities listed in the manuals; and, in fact, that the law was not so carefully drawn as it should have been.

They objected also to the form of statement prescribed by the commission; and probably that objection is valid. It looks as though a little neighborly negotiation with the commission might have remedied the objectionable points in the statement form; but the plaintiffs—comprising four of the best-known bond houses in the country—want the whole law wiped off the statute books.

They say the act is void, because dealing in securities is interstate commerce and consequently "not subject to regulation by the state of Michigan in any way whatsoever"—Congress alone having power to regulate interstate commerce. If this contention is upheld, of course all Blue Sky laws go by the board and the cheerful pillage of widows' life-insurance money will continue unhindered, so far as it is within the power of the investment bankers to bring about that beautiful condition—that is, unless Congress passes a national Blue Sky law.

They complain that the act authorizes the commission to determine what securities would "in all probability work a fraud" or "would in all probability result in loss to the purchaser"; but it does not set up an exact standard for judging what securities are fraudulent or excessively risky. Therefore it delegates legislative power to the commission and consequently is unconstitutional and void.

Moreover, that in empowering the commission to judge what securities are fraudulent or excessively risky it confers judicial authority; and as the commission is not a judicial body within the meaning of the constitution the act is void.

They say the act is unconstitutional in that it provides cruel and unusual punishments—to wit, a maximum fine of five thousand dollars and maximum imprisonment of five years.

In short, it would be impossible to frame any Blue Sky law that was not subject to the objections raised against this act; and I am constrained to suspect that a sheet of blank paper would be the objectors' ideal of Blue Sky legislation.

But the sweep of Blue Sky laws during the last two years shows the need of such legislation. Investment bankers ought to recognize the need in a more liberal spirit. You might ask your bond dealer how he stands on this question.

Also, states that have Blue Sky laws should get together and make uniform requirements, so that by manifolding a single application and statement a company could comply with the law in all states.

THE LAME DUCK

Views of an Innocent Bystander

WASHINGTON, D. C.

DEAR JIM: Which would you rather be or a Cabinet member? Those gentlemen have their troubles, Jim. The impression is abroad that they hold soft and distinguished jobs, and they are willing enough to admit the distinguished part of it; but when it comes to the softness pertaining thereto they greet that pleasantry with laughs of scorn, and there isn't one of them who isn't rapidly becoming an accomplished scornful laugher.

Aside from the fact that they have wakened, by this time, to the rather depressing knowledge that a Cabinet member is merely a sort of sublimated presidential clerk, they work harder and longer, and with less result in the way of personal aggrandizement, than any other ten twelve-thousand-dollar-a-year men in the whole country.

Even when a change of administration brings no change in the political complexion of the Government, a new set of cabineteers are busy and bothered enough to suit the most fastidious; but when the change means another deal round, as it did when Mr. Wilson came in, there is no need of any person in this country envying any one of them his job—and this goes, from Mr. Bryan clear through the list to the laborious Secretary of Labor.

I heard a Western member of Congress declaiming about Postmaster-General Burleson the other day. He is a Democrat and he wanted some fourth-class postmasters appointed.

"What do you think?" he asked excitedly; "what do you think? I asked Albert to appoint me four fourth-class postmasters out in my district, and he said he would. Then he sent me a paper asking me to show that these men I wanted named have good moral characters.

"Good moral characters! What do you think of that? I went down to the Post-Office Department and I broke in on Albert and said: 'Albert, you know very well a fourth-class postmaster don't have to have no morals. You know that! Why, what does moral character amount to when it comes to a question of whether a Democrat or a Republican will hand out the mail in them towns of mine? I ask you that, Albert!'

"'Well,' he says to me, 'Bill, you know what the law is. You've got to have the moral character of these men certified to.'

"With that I riz up and I said: 'Albert, that ain't nothin'. I kin get moral certificates for them from anybody in their towns. What does that amount to? Anybody can git a certificate of moral character if he starts out for it—dependin' on where he goes for it. The point about these men,' I says, 'is that they are Democrats and they will take the places of Republicans.'

"And while I was on the subject I told him it was a shame and a ruination to the Republic that these here rural-free-delivery carriers—all Republicans—should be carryin' the mail to good Democrats in my district who voted to put Mr. Woodrow Wilson into the presidential chair; and it ain't right. 'What's this country comin' to,' I asked him, 'if we Democrats ain't goin' to get the jobs? What did we put you in here for? I'd like to know.'"

There you have the chief difficulty of the harassed Cabinet members. What, indeed, so far as the job-hungry Democrats are concerned, did they put these ornate statesmen in these places for if not to hand out the pie? And what boots it if there isn't any pie to hand out? Make some! Bake a batch! Remove a few Republicans or a lot of them! Administratively a Cabinet place is pleasant—each man has big problems to handle; but politically a Cabinet place under a new administration is as unpleasant as a bone felon.

Also, these Republican holdovers are a fine lot of benefits-forgot hangers-on. I mean the holdovers who have appointive places, not the civil-service rank and file, who never are satisfied, no matter what happens. The appointive holdovers are practically—but privately—unanimous in the discouraging opinion that this Administration is a rank failure. Though willing to hold their jobs—in fact anxious to hold them and continue in office until the last gasp—they cannot for the lives of them see how the country can escape ruin two days longer. We are only a jump ahead of chaos, as they tell it. Indeed chaos is scientific shop management compared to the conditions that now exist, if you listen to them. The whole works have broken down. Utter inefficiency prevails, except in the aggregated cases of the holdovers; and there is nothing ahead but a receivership, or something like it.

These holdovers, you understand, are men who in most cases are sitting in their

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swivel chairs, drawing their pay and strutting their little struts because their Democratic superiors, for some good reason or some expedient reason, have not chopped them out of their niches in the comfortable payroll.

Of course in any other business than Government business, and in any other profession than politics, a man held in a good job at a fat salary when a new boss came in would, in ordinary decency toward the consideration the new boss showed him, try to do what he could to make the work of the new boss easier, and help along, so far as he was able, to keep things going. In almost any other situation that would be observed.

Not so with the holdovers—and I am speaking now of men who have good-sized places, not of clerks and petty bureau chiefs, though they operate the same way. Instead of helping they are hindering in vexatious ways, sitting back and smiling supercilious smiles and saying, one to another: "They can have my job whenever they want it." Which is obviously true; but all the same this sort of talk is not for public consumption, for they go into nervous chills every time a superior comes near them for fear he intends to separate them from the salary check and send them back to work outside.

They are as subservient as a bunch of valets when anybody who ranks them is in sight; but when they find an outsider they puff up and tell how much better things were in the old days, and how well they could do the work if they only had minds to—which they haven't—minds to do the work with or with which to do anything else.

Most of the politics of this country is of the pinhead variety, based on selfishness and self-conceit; and these holdovers think they are playing politics for their party by hindering and criticising the newcomers instead of giving a return for the kindness that continues them in their jobs. The spoils system may be a bad system—probably it is—but these Democrats who are in Congress, responsible for the conduct of the Government, have a good deal of the argument on their side when they claim their own partisans should do the governing.

If I were president of the United States—which you need not worry about—I'd have only my sort of folks in the executive places—and in all of them—or I'd move out of the White House.

Passing the Buck

Coming to another phase of this ease and comfort in Cabinet life, did you ever hear of that pastime known as passing the buck? You have heard of it, I assume, and maybe practiced it, either in the place of its original habitat or in politics. Let me tell you, Jim, that, beyond all localities in the known world, the art and skill and continuous practice of passing the buck flourishes in Washington. Everybody passes the buck—evades the responsibility or shifts it—puts it on the other fellow—from the charwoman to the assistant secretary.

The cardinal rule of official Washington is never, under any circumstances, to assume responsibility for anything that can be shunted over to someone else. What's the use of making yourself a goat when you can pass along the blame or the work or the decision to another? The rabbits in official life are not to be blamed. They know how utterly hopeless it is for one of them to fight out a proposition that is once tangled in red tape, and they get from under. They pass the buck!

Nor are those in the under ranks more expert at it than those higher up. For example: Was there any greater example of artistic but seemingly artless passing of the buck than was observed in the White House during the last days of the Taft Administration—with the Mexican situation? That was troublesome. Potentially it might have anything in it, from war to tamales. Wherefore, why should W. H. Taft worry? He didn't! He passed it along to W. Wilson, and now see the mess Mr. Wilson is in!

And the same thing was observed four years before. T. Roosevelt, not desiring any more trouble than he had, passed the tariff buck to Mr. Taft; and everybody knows what happened to Mr. Taft because of that very fact.

A certain Cabinet member proceeded gayly to his office on March fifth last. He had been sworn in. He was a member of the Cabinet. He had a great department and he had great plans for it. He went to his desk. The smirking and smiling subordinates were there. They greeted him. He made the polite response and started to work.

"Here are a few things left over, sir," said his secretary.

"Where?"

"Here!" And the secretary pointed to a great mass of papers piled high in baskets.

The Cabinet member poked them with an inquiring finger.

"What did you say they were?" he asked.

"Undecided matters left over by the previous secretary?"

"How many are there?"

"A few more than twenty-one hundred."

The Cabinet member dropped back in his chair. Here he was beginning an administration with twenty-one hundred undecided cases as a starter. He made inquiries. He discovered that the predecessor of the man who preceded him had left less than a hundred undecided cases when he went out; and the astute gentleman whose immediate successor he was, knowing on election night that he would last only until March fourth, passed the buck. He took no responsibility. He handed the stuff along to the next man. Why should he worry?

Our Martyred Capital

Why should anybody in a Washington office worry if he can fix it so the worrying can be transferred to the next man? Responsibility means work; and work means—well, it means work, which is the most hated of all occupations. Also, as the chief concern of every person on the payroll is to remain on the payroll, the safeguard is to throw everything that can be thrown on the shoulders of someone else and live a careful pass-it-along life, accepting no blame that can be shifted, but grabbing all glory that can be grabbed.

Right in the middle of his campaign for mayor of New York John Purroy Mitchel, the eminent youngstatistician and reformer, took time to come over to Washington and let loose a few suggestions as to how Washington may be made a model city. Poor old Washington! We find frequent references in the orations of our public men to the utter necessity for these free and untrammeled people of ours being governed by their own consent.

Only a short time ago the president reenunciated that immortal doctrine in a speech. Our kind of government rests, he said, on the consent of the governed.

People who live permanently in Washington grin sickly grins when they hear that, for there is no place on this earth where the governed have so little consenting allowed them as in Washington. Every long-hair, every crank, every reformer, every male Joan of Arc, with burning eyes, who breaks into public life starts out to reform Washington, to make Washington a model city.

Young Mr. Mitchel, for example, now that he has been elected mayor, will be too busy to do much in the way of making New York a model city—and it might not be comfortable or politic to try; but with Washington it is different. Here at the capital, where the taxpaying citizens have no more voice in their government than the Abyssinians have in it, there can be no comeback. The Washingtonians have to take what is handed to them.

This time Mr. Mitchel and his outfit presumably found some fifteen hundred things to reform, for they submitted a list of fifteen hundred questions to the District Commissioners for answer and intend to base their reforming on the answers received. Therein Mitchel was wise. If he had turned his remodeling attention to his own city—New York—for example, his list of questions would number fifteen millions and then he wouldn't have begun; but he has to live in New York and play politics there. And he and all the rest like him have only to remodel Washington—and not live there. However, a certain high Government official was coaching his son for a geography examination. He was asking him to name the capitals of the various states. The boy failed on Nebraska. He couldn't remember the name of the capital.

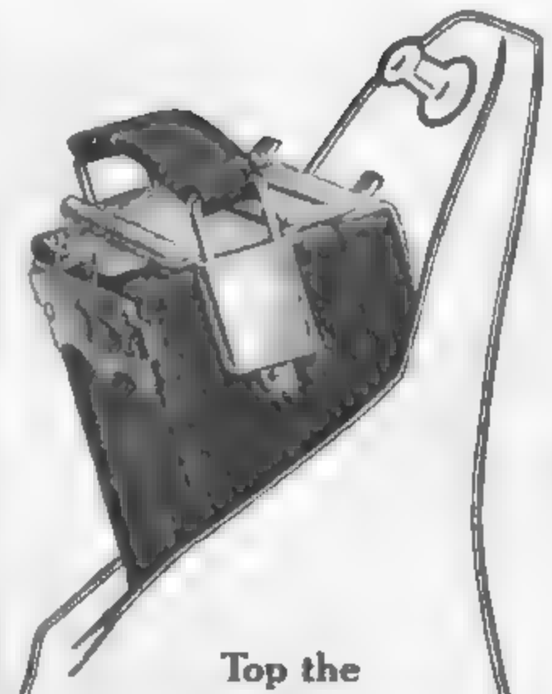
"Why, Dick," protested the father, "of course you know that! Think of the name of our martyred president."

Dick's eyes brightened. "Oh, yes," he shouted; "I know now—Taft!"

Dick wasn't so far wrong, do you think? Politics is a pleasant pastime.

Yours outside—looking in,

BILL.



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How to Judge Credits

By ROGER W. BABSON

ONE cause of the increased cost of living is the extension of the credit system. Not only are all of us obliged indirectly to pay for the services of unnecessary bookkeepers and credit departments, but those of us who pay our bills are obliged also to make up the losses due to those who do not; in fact, the present system of encouraging the extension of credits is one of the greatest curses to business today.

One thing is certain—namely, that this can be carried only so far, as there is a limit to the degenerating effects of such habits on all parties, from the manufacturer down to the consumer. I believe the day is not far distant when there will be a turn in the tide; and, instead of department stores' soliciting charge accounts, there will be a campaign in favor of cash customers.

I will even go further, and predict that the time will come when it will be illegal for anyone to allow an account to stand more than thirty days—at which time it must either be settled by cash or by the giving of a note.

However the system of credits now exists; and every young business man, both for his own sake and for the sake of his trade, should be in a position to judge credits—know whom to trust and whom not to trust. Though many rules are given for judging credits, the following four tests are perhaps the simplest and most important.

When a new concern comes to a manufacturer and asks for the privilege of opening an account the manufacturer is entitled to a statement from this new firm—and, moreover, to a revised statement every year. I know many manufacturers are too hungry for trade to make such a request, and also that many concerns are offended when a manufacturer asks for a statement.

This, however, should not be so. Therefore I say, if you are a manufacturer or jobber you are entitled to a statement; and if you are purchasers from such concerns you should be perfectly willing to render such statements.

This does not mean that one need render a complete audit of his business, but he should render a list of assets and liabilities.

In the asset column only a few items are necessary, such as real estate, bills and accounts receivable, merchandise, machinery and cash.

In the liability column should appear: Mortgages, notes payable, accounts payable and miscellaneous items.

When reading a statement the important feature is to note the relation of the liquid assets to the floating debt. By liquid assets I mean such as can be readily turned into cash, like merchandise and accounts receivable; by floating debt I refer to all debts except mortgages.

Promptness an Asset

In other words the real estate should offset the mortgages by about two to one; and the sum of cash, notes receivable and accounts receivable should offset the notes payable and accounts payable; while the merchandise should be free and clear to offset the capital and surplus. The greater the proportion of liquid assets to floating debt the better will be the statement, everything else considered.

Statements alone, however, are not of much value. As modern naval battles are won by the men behind the guns rather than by the guns, so should modern credits be judged by the habits behind the statements rather than by the statements alone.

Of all habits probably the one that makes the best impression on bankers and business men is the habit of promptness—or being businesslike, to use a common expression. If you wish a cash discount do not wait until the tenth day to mail your check, but mail it on the ninth day of the month. If you buy goods at thirty days send your check on the twenty-ninth day instead of the thirty-first or thirty-fifth.

When you receive a statement from your bank that a note is due, call at once and make arrangements about partial or entire payment of the same; and early on the morning of the day when the note becomes due call at the bank with the new note, properly made out, and a check for partial payment and discount.

When purchasing do not wait until your stock is exhausted and then send in a rush order for more goods; but be forehanded and order in advance. When selling goods do not keep customers waiting for deliveries; but make prompt shipments. There is hardly anything in business that so discourages the selling department, handicaps the financial end and disgusts the trade generally as late deliveries.

I know a banker of the old school who cares little for statements or much of anything else the technical credit man demands, but who divides all business men into three classes—namely: 1. Those who attend to their business promptly: 2. Those who are lax in their business methods: 3. Those who are irregular. Men of the first group can always get accommodation and loans; those of the second never obtain any loans from this banker; while the members of the third group receive loans when the banker has a surplus of funds—but only then.

I especially emphasize the need of promptness, as it is purely a habit and can be acquired by any business man. It costs no more and it takes no more time to be prompt and businesslike than to be careless, lax and often late to business engagements of various kinds; in fact it is easier to do business in a businesslike manner.

Probably of all the habits of business men that get them into trouble the habit of giving accommodation indorsements is the most potent. If John Jones buys a bill of goods of you at thirty days, and at the end of that time you accept a note instead of cash, you are perfectly justified in indorsing John Jones' note and presenting it to your bank for discount—provided, of course, John Jones understands you intend to do so.

The Indorsement Evil

I admit that this is a foolish habit; but the error is John Jones'—because he foolishly pays by notes instead of by cash—rather than your own for accepting the note instead of allowing the open account to run indefinitely.

On the other hand if you cannot get cash from John Jones and he gives a note with the understanding that it is to be discounted, it is perfectly legitimate for you to indorse the note and take it to your bank for discount. Certainly the bank would not discount it without your indorsement. Such indorsement is known as indorsement of receivables.

When notes are sold they are often marked, just above the indorsement: "Without recourse." Such an indorsement on a receivable or other form of note makes it negotiable without causing liability to the indorser. The common practice, however, is to omit the words "Without recourse"; and in such a case the indorser is liable for the note as well as the maker.

However bankers do not criticize business men for indorsing their receivables, provided they do not take too many of them; in fact I might say confidentially that legitimate receivables, given by one concern to another for merchandise, and indorsed by the latter, are looked upon by bankers as one of the safest forms of investment.

Moreover, in the new currency bill such notes are considered as a basis for issues of currency and placed far ahead of the bonds of our great railroad and industrial corporations.

There is another common form of indorsement, however, which is not only exceedingly unbusinesslike and dangerous to both parties involved but is looked upon with disfavor by bankers, manufacturers, jobbers and all keen business men. I refer to what are known as accommodation indorsements; and this is the way they occur:

John Jones banks at the First National Bank and desires to borrow five thousand dollars; while John Smith, a neighboring merchant, banks at the Second National from which he would like to borrow five thousand dollars. Neither bank will accept the plain note of either without an indorsement. Thereupon John Jones suggests to John Smith that each indorse the note of the other, and thus satisfy the two banks and enable each to obtain his five thousand dollars.

Now, of course, if it is impossible for two men who absolutely need a loan to obtain

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"I HEARD the reindeer bells, Tom!"—"An' I heard old Santa climbing up on the roof!"—"Yes, an' *I* heard him sliding down the chimney!" . . . . .

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"They didn't know the Virtuolo was there. I had sneaked it in the night before.

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it in any other way I suppose they are entitled to indulge in such accommodation indorsements so long as banks are foolish enough to accept and encourage them. The ablest bankers, however, include the giving of accommodation indorsements in the same class with the kiting of checks, and I advise all readers of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST to accept such indorsements only when necessary, and never to give them.

When a neighbor suggests that you indorse his note as an accommodation, you should reply: "I would rather indorse your note than almost any one else's, and I am almost willing to say that I will indorse yours before indorsing any one else's; but I have been strongly advised to indorse absolutely nothing but my own bona-fide trade notes, and you must not tempt me to depart from that practice." The easiest time to say "No" is just at this point; for when you once indorse it becomes more and more difficult to refuse the indorsement every time the note becomes due.

Such accommodation indorsements are not only a source of great loss to business men but they result in ruining credits, dispositions and friendships. When looking up a credit always ascertain upon what notes the party is an indorser, as this indorsement test is exceedingly important.

The Test of Character

Of course there are other factors that must be considered when studying the credit of any concern. Fundamental conditions of business; the state of the money market; the line of business in which the party desiring credit is engaged; and many other factors should be considered. Space does not allow the writer to refer to all of them here, though some of these factors will be studied more in detail in later articles of this series.

There is, however, one more test I desire to emphasize—namely, the character test.

When a young man starts out in business he is keen for statements and is anxious to follow the prescribed customs of the trade; but as years go on he gradually comes to the conclusion that there is absolutely no sure method of safeguarding oneself against the dishonest man.

Audits are valuable if the treasurer certifies properly the amount of indebtedness outstanding and merchandise on hand; but no auditor knows whether the amount of bills payable rendered by the treasurer is correct, and very few auditors ever take account of the stock of merchandise on hand or trouble themselves to ascertain whether or not it is all paid for.

When I first became interested in the banking business I, like every amateur, had a lot of rules and regulations to use. I desired to test every credit as a chemist would test a solution for acid or alkali, but as years have gone on most of these rules have gone to the winds; in fact I have finally come to the conclusion that if from all I can learn and see a man is honest I am glad to study his statements and apply the other tests above mentioned.

If, however, I feel in my bones that a man is not honest and square—I care not how good his statement is or how business-like he may be, or what other assets he possesses—personally I want nothing to do with such a man; and I believe this is the great and important test. This is the test that is being applied today by the keenest bankers, manufacturers and merchants of every community; and it is the test that is to spread and become more common as years go on.

Even the great commercial agencies are beginning to consider this phase of the question in their special reports.

Heretofore the only question has been, How much have you got? But some day the question will be: How did you get it and what are you doing with it? There is a great difference between earning money and getting it. There is also a great difference, from a moral point of view, as to how this money is used—whether a man is conserving his resources and living as he should, or whether he is milking his business and spending much more on living expenses than his assets and obligations warrant.

Therefore I say that this last test—the character test—is the most important of all. The young business man who stands for character, and solicits only the business of those who likewise possess this great asset, is the man who will lead the next generation.

When judging credits—though all four of these tests are important—never overlook the last, which is sure to become more and more important each year from now on.

If you dictate to your stenographer until noon and she spends part of her afternoon deciphering her notes, and part of it coming to you to find out what you really said—

when are your letters ready for your signature? If you dictate to an

EDISON DICTATING MACHINE

Prevent Substitution, Specify "Made by Edison"

you get all your dictation typewritten without delays or interruptions.

Your stenographer has an exact record of what you said, a record that can be repeated as often as necessary. She has no notes to decipher and no questions to ask. She writes rapidly and correctly while you keep on dictating more letters. All of them go out the day they are dictated.

The Edison Dictating Machine has been developed to its present advanced design by a corps of experts under the personal supervision of Thomas A. Edison. It is the only dictating machine inspected and labeled by the national fire insurance authorities and the only dictating machine equipped with an Auto Index for indicating corrections, instructions, etc., in the dictation. Its many mechanical and electrical advantages are explained in our booklet, which you should read before investigating.

Service everywhere, including the principal Canadian cities

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223 Lakeside Avenue Orange, N. J.

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Thomas A. Edison, Inc.
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Please send me your 24 page brochure, "*The Goose, the Typewriter and the Wizard*" describing how the Edison Dictating Machine may be adapted to my work, and your booklet on its mechanical and electrical advantages.

Name_____

Firm _____

Address _____

BEATING BACK

(Continued from Page 18)

"Well," said Bill Alexander, "if you're crazy enough to think you can be elected cut your wolf loose!"

By the time I left the automobile I had passed through one of my sudden changes. I dropped everything and sat down to write my announcement. My previous experience in the campaign for the constitutional convention had taught me my own weakness and strength, and I did not fail to anticipate criticism from the other side. Here is the document as I sent it next day to the newspapers:

"In announcing myself for County Attorney at the city of Oklahoma I beg to say it is not without mature and serious thought that I have done so. I have thought over all that is objectionable. I have raked through the gray, dead ashes of the past. I have taken a retrospective glance into the dark recesses of the days that are gone, and I am willing that God's sunlight should be turned full on every act of my past life.

"I have never betrayed a trust or violated a confidence, and I would not deny the truth of my past for any office within the gift of the people; but I would rather have my record in its blackest hue than be pointed out as a public grafter, official crook or embezzler who has violated his oath and prostituted the trust imposed in him by the people. I am offering myself for what I am worth today and may prove to be worth in the future.

"If the people are willing to confide to my care the office of County Attorney I pledge my word and honor that I will send the men who have embezzled your money and violated their oaths of office to the penitentiary. I will strike at violators of the law, be they high or low, without fear or favor; and I will save the taxpayers of Oklahoma County thousands of dollars by avoiding useless prosecutions."

I colored my language high, I suppose; but that was how I felt and it was the language for the situation. I took this document to the newspaper offices and sent with it the twenty-five dollars that I understood—from my experience in county politics—must always accompany a candidate's announcement. Next day I received from the editor of the News—our insurgent daily newspaper—a letter returning my check.

"If it's news, it gets printed in our paper—and money can't keep it out," he wrote. "If it isn't news, money won't get it in! I'll print your announcement, and if you feel grateful you may buy me a cigar when we meet again."

Plain Talks for Plain People

Yet the News did something that for the moment made me sick. It printed with the announcement a three-column story giving my record, with all the lurid details and the accumulated legends. I resented that—and I told the editor so.

"You don't expect the people to leave your record alone, do you?" he asked. "If we keep still, your opponents will do the talking. Besides, it's news!"

I opened my campaign for nomination at Harrah, a small town on the Rock Island Railroad. I had advertised in advance; the people were waiting for me. As I walked from the station to the hotel I saw only one friendly countenance. The citizens stood glowering at me suspiciously from under their hatbrims. They would turn away their faces as I approached and whisper busily when I had passed. The shrinking ex-convict feeling came up in me.

At the hotel my one friend in Harrah introduced me to a few residents. They shook hands listlessly and backed away. I stood until the time came for my speaking—it was to be a street-corner address—talking with an old negro who wanted to know why the Democrats had "franchised" him.

When I mounted the wagon and Jim Jacobs, my campaign manager, had introduced me, the crowd remained stolid and silent. No one applauded as I rose. The faces before me were seamed with toil and burned by the sun. The hands showed warts and knots from long labor. And the sight of these plain people gave me encouragement for a plain honest talk.

I began by saying that I had announced myself for the office of county attorney because I believed the people needed some one who would really fulfill the duties of the office. "I've been a robber," I said; "but I give you my word of honor, which I have never violated either as a robber or a man, that if you elect me I'll send the embezzlers to the penitentiary. Many men you have hitherto trusted have been playing with you. They ask your votes in the name of the Republican or Democratic party. They are neither Democrats nor Republicans, but common thieves!"

To prove it I read a certain affidavit. Then I swung into my own record, as I had done years before in the campaign for the constitutional convention. I had spoken an hour and twenty minutes before I finished confessing my old sins before my fellow citizens. I closed by reciting the Scriptural story of Christ and the Magdalen, leaving the inference to my audience.

Halfway through I began to see light in the faces before me. When I read the affidavits a burst of applause interrupted me. As I touched on my record an old negro began shouting: "Glory!" "Amen!" "Daniel at the judgment!"—as though it were a campmeeting. At the end there was a storm of applause.

Cart-Tail Oratory

Do not think me conceited if I say that this was an effective speech. It was not Al Jennings who spoke. It was the experience of Al Jennings. My years on the dodge; my battles; my days in the prisoner's dock; my month in the dark cell; my awful soul-wrench at Fort Leavenworth; my downfall after I left prison; my struggle back—these had raised me from a speaker to an orator. Once I could only convince people; now I could move them. In the subsequent primaries only three Harrah men voted against me.

I spoke in two or three other small towns before I tried out the city of Oklahoma. Feeling still uncertain as to how the people of the capital would receive me, I asked a certain doctor, a man of cultivation and wide experience, to go with me to Wheatland and criticise. From a wagon I addressed fifty or sixty people there. When I had finished the doctor was enthusiastic.

"But I'm wanting criticism," I said.

"I can give you none that wouldn't spoil your work," he replied. "Talk in the city as you have here, and you'll get them!"

So the doctor and a certain judge arranged a speaking date for me in the capital, advertising it with newspaper space and handbills. They had some trouble in finding the proper man to introduce me. Finally I myself asked a man who was a candidate for Congress. He accepted at once.

"Remember," I warned him, "you are a candidate and this will make you enemies."

"Men who'd be my enemies on that account aren't fit to be my supporters," he replied.

We drew a full house, though people came mostly out of curiosity. They wanted to hear how the ex-bandit would get round his old record; but, before I finished, two or three machine men, who had previously treated my campaign as a joke, rushed out of the hall and assembled a conference—for my frank statement of my past and my open denunciation of certain state officials took the crowd in the city.

Several men were already indorsed and in the field. The machine, I understood, decided to put up others, find out through a kind of preliminary campaign which seemed strongest and then concentrate on him. I announced publicly that, with one or two exceptions, all my opponents were puppets of the machine. A few days later they withdrew in a body, leaving the field to me and Zwick. All except a certain judge, who was not a machine man, indorsed Zwick.

Now the fight began in earnest. I rushed like a whirlwind through the county, speaking in halls and schoolhouses, at crossroads and on street corners. I became the feature of the primary campaign. The other candidate took to following me round. At first I seemed to draw better in the country than in the city of Oklahoma; so I concentrated on the capital. With the help of a wagon that went about announcing my noonday street meetings, I began to draw crowds.

Of course the people came to hear a bandit story—that was my bait; but they remained to hear my say about certain

(Continued on Page 32)

12,000 Offices in the past few months have adopted this American Adder. It is bringing the day of individual desk adders. It has proved the possibility of low cost and simplicity. You men who add figures, many or few, owe this machine an inspection.

$35

Office Men Everywhere Invited to Try It

Wherever you are, on your simple request we will place this machine in your office.

In a thousand cities we have men on the ground. They will bring the machine and show you how to use it.

Elsewhere machines are sent express prepaid, with the simple instructions needed.

Use the Adder ten days without any obligation. Then refuse it or accept it. If you keep it, the price is only $35.

You Need It

You need this machine if you ever add figures. After one day's test you would not go without it.

If yours is a small office, a store or a shop, see how this Adder, with never an error, computes a hundred figures a minute.

You can learn how in five minutes. The machine is utterly simple—there are only seven keys.

Every big office uses adding machines to save labor and time and errors. Now comes an Adder so low-priced and simple that every office can have it. And you owe to yourself this help.

If yours is a big office, with central machines, see the advantage of having desk adders. Individual adders which anyone can operate. Portable Adders which can be placed close to one's books and papers.

Note the economy of time.

Note These Facts

This adder is made by one of America's largest metal-working concerns.

It has become, in five months, a tremendous success. Twelve thousand offices, big and small, have adopted it.

It adds, subtracts and multiplies. It is rapid and competent. No expert is needed. A 12-year-old boy, with little practice, can compute a hundred figures a minute.

The machine is infallible.

The copied numbers, before the addition, can be easily read and checked back with the copy.

This is the latest adding machine, and the simplest. It is based on all that men have learned about adders in the past 20 years. It does the same work as $150 machines.

Try It 10 Days

We ask you to try it.

Send us this coupon and let the machine show you the service it renders. If you have machines which are costly and intricate, compare this Adder with them. If you have no machine, see what an Adder will mean to you.

Cut out the coupon now.

CUT THIS OUT!

AMERICAN CAN CO.
1219 Monroe Bldg.
Chicago, Ill.

☐ Send one American Adder on ten days' free trial.

☐ Simply Send Your Book.

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AMERICAN CAN CO., (Adding Machine Division) 1219 Monroe Bldg., Chicago

Eastern Sales Dept., 449 West 14th St., New York

(27)

You will realize why Ho
ances are "gifty" as soon a
quickly they operate with per
tion in giving these appliances
beforehand knowledge of the surpassing
the Hotpoint store to-day, while the assortme
have time to give you a thoroug

One of these handsome Hotpoint app
is the most appropriate and pleasing reme

seasonable, because—

—these glittering, holly-wrapped electrical appliances are more than mere presents—they are real remembrances and show the true gift spirit. Their use, morning, noon and night, means oft recurring appreciation of your thoughtfulness.

El Teballo

4" El Stove

6" El Stove

EL TEBALLO. Brews a perfect infusion, true to the tea leaf in flavor and fragrance. The Pot style, 7 cup, $8; in Canada $10.50. Machine style, 7 cup, $10; in Canada $13.

EL STOVO. Electric disc stove. Made in a wide range of sizes and wattages. The 4" and 6" sizes operate from lamp-socket. 4" single-heat $3.50; in Canada $4.50. 6" three-heat $7; in Canada $9.25. Ask your dealer about the larger sizes.

EL BAKO. Will roast a chicken, bake two pies, two loaves of bread or two pans of biscuits. Three-heat control, $12; in Canada $15.50.

EL GRILLO. An electric grill that fries, broils, toasts and boils, both above and below its glowing coils. $5; in Canada $6.50.

EL TOSTOVO. Makes two slices of crisp, delicious toast a minute. Also fries, boils and pops corn. $3.50; in Canada $4.50.

EL PERCO. Begins to percolate within one minute. Pot style, 5 cups, $7.50; in Canada $9.75; 7 cups $8; in Canada $10.50. Machine style, 7 cups $10; in Canada $13; 9 cups $11; in Canada $14.50.

HOTPOINT IRON. With the celebrated hot point, absolutely fireproof attached stand, and cool handle. Guaranteed TEN years. 3-lb. size $3; in Canada $4. 5 or 6-lb. size $3.50; in Canada $4.50.

EL COOKO. Electric fireless cooker. Roasts, bakes, boils, fries, steams, stews. Operates from lamp-socket; takes no more current than Hotpoint iron! $30; in Canada $40.

YOU, who have experienced the discomforts of other crowded holiday periods, must appreciate our suggestion to shop early. Not only because the assortment enables you to choose but because, when electrical appliances are concerned, there is much you can learn from painstaking demonstrations such as Hotpoint salespeople will gladly give.

You will find Hotpoint distributers ready to show you how the appliances are used, glad to answer your questions, to help you in becoming electric-wise.

The Hotpoint Store, recognizing the excellence of Hotpoint appliances, may be expected to give a proportionately high type of service.

You will know the Hotpoint Store by the familiar Hotpoint sign and display of Hotpoint appliances in the window. But if you do not find one convenient, write us, we will be glad to serve you by mail.

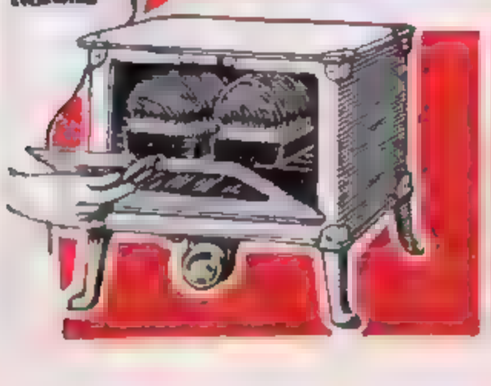
You will find a Hotpoint appliance suitable for any one you have in mind—and guaranteed to give years of satisfactory service. Guaranteed by us.

To the man or to the woman who receives it, it will be repeating your Yuletide message day in and day out—not to be forgotten during the life of the appliance.

Do not fear that it will not be constantly used.

The ease and quickness of operation are apparent; the perfection of results is convincing; the only possible objection is swept away when you realize the low cost of operation—for instance, at the average rate of current it only costs 1/5 cent per hour to operate El Comfo; one cent to make 7 cups of coffee in El Perco, etc.

El Bako



El Grillo

El Tostovo

El Perco

tpoint electrical appli-
s you see how easily and
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will be measured by your
pleasure derived from their use. Go to
nt is complete and while the salespeople
h educational demonstration.

liances—so suitable and serviceable
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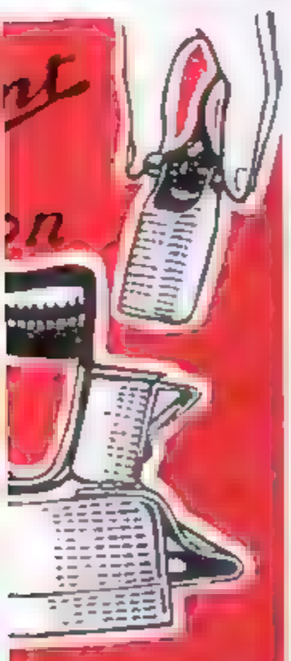
serviceable, because—

—they can be immediately attached to any lamp-socket. Their work-a-day worth and efficiency are shown by more than a million Hotpoint appliances now in active service in all parts of the world. They save money, time and trouble.



DURING 12 years of development and betterment Hotpoint appliances have always been made to conform to the following standards—

—they must give greatest efficiency with least consumption of current

—they must be thoroughly practical, under every-day home conditions

—they must be handsome in design with beautiful lines which do not interfere with their usefulness

—they must be made in large quantities to supply a wide market, so they can be sold at popular prices

—heating element (which is the vulnerable point in electrical appliances) is invariably guaranteed by us.

Every Hotpoint appliance does measure up to these requirements.

Which explains why we are *the largest exclusive manufacturers of electrically heated household appliances in the world.*

All of the appliances here shown can be used on any lamp-socket of the proper voltage. We make larger appliances—stoves, ovens, etc., which consume more current and require special wiring. *(Booklet on request)*

More than 7800 distributers (lighting companies, electrical dealers, hardware stores, department and house-furnishing stores) sell Hotpoint appliances, and will be glad to demonstrate them.

If you do not find one convenient, order from us, sending check to nearest office, and the appliance will be delivered prepaid. Be sure to state voltage.

In communities where we have no representative, distributers are asked to write to us and arrange for handling the Hotpoint line.

Hotpoint Electric Heating Company
Ontario, California
46 West St., New York 1001 Wash. Blvd., Chicago
25 Brant St., Toronto 365 Water St., Vancouver

EL BOILO. Electric immersion heater. Quickly boils water or other liquids. Toilet size $3; in Canada $4. Kitchen size $4, in Canada $5; Professional model (crookneck) $5; in Canada $6.50.

EL CHAFO. Chafing dish. Three styles: one to fit 6" El Stovo and two complete with Heating Elements. No. 4, dishes only, $5, in Canada $6.50. No. 5, an attractive design, $12; in Canada $15.75. No. 6, handsome Mission style, $15; in Canada $19.50.

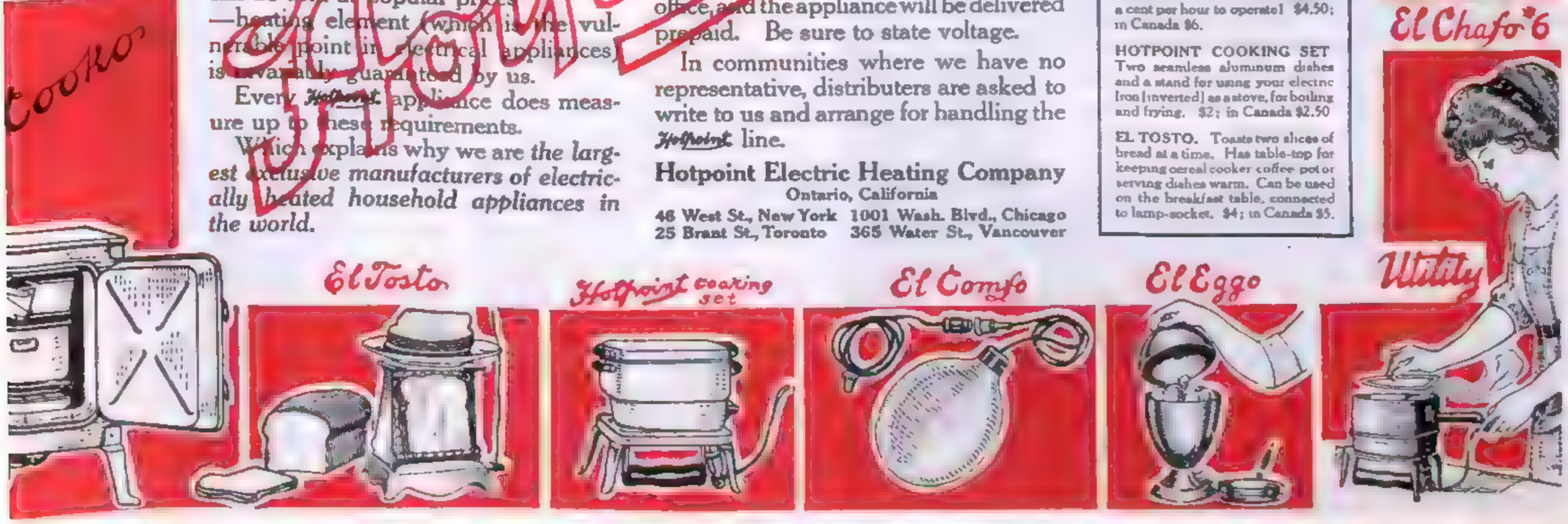
UTILITY OUTFIT. A 2½-lb Hotpoint Iron with stand to use it [inverted] as a stove, special cooking dish—all packed in a dainty ooze leather shopping bag. Irons, cooks, heats curling tongs in rear of iron. $5; in Canada $6.50.

EL EGGO. Combination egg-cooking machine and small chafing dish. Boils, steams, poaches and scrambles eggs. Unique, and useful. $9; in Canada $11.75.

EL COMFO. Aluminum hot pad. Any temperature between 100 and 200 degrees easily secured by simply setting a lever, and any temperature is automatically maintained as long as desired. Equally effective in a wet pack. Can be scalded. Costs less than a fifth of a cent per hour to operate! $4.50; in Canada $6.

HOTPOINT COOKING SET. Two seamless aluminum dishes and a stand for using your electric Iron [inverted] as a stove, for boiling and frying. $2; in Canada $2.50.

EL TOSTO. Toasts two slices of bread at a time. Has table-top for keeping cereal cooker coffee pot or serving dishes warm. Can be used on the breakfast table, connected to lamp-socket. $4; in Canada $5.

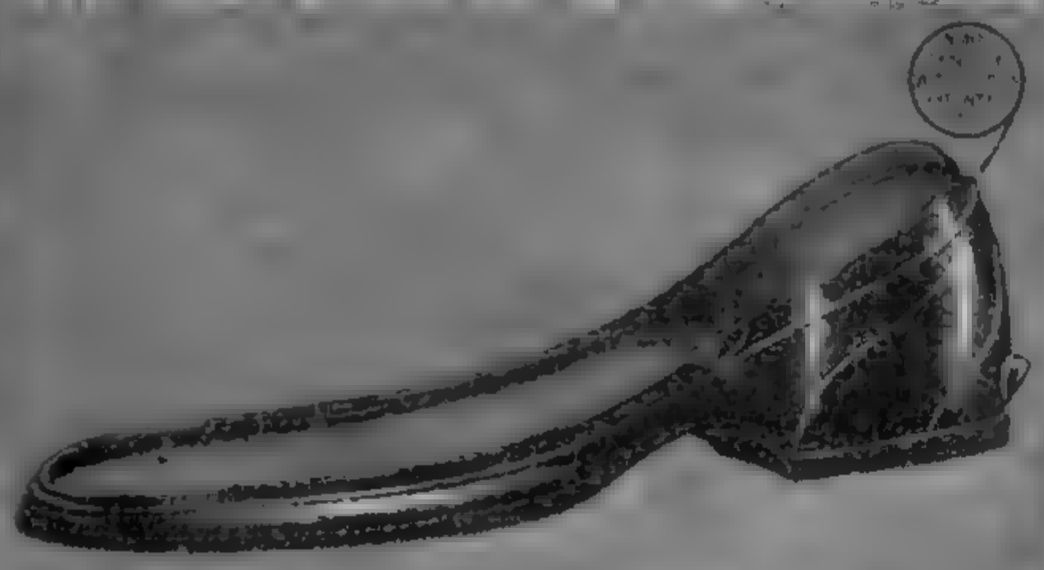


Your photograph — nothing will add more to the Christmas pleasure of the friends and kinsfolk at home.

There's a photographer in your town.

Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, N. Y.

"The Rubbers of a Gentleman"



Appreciated by those who are careful of their appearance.

Note this:—You can depend on the dealer who sells "EVERSTICK" to carry the best of everything.

EVERSTICK

TRADE MARK

INVISIBLE RUBBER

Insist upon the genuine "Everstick" for sale by discriminating Dealers

(Continued from Page 29)

officials. I kept strengthening this part of my campaign. I gave names and facts. I made statements daily that, if untrue, would have made me liable to charges of slander. Even the friendly newspapers dared not print all I said. Once I heard that the grand jury expected to indict me—for slander, I suppose. I bored in deeper than ever; but the grand jury never acted.

The machine came out after me not only secretly but openly. They tried to get up opposition meetings within a block of my crowd. This proved a failure; everyone flocked to hear the bandit. Once I was speaking to three thousand people at California Street and Broadway when two machine men stood up on another corner and tried to entertain two hundred people.

They carried a life-size picture of a masked robber holding up a train. "This is the man who is running for county attorney against a decent citizen!" read the legend. Someone reported that fact to me while I was speaking. I stopped to say that they would never get those men any nearer a bandit than his picture. "But I promise you one thing," I said: "If I am elected you'll see a string of officials and politicians taking a trip to the institution known as the penitentiary."

A day or so later, as I came out of the elevator at the state bank building, I met a Democratic politician face to face.

"Hello, Al!" he said in an insinuating way. "I hear you're going to send me to the penitentiary. How would you advise me to proceed? I understand you've had experience!" His pals, who were standing round him, laughed.

"Friend," I said, "You're safe! I believe in prison reform. I wouldn't contaminate the horsethieves with your presence! In two days you'd steal the hinges off the prison gates." We have not spoken since.

On the eve of the primaries my friends calculated that I was a winner by two thousand votes. I did not feel so sure. I knew the election law in Oklahoma was admirably formed for corrupt uses and that the gang controlled the election machinery. However, the early figures showed me leading by better majorities than I expected. Then the returns showed up and the Jennings vote dwindled.

The Machine Turns Muckraker

It was more than a week before I could get my certificate, which showed that I had won by a majority of five hundred and ninety votes. Afterward a machine man in a position to know said to one of my friends:

"The hound was nominated by twenty-five hundred, and we tried to shove him out; but we couldn't—the majority was too much for us!"

As soon as my nomination had become a certainty the editor of the News hunted me up. "Al," he said, "the regular proceeding now would be for you to lie down, stop muckraking, make your peace with the machine, and let them carry you into office. I hope you won't do that!"

"You bet your life I won't!" I said.

However, I had my temptations; and they came not only from the other side but from my friends. If I kept still for the time being, some of my supporters said, the machine would think that I had been muckraking only to get the nomination and would stop opposing me. When I got into office I could start my prosecutions according to program. I disagreed with that view.

I had stirred up the plain people by my exposures. If I quit it would appear to them that I was abandoning the fight, and they would not support me. Besides, such a proceeding seemed dishonest to me. It would be obtaining office under false pretenses. I whirled into the canvass practically without the support of my own party, and continued to whack both sides.

My campaign for election differed but little from my campaign for nomination. There were the same street-corner speeches, with the citizens and small boys coming to see me as a show and remaining to hear my say about public officials. Some of my friends think I played the bandit line too heavily in the last stages. I don't.

However, my record, as I expected, became the strongest argument against me; with the more conservative and respectable class, it proved especially effective. The city of Oklahoma could not afford, said the machine, to have an ex-convict representing it before the world. I had defended many whisky pedlers. The machine made the most of that. Unofficially several church organizations declared against me. The Law Enforcement League, formed to prevent illicit liquor selling, wrote me a formal letter asking where I stood on prohibition. I replied that I would enforce the law, and I should begin on the officials who permitted Oklahoma to go wideopen under their very eyes.

Many such people came to my meetings as skeptics and went away convinced. For example, a professor of the State Normal School had dinner in town one night with a party of Eastern schoolbook men. They looked through the restaurant window and saw the crowd gathering for one of my meetings.

The professor said that he told of my campaign with a kind of shame for the city. The others agreed that to elect such a man would be a blot on any community. When I appeared they joined the crowd out of curiosity; but after I had finished they shook my hand and wished me success. The professor campaigned for me to the end.

My Old Friend Louis

The strength of my position was the strength of truth. I had told the worst about myself and I had no reprisals to fear. Yet they labored to catch me in a misstatement or to find some bit of scandal worse than train robbery and two terms in prison.

The author of my campaign circulars wrote carelessly that I was a graduate of the University of Virginia. That happened to be a mistake; the truth is that I went to the University of West Virginia and did not get a degree. However, the slip seemed to me so unimportant that I took no pains to correct it. My opponents telegraphed to the University of Virginia, found that no student of my name had ever been enrolled there, and made much of the fact.

The rumor grew that on the morning of the Chickasha robbery I had brutally and grossly mistreated the wife of the section boss. Among other brutalities—I learned to my surprise—I had kicked her in the stomach! Certain machine men sent for this woman, hoping to get a sensational statement; but she told the truth, which made her useless for their purposes.

I have related before how Louis, an old post-office burglar, nursed me back to health when I was sick in the Ohio penitentiary; and how by robbing the prison pantry to get me proper food he risked all his privileges. I believe he saved my life. In the very heat of my campaign I received a telegram from him. He had been arrested at Tulsa, Oklahoma, and carried to Madill, charged with robbing the First National Bank. I dropped everything and went to see him. Ten minutes' talk convinced me that this was a case where the police grab the first burglar in sight and try to saddle him with the crime.

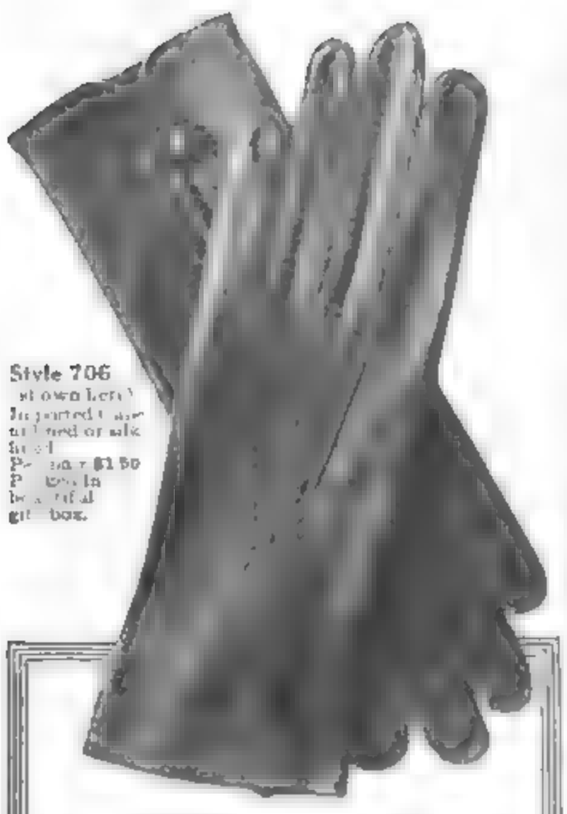
As a matter of fact, Louis had been in a hotel in the city of Oklahoma on the night of the burglary. He remembered that Cliff Walker, the hotel detective, looked him over carefully. I returned home, saw Cliff Walker, found that he had actually made an entry in his note-book describing this man with the prison look. Further, he had called the attention of ex-Lieutenant-Governor Bellamy and Captain Phelps to Louis—and they remembered.

I took back with me to Madill a letter from Mr. Bellamy and I got Mr. Walker and Captain Phelps to accompany me. On the strength of this evidence I had the charge dismissed without trial.

Then I took Louis home with me for a visit. That visit rose up against me. A clergyman started the trouble by saying he would not vote for me because I harbored a burglar. This report went from mouth to mouth, until I was forced to meet it from the platform. I told the people exactly what Louis had done for me.

I was in the midst of things, declaring nightly my intention to send certain officials to the penitentiary, when a chance remark called back to my memory the tailor shop at Fort Leavenworth and made me realize what I was doing. I had thought in the penitentiary that no imaginable crime deserved my fate. And here I was, promising to administer just such punishment. I mentioned this to my crowd next day.

"Even after I've convicted the truly guilty," I said, "I'll get down on my knees to ask mercy of the chief executive. I don't want vengeance on the grafters; I want to clean up this state. What I propose to do is administer the law, shutting my eyes to the remote consequences. I am out to show the people of Oklahoma—for the first



Style 706
shown here
Imported Cape
unlined or silk
lined
Price $1.50
Packed in
beautiful
gift box.

But did you *also* know that the finest and most fashionable *dress* gloves, for both men and women, may be had from the makers of the world famous

Grinnell Gloves
—sold with a bond—
for motorists and sportsmen

Every motorist, motorcyclist and sportsman who has ever worn Grinnell Gloves will rejoice to know that he can have the *same* Grinnell quality, the *same* soft, pliant, wear-resisting leathers, the *same* Grinnell workmanship and finish—for *dress* occasions and every occasion.

We do *one thing* well—it's our life work—we make gloves. We have but *one thing* to sell, from [illegible] its kind that can be produced.

We invented these exclusive glove features:

"Rust-Fit"—keeps gloves snug and prevents sagging.

"Grip-Tite"—the corrugated palm gives a firm, non-slipping grip on wheel or handle bars and saves blisters.

"Ventilated Back"—lets cool air in, lets warm air out, keeps hands cool.

"Resistol" leather gloves for [illegible] and every [illegible].

What better Christmas Gift

than a pair of Grinnell Gloves? Ask [illegible] Grinnell-trained [illegible] for them. If [illegible] Gloves, send us his name and we will send your selection on approval. Handsomely illustrated glove booklet with samples of leather on request.

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Established 1856
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Style 4941-G
shown here
Black Cabretta,
unlined $5.00
With knit glove
lining $6
With [illegible] skin
lining $7
With silk [illegible]
ing $10

time—that a man who betrays a public trust is worse than the man who steals a horse." On that note I closed my campaign for office.

Though the county and district were electing some twenty officials, including a member of Congress, my race for county attorney had become, I suppose, the feature of the campaign.

On election night I received the bulletins in my office, which I had made my political headquarters for the past three months. The early returns exceeded our expectations. From two thousand the forecast of my friends grew to twenty-five hundred. I began to think for the first time that perhaps I should squeeze by.

About eleven o'clock the returns suddenly stopped. I waited fifteen minutes—twenty minutes—half an hour.

"That settles it, boys!" I said finally. "I'm gone!"

At last the returns came straggling in again. They showed a great slump. The morning newspapers announced that, though without full returns, they could announce my defeat. Eight or ten days passed before I got complete figures. Many ballot boxes were turned in late—mostly they had been "hidden out."

I had no money or influence to make a contest. I let it stand. But I ask any man acquainted with American politics this question: When a state is tied up by a corrupt bipartisan gang of politicians which controls the machinery of election; when an independent candidate rises who threatens, if elected, to put most of those politicians in jail; and when that candidate, after a campaign that seems all in his favor, is defeated by five hundred votes in a total of twelve thousand—is he not really elected in spite of his defeat?

Defeat That Spells Success

The reformer who declares he works for wholly altruistic motives is posing. The best of them have mixed motives. Besides the desire to right the wrongs of the world, they are driven also by hunger for fame or position or admiration. I freely admit that I ran for county attorney with two ends in view: I wanted the job—not so much for fame, position and power as for rehabilitation—but I also wanted to waken the people of city, county and state to their public condition.

Since I am convinced I was elected, I consider that I gained my first object. The people proved to me that an ex-convict, by playing the game straight and without concealment, can come back.

Also I achieved something of my second object. I woke up the people of the capital; I helped wake the people of the state. The legislature that met in 1913—less than a year after my campaign—showed a disposition toward political reform. They overturned our election laws; they investigated by commission our public institutions; they even got some indictments. It does not matter that the net caught the lesser offenders and let the greater get by—this happens generally in the dawn of reform. The point is that Oklahoma made a beginning. I opened that fight—and I have not by any means finished fighting.

Any one who has taken the trouble to read this story can draw the moral, I suppose. Ex-convicts can come back if they take the right method. "Grasp the nettle and it will not sting!" is an old saying but a true one. The man who goes out of prison with his record on his sleeve may expect the best—not the worst—of humanity. People will give him a chance—only he must be genuinely reformed.

If he keeps up any of his old practices he is only preparing for a harder fall. The man who conceals his record, on the other hand, is riding to his doom. Sooner or later it will either rise up to overthrow him or it will break his heart. My way, I believe, is the only way.

And this applies not only to prison convictions but to other disgraces as well. In nearly fifty years of varied experience I have observed many scandals of many kinds. I have seen men and women crushed and killed by disgrace. I have seen others outlive scandal and make successes of their lives by the process of facing it down. The greatest power in the world, I suppose, is the power of truth; and next is the power of not being afraid.

Editor's Note—This is the seventh and last in a series of articles that gives the story of Al Jennings.

"Push The Button-and Rest"

Nearly 1000 Styles
Prices $12 to $100

THIS IS ONE OF THE FAMOUS

Royal Easy Chairs
THE PUSH BUTTON KIND

You Can Tell Them by the Word "Royal" On the Push Button

LIKE THIS

THE Royal is a big, deep, luxuriously comfortable Easy Chair, with a back that moves to any position which you find most comfortable, affording complete relaxation. It's a chair that "father" will be "tickled to death" with and that every member of the family will derive lasting comfort and satisfaction from—It's a chair that will soon be in every American home.

The Royal is the original, patented "Push Button" Easy Chair. By a simple finger pressure on this button, concealed on the right arm of the chair, the back assumes any position from sitting to reclining, *easily, instantly, noiselessly.* Stays where you *want it*, too, till you *release the button.* The Royal is *mechanically perfect*, will last a lifetime with ordinary usage and is *fully guaranteed.*

The Foot Rest slides out and forms an easy natural rest for the feet, so that you can stretch out with absolute comfort. Out of sight when not in use.

The Concealed Newspaper Basket in the foot rest provides a handy place for books, periodicals, newspapers, etc. Put your favorite book in this basket, close the foot rest and the next time you are ready to read it will be there, ready for you.

Nearly 1000 Handsome, Stylish Designs Prices $12 to $100

All woods and finishes, all leathers and upholsterings, both imported and domestic. Nearly 600,000 in use.

Be sure you get a **"Royal."** An *Imitation* may be offered you but it *cannot* give the same satisfaction.

For Sale by 7000 Leading Furniture Dealers

Ask *yours* to show you a *Royal.* If he *cannot* do so, tell *him* to write us. We will supply him and see you are supplied *at once.* We do not sell direct.

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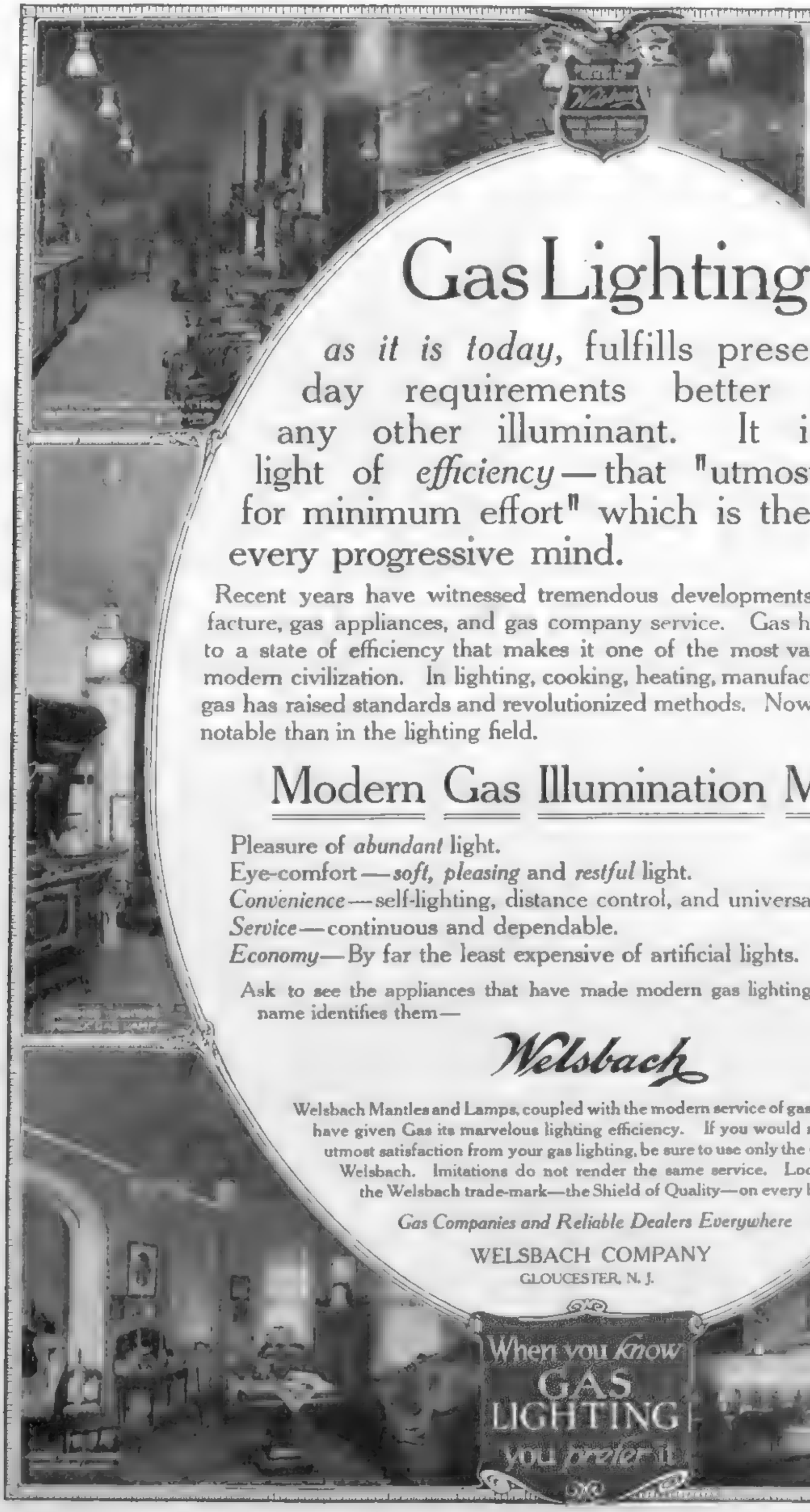

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as it is today, fulfills present-day requirements better than any other illuminant. It is the light of *efficiency*—that "utmost result for minimum effort" which is the goal of every progressive mind.

Recent years have witnessed tremendous developments in gas manufacture, gas appliances, and gas company service. Gas has been brought to a state of efficiency that makes it one of the most valuable utilities of modern civilization. In lighting, cooking, heating, manufacturing, the use of gas has raised standards and revolutionized methods. Nowhere is this more notable than in the lighting field.

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Gas Companies and Reliable Dealers Everywhere

WELSBACH COMPANY
GLOUCESTER, N. J.

When you *know* GAS LIGHTING you *prefer* it

LIVING AT HIGH C

(Continued from Page 11)

Fresh air and drafts are the twin bugbears of operatic singers. They are all afraid of colds, because colds mean hoarseness. Consequently many go to the other extreme and coddle themselves too much. I am sure that three-quarters of the singers do not spend fifteen minutes in the open air from week-end to week-end. When they have to run from hotel or opera house to a waiting cab they bundle up for it as if for an Arctic exploration. They pull up their collars, wind a scarf round nose and mouth, hold the breath and make a dash. It is perhaps unnecessary to say that they have just as many colds, if not more, than other people, and the throat specialist with his nasal spray makes a small fortune during the season.

Between times, and when there is nothing else to do, a visit to the press agent is always in order. In the majority of cases this is not a visit of friendship. It is like the call of a diplomat on a secretary of state, only by no means so polite; and its purpose is to find out why the visitor's photograph has not been printed more frequently in the newspapers.

This is another time for an efficient and smoothly running flow of conversation. If the singer is a man he has plenty of his own; if a woman she combines her own with that of her husband or mother—nearly all of them have one or the other. Such visits make one of the reasons why press agents in opera companies draw large salaries. They are good spiritual discipline for the singer—as good as fleas in reasonable quantities are said to be for a dog.

The function of the grand-opera husband usually is to interview managers, press agents and newspaper men in behalf of his wife, and to be the constant and unwearied disseminator of unfavorable opinions about all the other women in the company. That is his business and he devotes his entire time to it—at least I seldom knew one to work at anything else during the season. There have been a few who claimed to have other business, but it was always an extraordinary and enviable business. It was invariably in such a condition that it took complete care of itself during the winter.

Newspaper men hold the species in high disfavor and run away hastily when they see one approaching. The company press agent—poor fellow!—has no place to run to, so he endures the visitation as placidly as his temperament and training will allow. The monologue of the husband in its mildest form contains a suggestion that the press agent does not understand his job—even he who in his time has made the reputation of many singers. From that the husband proceeds to an insinuation that ulterior motives have kept his wife from her deserved representation. The husband of Mildred Fuller, known behind his back as Mr. Mildred Fuller, wound up his remarks one day by informing the press agent that if his wife was given the same campaign of publicity as had been given to a great tenor she would command as high a salary as he.

Henpecked Husbands

The press agent possessed the experience of many years and had learned that the way to avoid nervous prostration was to use much patience and a little diplomacy. He responded: "Miss Fuller is such a great artist that she needs no campaign of publicity." Then he moved away, leaving the husband open-mouthed and for once speechless.

Most grand-opera husbands are great nuisances; and, since those they deal with are only human, they defeat their own ends more frequently than they gain them. Our manager is a man of very equable temperament. He has the reputation of losing his temper not more than three or four times in a season, which, considering the annoying things he has to contend with, is something of a record. One of the three or four was at the instance of the same Mr. Mildred Fuller. There were a few tempestuous remarks in more languages than Wolff ever used at his best, and then an edict was issued that Mr. Fuller should never be admitted to his private office again.

A certain prima donna went out of town to sing in a concert not long ago. Her husband went along as her interpreter and business representative, and from all accounts it was a continual round of pleasure for the local manager.

The train was late in getting into the town and both singer and husband emerged in a thunderous mood. They were met by the local manager and his assistant, who first had to listen to two sets of opinions about America in general and that city in particular because of the lateness of the train. They were put into a waiting automobile and taken to their hotel. On the way over the auto was caught in a jam of traffic and held until the street could be cleared. Another explosion from the husband!

Arrived at the hotel, he demanded a view of the program.

"All wrong! All wrong!" he said. Incidentally it was the same program he himself had sent on three days before. "Madame will not sing this. She will sing this and this. Print a new program."

The manager, heroically silent, hurried away to the printers. The husband ran after him to order the press to be held until he could approve the proof. At this the manager rebelled. He explained that it was too late for proofs, and even if there was time he could not afford to hold a gang of printers while a proof was being corrected. After much argument the husband consented to return, first remarking that all Americans are pigs. By this time the assistant to the manager was begging that the concert should be canceled so that he could beat in the face of the husband. He was, however, restrained from so doing.

First Aid to the Artists

After a full day of wrangling the party finally arrived at the theater. The husband gave one look at the stage, gasped and gulped. It was decorated with yellow chrysanthemums—and yellow in the opinion of the prima donna is a hoodoo color. The husband rushed to the manager.

"Madame will not sing!" he remarked.

The house was full. There was no time for argument. The manager ordered the ill-omened chrysanthemums cleared away, leaving the stage bare. After this the prima donna allowed herself slowly to be persuaded into singing and the manager left the stage in order not to yield to his temptation to commit murder. Boiling with indignation he stamped round to the front of the house and there engaged in a furious quarrel with an innocent newspaper man who had been given the wrong seats and in perfect good faith had come to inquire where he should sit.

The artist's private secretary is often as much of a nuisance as the husband and, in addition, is frequently a grafter of an accomplished type. A certain type of secretary is of greatest service to the foreign artist by acting as an interpreter, having been in this country long enough to learn the language. Armed with this knowledge and a certain amount of suave plausibility he descends on the unwary singer and represents in a convincing manner the immense advantages that will accrue if he—who has been here many years and knows all the tricks and manners of the never-to-be-sufficiently-accursed Americans—be allowed to attend to all the disagreeable business details. It is true that there are not inconsiderable advantages in such an arrangement—for the secretary.

If the foreigner takes the bait—as he generally does—a period of prosperity ensues for the secretary. His first operation is to extract a certain amount of money from the pockets of his principal as payment for his so inestimable services. This varies with the prosperity and fame of the musician, but will average about two thousand dollars for the season. He then begins to look about him for pickings of other kinds. They are to be had if searched for, and a secretary of this kind has good eyes.

He promises his principal to find some concert engagements. Perhaps he is lucky enough to find a few. When he does he will, unless the local manager knows his methods, make enough of an overcharge to insure himself a comfortable commission. When anything concerning his principal appears in the papers he is the first to discover it and point it out, at the same time representing how he, the industrious, the indefatigable, has brought it to pass; also, with the delicately insinuated hint that such valuable publicity is worthy of an extra remuneration.

These, however, are but the methods of the veriest tyro. For the experienced grafter there are other no less profitable

An Exhibition of Progress

A Meeting for Progression

The National Commercial Gas Association will hold its Ninth Annual Convention and Gas Appliance Exhibition from Dec. 1st to Dec. 6th, 1913

The Meeting Place will be Philadelphia

THIS convention will unquestionably be the largest gathering together of men interested in the gas industry that the country has ever seen. The exhibition of modern gas appliances and the latest improved types of incandescent gas lights will be of particular interest, not only to the housekeeper, the homemaker, but to the manufacturer and the merchant. It will be a convincing demonstration of the marvelous and steady progress made in this industry and show that the word modern is aptly descriptive of this greatest of utilities—

GAS

It has revolutionized modern living. It has emancipated womankind from domestic drudgery. While the cost of living in almost everything has gone up, the cost of gas has as steadily gone down. Today it is the greatest illuminant for the residence, the office, the store or the factory. The many improvements, now perfected, make it the equal of any light in convenience of operation, and while readily adapted to artistic requirements, it remains, on account of its great economy, the universal illuminant—the artificial light of our great American public.

It has simplified and economized countless of our manufacturing processes so that today it can be truthfully said that there are more than 1000 uses for Gas.

The National Commercial Gas Association is a joining for mutual benefit of the men in the gas industry in the United States and Canada—men in the commercial branch of the business who daily come in contact with their patrons and whose work reflects constant improvement in the industry. A convention such as this is designed to study and perfect and keep on perfecting "Gas Service," which today stands as an example of that slogan of modern business, "The public be pleased."

A visit to this exhibition will amply repay you.

The United Gas Improvement Company

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Reward!
Go get a tin of STAG and be rewarded by a new thrill in smoking.
STAG has a LIVING FRAGRANCE that is entirely original and entirely wonderful.
The last pipeful of the day —or night—is as fresh and tempting as the first.
Convenient Packages: The Pound Humidor, the Full-Size 10-Cent Tin and the Handy Half-Size 5-Cent Tin.
STAG
No bite—no sting
No bag—no string
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TOBACCO
"EVER-LASTING-LY GOOD"

veins to be worked. Not once but many times has a secretary gone to the manager of the hotel where his principal was staying and requested a rake-off for bringing the artist to that house. What is more, he has very frequently got it. I have even known of a particularly industrious secretary making a similar arrangement with the bellhop captain for a split of the tips issuing from the artist's apartments. Of course the secretary gets his board and lodging at the expense of the principal.

Publicity is the life of opera and operatic artists. It is just as necessary that the singer should be well advertised as that he should know how to sing. With the possible exception of baseball there is no form of activity whose prosperity depends more on the newspapers than grand opera. Consequently all artists are constantly trying to break into the news columns, and the one who develops the reputation among the papers of being good copy may well consider himself lucky.

One of the best advertised women on the American operatic stage today is a great favorite. She is much in the papers because she has the reputation among newspaper men—of more value than much fine gold—of never seeking an interview, but always giving out an interesting one when asked. To such an extent has this reputation developed that she is one of the few people who can roast her audiences and get away with it. No one else would dare try.

When she went to Chicago last year she had not been in town two hours before she was receiving a crowd of reporters. After a few minutes she stood up and walked over to the window. One of the reporters, happening to look up, asked:

"Miss Blank, haven't you lost weight since last year?"

"I have been waiting twenty minutes for some one to ask me that," she said. "Yes; I have lost fifteen pounds."

"A good many of our readers would be interested in learning how you did it," said the reporter. "Would you mind giving your recipe?"

"It was by educating myself to say 'No, I thank you!'"

Ordinarily this woman does little to attract attention. When she does anything it is new and original then and old for all time afterward. It may be that she walks down the gangplank in the latest Parisian outcry in skirts; that she buys an unthinkable number of silk stockings; or that she heads an anticigarette campaign. Whatever it may be, she has with unerring instinct seized upon the right moment for a feature. If she were not an operatic star she would be the best-known newspaper woman in the world.

She never makes the mistake of answering back when a music critic is moved to comment unfavorably upon her. Probably the only time she was ever provoked into undiplomatic wrath was about three years ago, when she appeared in a new opera. The chief of police of Chicago, who was in the audience the first night, stated after the performance that she reminded him of a cat wallowing in a bed of catnip. The remark, duly conveyed to her, was the cause of a heated retort; but, so far as known, it is the only one that ever succeeded in getting under her skin.

Why the Public Is to Blame

It need hardly be said that that woman never did anything so crude as to report a theft of jewelry. Incidentally there were two genuine cases of theft in our company last season, and neither of the injured parties ever had the consolation of seeing a line in the papers about his loss. There was an attempt to get the stories in, of course; but in each case the city editors assumed a bored expression and more or less politely requested the press agent to go back and think up some new stuff.

If the antics of singers to get their names before the public seem amusing it is partly the public's own fault. Most singers are vain—some more so than others—and the patrons who go to opera houses by night do their best to make them more so rather than less. Watch them any night during the season promenading up and down the lobbies and warming themselves in the glad light of adulation. Observe, also, how the patrons watch them and edge as close as politeness will permit, hoping to catch a few words of artistic wisdom. It is enough to spoil any one.

A photographer, who had made many portrait studies of singers, once told me that hardly a day went by when opera patrons—women mostly—did not come into his studio to buy a few photographs of the artists who had touched their fancy. They might not have met the artists—probably would never get nearer to them than to hear them across the footlights or rub elbows with them in the lobby; but they were willing to worship from afar through the medium of photographs if nothing better happened.

That sort of admiration does not lend itself to any very intelligent appreciation, but it is all one to the singer. He has an avid appetite for all kinds of praise, unless the admirer gets his name mixed with some other singer. In that case he is apt to be cross; but even then he may be soothed if the praise is loud enough.

There was a performance of I Pagliacci at the Metropolitan in New York a season or two ago. The singer came out in front of the curtain to sing the prologue, which he did magnificently, as he always does. A tumult of applause went up at the end, during which the patrons were amused to hear a shout of "Bravo, Caruso!" from a corner of the house. Evidently the enthusiast thought that if Caruso was to sing, as he did later in the opera, such applause could be intended only for the great tenor. The artist's comments on the incident have not been recorded.

Cheese-Paring Policies

At another time a young tenor was singing his rôle and winning much applause. When he had finished one of his big arias a woman in the audience leaned forward to a friend in front and in a voice all exclamation points and italics said:

"Wouldn't you like to hear him sing the Toreador song?"

The Toreador song, it may be mentioned, occurs in Carmen and is invariably sung by a barytone.

"Yes," twittered her friend in equal excitement. "Dear Schumann-Heink taught us to love that."

All singers are not offensive in their vanity. In some cases it takes a very harmless and lovable form. One well-known tenor would never say very much about his artistic ability, but he was immensely proud of the fact that he once sang twelve principal rôles in fourteen days. Another, whom I quoted at the beginning of this article, has a genuine air of boastfulness when he tells how he is descended from a Belgian peasant family, and that his earnings on the operatic stage have been enough to make them more than comfortable for the rest of their lives.

Lowly origin, however, is not ordinarily a subject for pride on the operatic stage any more than off. One man I know insists on all occasions that he is a scion of nobility. As a matter of fact, he is very far from it. Two of his aunts are today maintaining themselves by running a hatshop in Paris—certainly a blameless occupation except for the prices they are reputed to charge, but not at all the exalted station of his story. They themselves would be the last in the world to claim it.

It is the dream of every singer to harvest enough American dollars to be able to go back to Europe and retire. They all have their castle in prospect, which on investigation will often prove to be of a much more modest scheme than the term usually connotes. Still, the convention of a singer's castle is of such antiquity that the French people have evolved a vigorous and wholly unprintable proverb about the uncastlelike nature of such structures.

A home of some nature and a competence with which to maintain it being necessary, the singer resorts to all sorts of economies. As I have said, he will pay well for publicity, but he often emits shrieks of anguish at the idea of paying for anything else. A tenor in the company of which I am a member used to stay in bed in his hotel room for days at a time, because, he explained, if he went out he always had to buy something. Even if he merely walked the streets he worked up an appetite that he hated to satisfy at hotel prices.

A favorite means of economizing is to bargain for the cheapest room in the hotel and then cook meals in it. This habit was the cause of much complaint in a hotel in Chicago, during the first season of the Chicago Grand Opera Company. One night it grew so bad that several of the American guests descended on the manager in a body and threatened to leave unless the smells in a hallway upstairs were abated.

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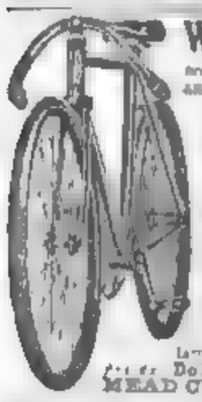

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The house detective made an investigation. He struck the odor and followed it—it was a plain trail—until he came to a certain door. He knocked and delivered a brief ultimatum. It was:

"You people will have to cut out this cooking!"

"But we are not cooking," was the answer.

The detective, much annoyed, said:

"What are you trying to do—kid me? Don't you suppose I have got a nose?"

The spokesman of the party responded:

"I do not know this 'kid'; but come in and see. We are not cooking. We are smoking."

It was a fact. The American guests moved to another floor.

This same hotel was once the scene of what a gigantic Bohemian tenor considers one of his genuine triumphs. He had been engaged to sing in a concert there at a fee of one thousand dollars or more. The day before the concert he was discovered at a table in the café helpless with laughter.

When he had regained the use of his voice he wiped the tears from his eyes and explained that he had arrived in town a couple of hours before and gone at once to the theater, with his accompanist, for a little practice. He found that a musical comedy company, just being organized, had rented the stage for the purposes of rehearsal.

Advancing in his politest manner on the person who seemed to be in charge, and being ignored until the said person had shouted directions to stagehands, electricians, chorus and supernumeraries, the singer was finally allowed to state his request. Permission to go into an adjoining room was barked at him, with the added grudging information that he would not disturb anybody if he did not sing too loudly. He took his permission meekly and began to sing. After about fifteen minutes he looked up and saw the same gruff person standing in the doorway.

"You sing pretty well," said he.

"Thank you very much," said the Bohemian tenor.

"I am the stage manager of this show and I think I could use you. I can't let you have the first tenor's place because nobody knows you, but I can give you a place that will be worth fifty or seventy-five dollars a week. Come back this afternoon."

The overwhelmed artist could only bow his thanks silently and make his escape as unostentatiously as possible.

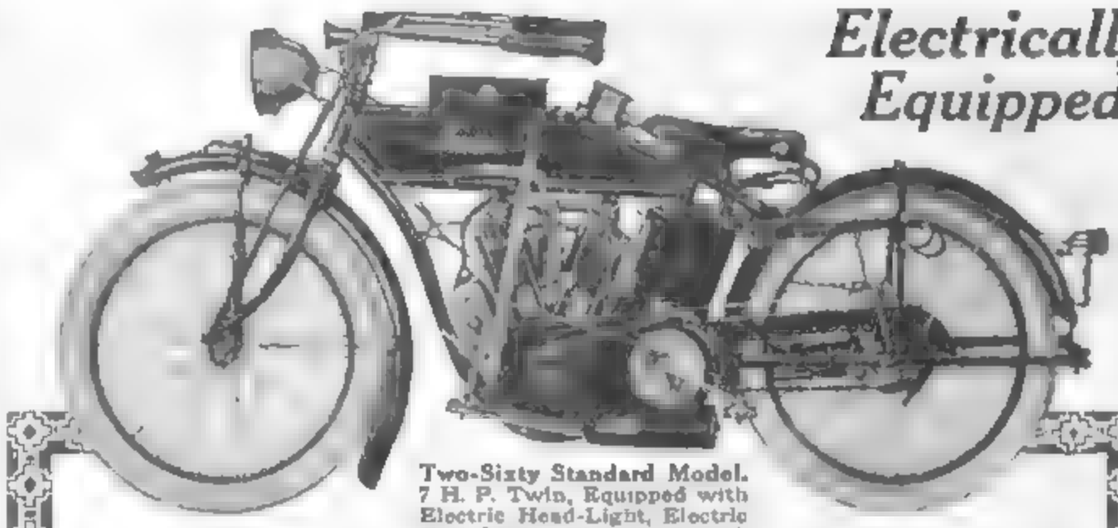
A Love for the Spectacular

The great trouble with grand opera in America today is that the public insists on turning out for well-known names in the cast rather than for the music itself. Until this is changed, which in all probability will not be in this generation, it will continue to be more of a circus than a high art. Just now a single singer with a famous voice, the rest of the cast mediocre and the performance raggedly given, will draw a larger house and create more applause than a well-balanced performance by less spectacular singers. I have seen this happen time and again.

There are some good musicians in grand opera, a few of whom have worked their way up after a severe struggle. I know one man who came to Chicago when quite young. For several years he drove an express wagon by day and studied music by night. At length opportunities began to come his way, which he grasped. He went to Europe in due time, was given a tryout in opera, and made good. Now he has an eminent position and reputation in both Europe and America.

That is one side. The other is the man who possesses a voice and little else. There are grand-opera singers in the land who read music so imperfectly that it is necessary to teach them their rôles note by note. After accompanists and coaches are done with them they learn expression and cues from the conductor, and those weird gesticulations and posturings, which the trustful in heart describe as acting, from the stage manager. On the night of the performance there is the prompter in his little mushroom box in the middle of the footlights, to give them words and notes when they go wrong.

After having scrambled through a rôle with the help of these half-dozen unseen hard workers, the incumbent goes forth, inflates his chest and refers to himself as an artist. Truly, grand-opera singers are the moe' funny people.



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SIXTY THOUSAND beautiful new machines will be made in 1914! 98 percent of these will be Twin Cylinder Models. We built the first successful Twin, and from the outset the Twin has ever increased in recognition and popularity.

The Indian has amply demonstrated the advantages of the Twin for rapidity of acceleration, capacity for hard work and for power output in proportion to weight. It has suppleness and flexibility, a snappy delivery that instills confidence in its owner to conquer any road, and tremendous endurance—qualities represented in their most efficient and advanced form in the Indian Twin.

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To such striking advances in motorcycle manufacture as the famous *Cradle Spring Frame*, the *Two Speed Gear* and *Folding Footboards*, have now been added "38 Betterments" for 1914—marked refinements in structural and working parts.

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1914 Indians are now being demonstrated by 2500 dealers. It is not too soon to order if you want YOUR *Indian* early.

The 1914 line of Indian Motocycles consists of:

4 H. P. Single Service Model	$200.00	7 H. P. Twin Light Roadster	$260.00
7 H. P. Twin Two-Twenty-Five, Regular Model	225.00	7 H. P. Twin Two Speed, Regular Model	275.00
7 H. P. Twin Two-Sixty, Standard Model	260.00	7 H. P. Twin Two Speed Tourist, Standard Model	300.00
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WILSON IN THE COUNTRY

(Concluded from Page 9

and La Follette, Cummins and the rest, must be put into practical and effective accomplishment before any person will take it seriously.

Back of all the moil and turmoil and clamor, and running in circles, stands Colonel Roosevelt, not only as the possible but as—at this time—a highly probable solution. For years the most interesting person in the United States, Mr. Roosevelt is being crowded a bit by Mr. Wilson for that eminence; but he is still interesting and still highly important. It is claimed by political experts that Mr. Roosevelt's Progressive party is steadily losing ground; that such elections as there have been have shown retrogression instead of progression. And these experts say this means that the men who voted for Roosevelt in 1912 are returning to the Republican party.

Of course there will be no adequate test of this—except in New Jersey this fall, where Colby, Progressive, is running for governor against Stokes, Republican, and Fielder, Democrat. That vote will show how well the New Jersey Progressives are holding in line. There will be no test in Massachusetts that will be of particular value, for undoubtedly some of the natural Progressive strength that might go to Bird will be diverted to Gardner, the Republican, who is progressive in his own way, and some to Foss, the independent candidate. It is probable the Massachusetts results will be analyzed many different ways.

These results may not be conclusive—they will be interesting; but the real test will come in the 1914 Congressional elections, when the Democrats will go before the people for indorsement of their work, which by that time will probably include not only the revision of the tariff and the reform of the currency, but various constructive measures dealing with combinations, trusts, our natural resources, and other important matters. Then, if the Progressives are in force, they will undoubtedly put up Congressional candidates; and there can be an adequate estimate of their strength.

Meantime Mr. Roosevelt will be out of the country for months. Meantime things will have been shaken down. Meantime the Republicans will have put forth their corpse-reviving program. Meantime the tariff will have been demonstrated. Meantime the currency law will have had an opportunity. Then we shall see what we shall see! But—and here is the most interesting as well as the most important phase of the whole situation—what man is there in sight who can in any way unite this opposition into an anti-Democratic basis? Where is the citizen who has the popular appeal to make an opposition to Mr. Wilson—if Mr. Wilson shall continue as well as he has begun—more than a farce? There is not a big Republican—a presidential Republican—in sight. There is not a near-Progressive who has any popular appeal. Where is the man?

The Man in South America

And having asked the question I shall answer it by saying that, at last accounts, he was in South America. I am not in the confidence of Mr. Roosevelt or of his friends, but I share the opinion of many men who watch political events and who mix in them, that if Mr. Roosevelt desires the presidential nomination in 1916, from whatever anti-Democratic organization or party that is evolved from the present almost disintegration, there is nobody in sight who can prevent him from getting it. Moreover, it is a well-grounded opinion that Mr. Roosevelt has as keen an appreciation of this as any other person, and that his plans are being made to that end.

In one of his speeches in New York he said he would not abandon the principles of the Progressive party—nor will he. Nor will anybody else who wants to do anything politically in this country. And, by the same token, the old outfit of Republicans will adopt those principles. You will notice the preliminary steps toward that end at the experience meeting which is to be held in Washington in December. Abandoning a principle is one thing; and abandoning a party form and taking over a new one is quite another.

You will observe that the Progressives in California claim the Republican party, as is their right, for they control the organization. You will observe that Frank Heney—a militant Progressive—is running for the Senate as a Republican and not abandoning a whit of his progressiveness.

This, if you look it over, will give an inkling of what is in the minds of many people, and perhaps—perhaps, I say—in the mind of Mr. Roosevelt. He need not give up his own party and he might be able to take over the remnants of the other party. Nor need there be any fear that the Old Guardsters will not be glad enough to acquiesce in any such program. They can do nothing as it stands; and they will be willing to take Mr. Roosevelt and bear with him as best they may for the few benefits that will accrue to themselves by being again in the following of a majority party.

Nationally there have not been so many possibilities in a political situation in years. Though things seem to be in the doldrums at present, there is plenty going on under the surface. The main facts are: Mr. Wilson is strong with the country, much stronger than his party; he is held in individual respect and esteem; nothing can stop his renomination if he continues as he is going now and wants the honor; the warring, jumbled, almost inchoate opposition will get to some sort of unified anti-Democratic basis; and that if Mr. Roosevelt desires to lead this anti-Democratic party there will not be much chance of stopping him.

Things may change in the next three years. Much can happen and much will. Still those who like exciting politics should remain in this vicinity, for a presidential campaign with Woodrow Wilson on one side, after four years in Washington, and with Theodore Roosevelt leading the opposition, will be worth looking at. And the conservatives will be under the necessity of considering a migration to Canada.

The Latest in Locks

THE wonderful things that can be done with modern locks are demonstrated in a new skyscraper at Omaha. Every key supplied to tenants and employees will open many doors in the building, and all kinds of combinations have been made so that with one key a person can open all the doors he should have the right to open—and not another door will respond.

Each tenant, for instance, with the key to his office, can enter any washroom in the building, or he can enter the main door of the building at night—though in this instance his turning the key in the lock rings a bell to warn the watchman. The manager of the building has a master key for each floor, which will open every door on that floor. He has another master key that he can turn in any lock and thereby prevent that lock from responding to any other key until he wishes. This enables him, for instance, to lock out of his office a man who refuses to pay his rent, or to close a man's office during his vacation.

A grand-master key will open all the utility doors of the entire building, such as storerooms and washrooms. An account is kept of every key, and if the keys to any office are lost a part of the lock to that office can be quickly changed to require a new key; yet the altered lock will respond to the correct master keys and ordinary keys, but to no others.

To carry the plan to a climax a special type of key is used and blanks for that kind of key cannot be bought on the market.

Seeing the Unseeable

STARS that are so faint that they not only cannot be seen with a telescope, but cannot be detected by long exposure of a very sensitive photographic plate in a telescope, are even then not beyond the range of discovery. A British scientist is working on a device that will record the existence of distant suns that never yet have been detected. By means of selenium, a metal the electrical resistance of which varies with the amount of light thrown on it, he has made an instrument that will show a tiny current of electricity when the light of a star is thrown in it. So delicate is it that he expects it will show enough current to be recorded when it is focused on some little spot in the sky where no star is now known, if, as a matter of fact, there is some faint star there.

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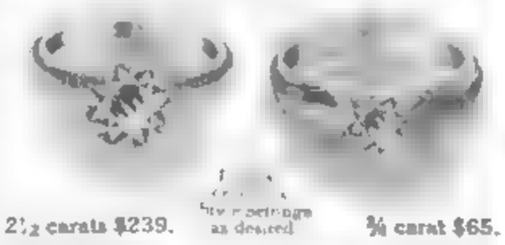

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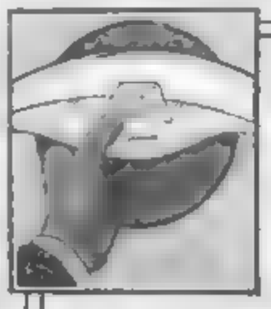

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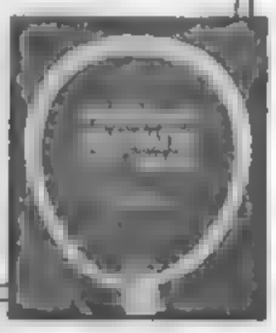

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The Standard
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He just can't help liking an Ives Miniature Railway System and Ives Struktiron. There's a fascination about them that no boy can resist.

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Ives Miniature Railway Systems and Ives Struktiron are not mere playthings just for Christmas Day. They possess lasting charm. For weeks to come the youngster will find fun and interest in arranging the track, switches, turntables and other parts—and in building all kinds of structures with Ives Struktiron.

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Our Toys are built to last and give long service. We guarantee to replace, without charge, any part that is defective in materials or workmanship.

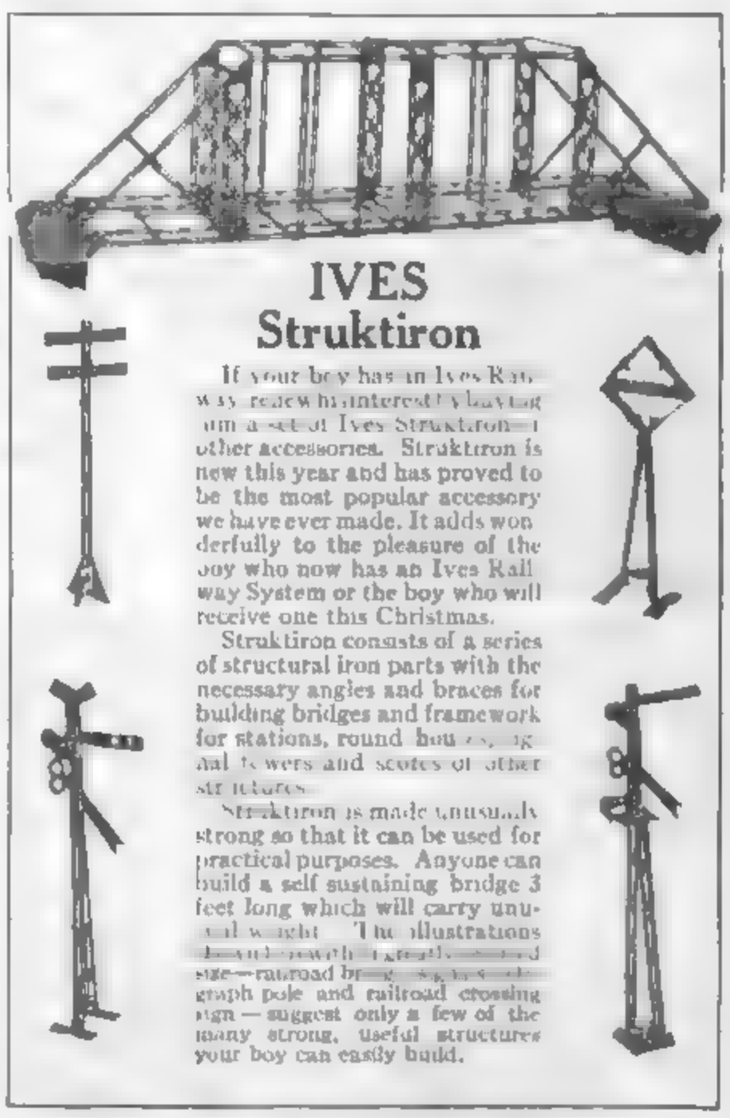
The Ives name is your surest protection against flimsy, short-lived toys. Look for the word "Ives" on every piece and the Ives Trade Mark on the box.

Ask any toy, hardware or department store to show you Ives Miniature Railway Systems and Ives Struktiron. Mechanical outfits cost from $1 to $20 a set; electrical, $4 to $25.

If you cannot readily find an Ives dealer in your town, please write us. We make it easy for anyone, anywhere, to get the genuine Ives Toys.

Beautiful Catalog Free

Write for handsomely illustrated Catalog picturing and describing Ives Miniature Railway Systems and Ives Struktiron. Please give your toy dealer's name.



IVES
Struktiron

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Struktiron consists of a series of structural iron parts with the necessary angles and braces for building bridges and framework for stations, round houses, signal towers and scores of other structures.

Struktiron is made unusually strong so that it can be used for practical purposes. Anyone can build a self sustaining bridge 3 feet long which will carry unusual weight. The illustrations [illegible] size—railroad bridge, signal, telegraph pole and railroad crossing sign—suggest only a few of the many strong, useful structures your boy can easily build.

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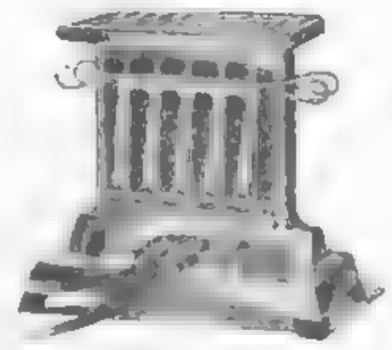
This CHRISTMAS ~ Make it ELECTRICAL and Have it PRACTICAL

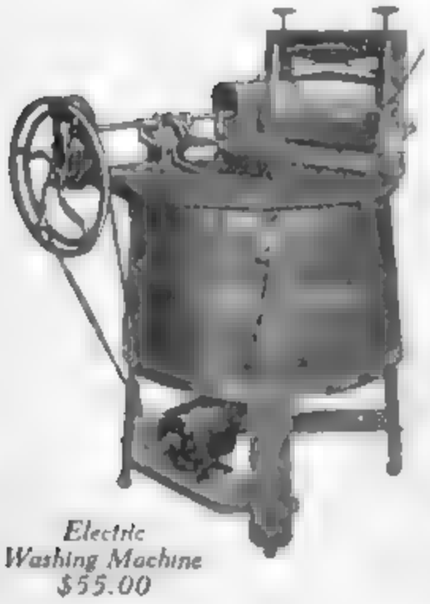
Coffee Percolator
$12 50

It is ever the desire to find something new to give expression to the spirit of Christmas. With the growing trend toward sane and practical giving the range of choice that is offered in electrical devices for home comfort and home convenience appeals strongly to one who would select for a gift that which is attractive both for its novelty and practicability.

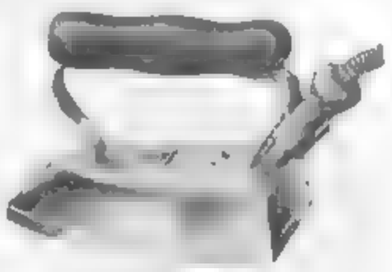


Electric Toaster
$4.00

Where is the wife or mother who would not enthuse over a real electric vacuum cleaner, or an electric washing machine? Think of the lasting pleasure that would be present in a home equipped with Inter-phones which save useless stair-climbing.



Electric
Washing Machine
$55.00



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Electric Iron
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Other things which give pleasure and satisfaction much out of proportion to their cost, and for which the cost for electric current to operate is so low that it need scarcely be considered, are—electric irons, coffee percolators, chafing dishes, bread toasters and warming pads. All of these and other electric goods are to be had in highest quality among the

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The successor to the hot-water bag.

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Complete
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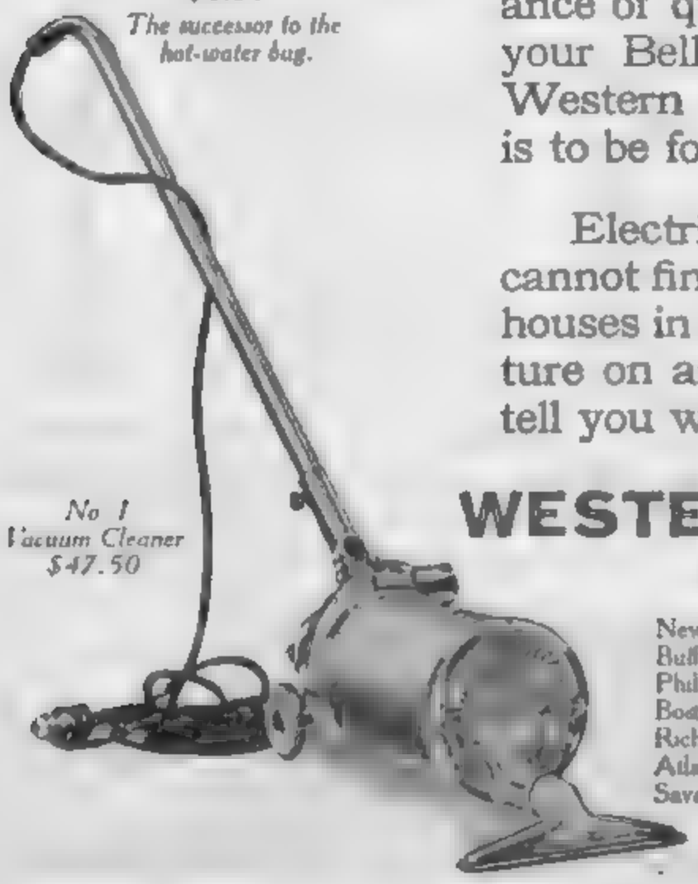
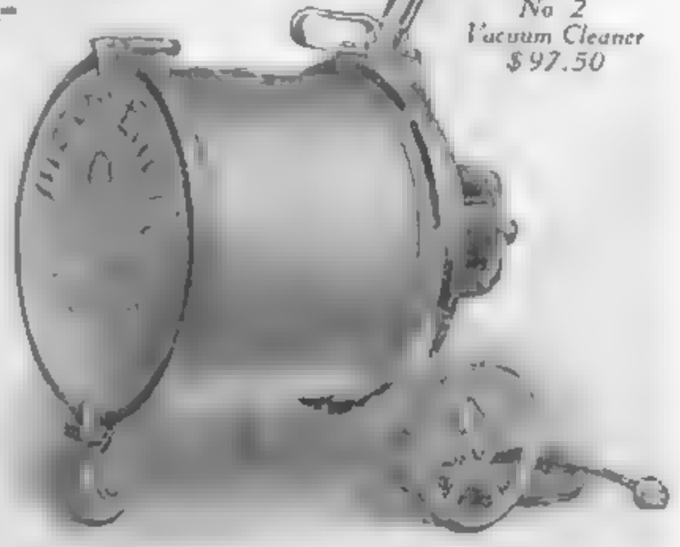


No 1
Vacuum Cleaner
$47.50



No 2
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EQUIPMENT FOR EVERY ELECTRICAL NEED

HOLLY COURT

Continued from Page 7)

"Why—why—— Well, but good Heavens, Nancy," Mrs. Biggerstaff said heartily, "don't worry until you know something! They didn't say; but——"

Nancy heard nothing more. She brushed aside the hands that would have held her; she fought the deadly faintness that swept down on her; she choked back the scream that came to her throat. Blindly, madly she ran across the porch and round the corner of the club.

She hesitated a second, facing the long row of hot, empty motor sheds. Not a car stood there; the wide lawns and graveled drives of the club baked in the heat of the silent summer afternoon, deserted and silent.

"Nancy! Wait!" someone screamed after her. "We don't know anything—he merely said that the fire had started; nobody said anything about the baby. Nancy!"

But Nancy did not pause. She ran down the hot steps and along the drive. And as her flying feet crunched on the pebbles she said half aloud in a voice of agony:

"My baby! My little baby! You were having your nap—and mother a mile away!"

She ran out on the road. An endless long stretch it seemed in the merciless heat. A sharp pain sprang to her side and she had to press her hand over it. She seemed to make no headway whatever on the long road ahead.

"Priscilla!" she said to herself over and over. "My little—little baby! Locked in your crib!"

"Get in here, Mrs. Ennsicoe," said somebody, ranging up beside her with a car.

Blindly Nancy stumbled in; she clasped her hands tightly together and shut her eyes. The road fled behind them.

"Oh, my baby! My baby!" she moaned once. Otherwise she did not speak.

A turn of the road brought them to Holly Court at last. Even from the club Nancy had seen the great funnel of smoke widening on the deep summer sky. She gave scarcely a glance now to the fringe of watchers, the flaming roof and gaping window-openings of her once lovely home. The resources of the little volunteer fire company from the village were pitifully inadequate; the members could do no more than the idle crowd—could only watch flame after flame creep about the picturesque gables; could only join in the horrified Ah! that met every fresh fall of timbers and every fresh upruah of sparks.

Nancy took in this scene with only one sick glance. Voices greeted her; she did not hear them. Long afterward she remembered seeing that rugs and the piano, and various curiously assorted household goods, had been dragged out to the lawn; she remembered respectful and sympathetic glances all about her—Marie, tearful, incoherent and gesticulating—Pierre, silent and stunned—familiar faces—unfamiliar faces—shouts and chatter.

Silently she sprang from the motor car and stumbled somehow through the crowd. Her heart was suffocating her; and the people she passed heard her saying again and again in desperate prayer:

"Oh, my baby! My baby!"

The tightly packed groups parted—and Nancy saw Bert, and saw Priscilla in his arms.

Somehow she reached them, dropped on her knees before her husband as he sat on an overturned bookcase, and caught her baby to her heart. Five hundred people heard the cry that Nancy gave; but she neither knew nor cared. She knew that she had Bert and Priscilla; that the boys were clinging to her with muscular little arms; that Anne, pale and speechless, was clinging to Bert in desperate relief, and that nothing else in the world mattered but this. Yet she was crying as if she had never cried before in her life and would never stop.

"Don't cry, dearest!" Bert said, the tears streaming down his own blackened face. "She's all right! She's all right, dear!"

Nancy sobbed, her arms about all four children, her wet face against her husband's as he tightened his arm about her. "Oh, Bert! Bert!"

"We're all right, I tell you, dearest!" he said again. "Nancy, my poor little girl, what a scare you got!"

"Agnes got us all out," Ned volunteered eagerly, "but nobody thought of baby! And when dad got here he ran up the back stairs—didn't you, dad? They didn't get baby out until after they got the piano, did they, dad?"

"She was sitting up in her little crib." Bert Senior said, with trembling lips. "Smoke was in there then; but she held up her little arms to her daddy." He took her again and brushed his face against the bewildered Priscilla's hair. "I was at the club," he resumed. "I thought—I thought we'd never get here!"

"But baby couldn't have burned—could she, mother?" little Anne asked, bursting into bitter crying.

Nancy sat down on a box and lifted her eldest daughter into her lap.

"No, my precious. Thank God, daddy was in time!" said Nancy's old, firm, motherly voice. "And now we're all safe and together; you mustn't cry any more!"

"But our house is burned!" said Bert Junior dolefully. "And you're crying, mother!" he added.

"For joy and gratitude, my darling! Why"—Nancy laughed through her tears "Why, what do you think we care about an old house!" she said.

"Don't you care?" Anne asked tremulously.

Big Bert sat down next to his wife.

"We care about you and baby, and the boys, Anne," said he, kissing the little girl's small pale face; "but that's all we care about! I—personally I think I'm just a little glad to see the place go. How about you, mother?"

"I'm—I'm—I'm glad!" said Nancy.

She had wiped her eyes and straightened her hair, and was now placidly watching the last flames devour Holly Court.

"You'll get some insurance, though, Bert?" said one of the many neighbors who were merely waiting until the first excitement of the family reunion was over before coming up to discuss the calamity.

"Eight thousand," Bert grinned—"and an eight-thousand mortgage."

"Gosh! That's tough, Ennsicoe!" said another voice.

Blackened, burned, streaked with perspiration, Bert beamed at his family.

"I've got everything out of the house that I care about!" said he.

For nearly two hours the Ennsicoes sat as they were and watched the last of the swift ruin of their home. Nancy's hot face cooled by degrees and her tears stopped, but she did not loosen her hold on Anne; and Bert did not seem to remember his missing coat and his streaked and sooty face. The boys came and went on excited foraging journeys, begging again and again for reassurance that this was not an irreparable calamity. Nancy smiled at them and warned them to be careful of still smoldering ashes; but both she and Bert were rather quiet. "And no wonder!" said those who sympathized.

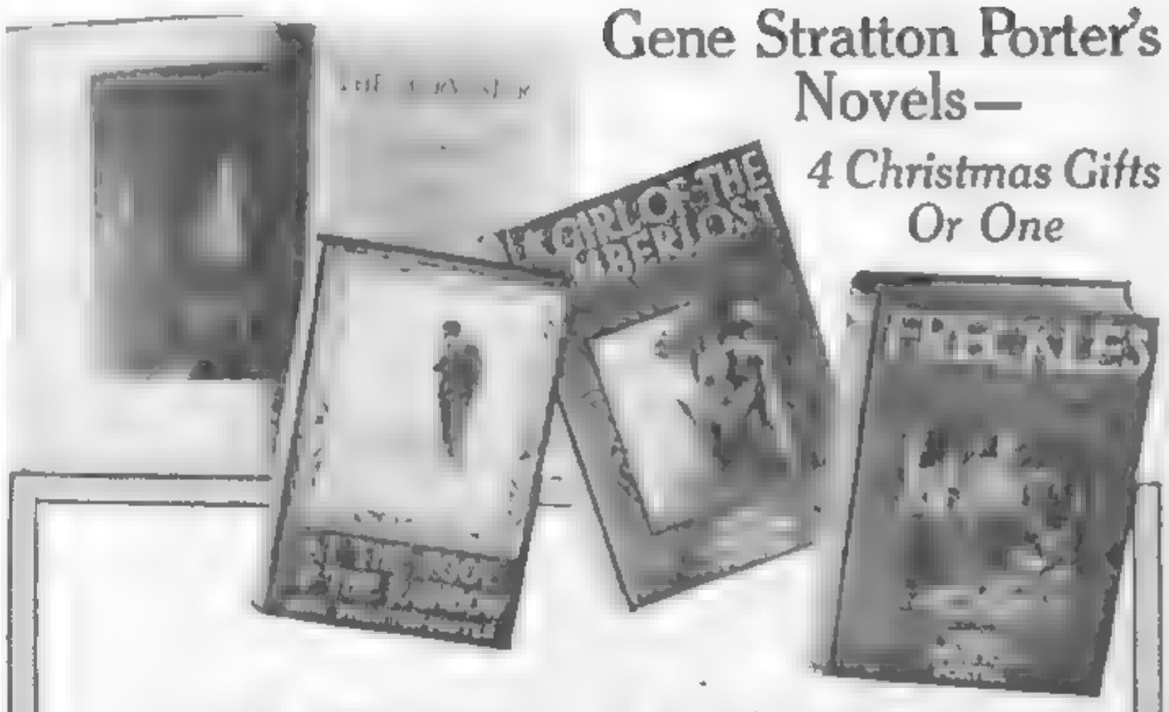
However it was really peace and not despair that enveloped the Ennsicoes. Bert thought it was pleasant to have the delicious Priscilla finish her interrupted nap in his arms. Nancy remembered a dinner engagement with a placid reflection that it must be broken now. Both spoke of the exquisite effect of the sunset light through their strip of woods—they had not noticed sunsets for a long time.

Gradually the crowd drifted away and the acrid odor of wet wood replaced the thick smell of burning. And gradually that second odor began to give way to the pervasive sweetness of the summer evening.

That night the Ennsicoes and Agnes slept in the garage. The other servants were gone. Nancy firmly declined the hospitable offers of her neighbors and would not listen to Bert's plan of taking the whole family up to town. Beds had been saved—bedding; chairs and rugs and tables; some of the children's clothes; odd lots of china and glass.

Priscilla chattered from a rug on the lawn, while Nancy, Agnes and the enraptured children straightened and arranged the heterogeneous possessions of the Ennsicoe family. The boys were miracles of helpfulness and Anne laughed some color into her pale little face for the first time in months.

When the last watcher was gone from the ashes of Holly Court, and while a delicious summer twilight fell, Bert was sent up to the Wicklows' to borrow sleeping wear for



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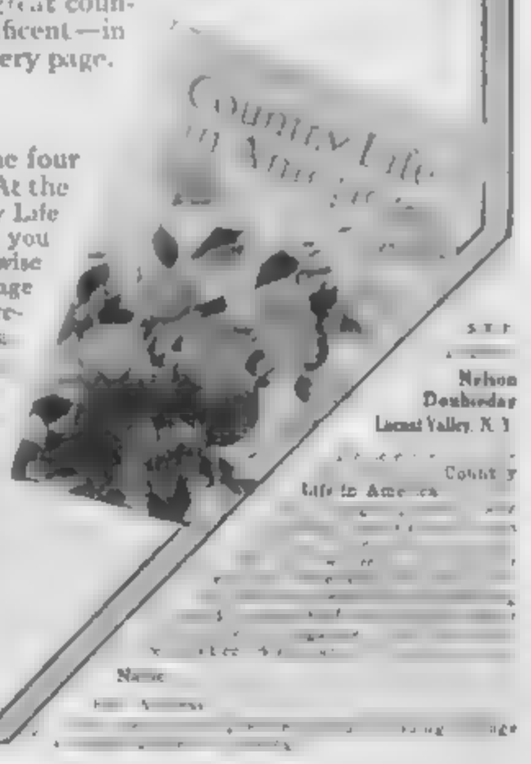

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the senior Ennsicoes and to accept the offer of fresh milk for the children's supper. A dozen kindly inquiries and offers delayed him, but at half-past six o'clock he was back at the garage—a pail swinging from his hand, a bundle under his arm.

The big room that was the entire lower floor of the garage had been swept and rugs had been laid. The westering sunlight fell through a rose-wreathed window on a little table set comfortably for supper. Priscilla, in her chair in the wide-open doorway, screamed a welcome to her father.

The older children, under their mother's direction, were carrying miscellaneous collections of clothing and bedding upstairs, laughing and stumbling over each other. Agnes, beaming, was superintending dinner preparations at a table in the back of the room with an alcohol stove and Nancy's copper blazer.

"We've cleared out those two rooms," said Nancy capably, "and the Ingrams' man set up the beds. We'll sleep in the bigger room, and Agnes and the girls in the other. The boys will have to sleep on a double couch in the hall. You'll have to cover the piano tonight—unless you want the Ingrams' man to come over after supper and move it in here? I'd like it in this room. We're all ready to sit down when you are."

"Perhaps you'd like me to dress?" Bert suggested, and was oddly gratified by his sons' amusement and by little Anne's deep mirth. He presently served scrambled eggs and canned macaroni to the hungry clan—a meal that was supplemented on the side by a cold roast fowl from the Roses, a pot of coffee and a sheet of rolls from the Ingrams, sweet butter and peach ice cream from the Fieldings, and a trayful of various edibles from the concerned and sympathetic Wicklows.

Little Anne went round the table and got into her father's lap at the conclusion of the meal.

"'Member I used to do this when I was jus' a little girl?" asked Anne. Her father and mother exchanged a swift glance over the contented, relaxed little head.

Nancy carried the drowsy baby upstairs and presently summoned the older children. After a while she came down again to find Bert smoking contentedly in the open garage doorway.

It was a heavenly summer evening, the last whiff of smoke had been swept away from Holly Court and the garden was drenched with scent. An enormous black scar marked the site of the house, but in every other direction were fragrant lawns and the soft barrier of trees.

"Dead, dear?" asked Bert as Nancy sat down beside him and slipped her hand into his.

"Tired, of course!" she said cheerfully.

"And no wonder!" Bert puffed for a few minutes in silence. "You certainly are a queen in an emergency, Nance!" said he.

"But what a day!" she said with a long sigh. "When I think of it—— I suppose babies do burn to death in houses, Bert?"

"Oh, pshaw! They'd have remembered her fast enough!" he said easily.

Nancy merely gripped his hand the tighter.

"Bert, how much we have to be thankful for!"

"Everything in the world, Nance!"

Another silence. Then Nancy said briskly: "Well! Now about plans. Listen to what I've decided. Item one: This is vacation. When school starts again my three children go to the public school in the village. They're dying to go; so that's settled!"

"Sure you're willing, dear?"

"Sure! Item two: Agnes is a good cook; Priscilla is an angel. I'll take some of the care of my youngest born. The Ennsicoes have no other maid; so that's settled! Item three: We floor this room neatly with pine; we paint it. We put up curtains at these windows. We put a small gas stove in the big closet at the back and cut a window there. We put the boys' couch on the porch upstairs this weather—and in the hall in winter. We kitch in this room; we dine in it; we sit in it."

"My darling, that is absolutely mad——"

"Why is it? It's the only place in the world we won't have to pay any rent!"

"But think what people would say, Nance!"

"Bert," said Nancy seriously, "I'm past caring what they would say. I'll be too busy to listen. I'm going to take my children on picnics. I'm going to make you 'chicken Nancy' again, and popovers. I love to cook. I love to tell stories to the kiddies. I love to pack mashy suppers and get all dirty and hot packing them off to the beach to eat. I'm that sort of a woman really! I don't want any more servants or any more company. Too much is enough!

"Why, Bert dear, the thought of waking in the morning and knowing that nobody expects anything of me will make me feel young again! We can't have house guests; we can't have servants, with only two bedrooms and a room-of-all-work! We'll have the children at table every night; and if you don't sell the car, and can tinker with it yourself we'll go off on family parties on Sundays, and get to know our own boys and girls.

"Bert"—Nancy straightened up and brought her face very close to his in the darkness—"Bert, when I kissed you this afternoon, dirty and hot and singed as you were, I knew I'd been missing something for a long, long time!" said she.

"And you'd have the nerve to do it?" the man asked after a silence.

"Nerve! I can't wait to begin! I won't know what to do with myself, I'll feel so free!"

"Lord! Lord! Lord!" said Bert presently, half aloud.

"Why do you say that?"

"Oh, I was just thinking!" He stretched in his chair with a great sigh. "I was just thinking what a corking summer we might have!" he said. "I was just thinking how I'd like to come home and find you and the kids—and no one else! It—it would lift the load—somehow! The Wicklows now and then; the Ingrams—but let the rest slide!"

"They'll let us slide fast enough," Nancy prophesied contentedly.

Her husband smoked for some time in silence. Then she felt his hand tighten on hers again.

"Remember the first meals in the little old East Eleventh Street apartment, Nance?"

Nancy cleared her throat.

"Every one of them!"

"Remember real cream on Sunday mornings—as a treat?" Another silence. Then Bert added in sudden concern: "Nance! You're all tired out, you poor kid! Don't cry, Nance!"

Nancy laughed shakily in the darkness. "I c-c-can't help it!" said she. "I'm s-s-so happy!"

Chemical Problems

SOME odd problems that the chemist employed by modern business has to meet were told at a recent meeting of Boston chemists. A glue factory, which was proud of the sticking qualities of its glue, received many complaints that its glue was not sticking, and the manager believed it was not his product that was at fault, but glue made by some other concern and falsely represented to be his.

The chemist was asked to find a remedy. He made a slight change in the process of manufacture, so that when a certain chemical was applied to the glue any time after it had left the factory the glue would immediately change to a certain color. Salesmen were then given bottles of this chemical. Whenever they were told that their glue had failed they asked to see the faulty work and then dropped some of the chemical on the dry glue. If the proper color appeared, it was their glue, otherwise it was a competitor's.

If the customer doubted the test, the salesman could prove the fairness of it by trying it on any of his firm's glue. This stopped the complaints.

Another chemist, located a distance from the works that employed him, was asked to find a remedy for the spots that were appearing on some metal sheets and spoiling them. He wired the works for a weather report and a report of the number of spoiled sheets each day.

After they answered he wired back to connect the machines by a wire to a water pipe. This stopped the trouble. He had decided from the weather report that the trouble came on days when the electricity in the air was more than ordinary, and so he had the machines grounded.

A manufacturer of feather boas reported to his chemist that women were complaining that the dye of the feathers irritated the skin of their necks. The chemist found that the dye should not give any trouble, and so he set out to discover some other cause for the irritation. Finally he discovered that the angle at which the feathers were trimmed gave an irritating edge, and the trimming was modified with complete success.

LOUISE DRESSER. With A. H. Woods' production "Potash & Perlmutter." Wears Simmons Jewelry

WILLIAM COLLIER. With Charles Frohman's production, "Who's Who," wears a Waldemar

JULIAN ELTINGE, as "The Fascinating Widow." Wears Simmons chains both on and off the stage

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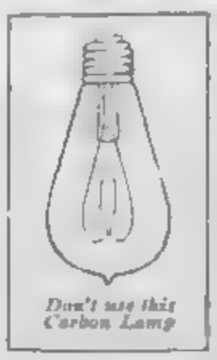
Old homes everywhere are being wired for National Mazda lamps; modest homes where carbon lighting is too expensive are now enjoying National Mazda lighting; homes that have no public current service are being lighted with National Mazda lamps from private plants.

Charles P. Steinmetz

DR. Steinmetz received hit early electrical training in Breslau Germany and Zurich Switzerland For many years he has been one of the most important factors in the develop[illegible] Engineering and Electrical Industry. In 1901 he was President of the American Institute of [illegible] He is Professor of Electrical Engineering in Union College and a Consulting Engineer of [illegible]

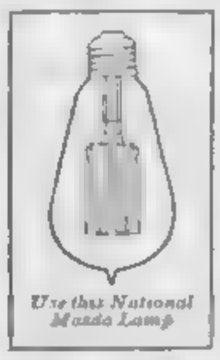
The ruggedness and the tripled efficiency of National Mazda lamps have both been demonstrated under the hardest conditions of actual service in the New York Subway cars, in battleships during gun practice, in trains, automobiles, street cars all over the country; in homes, factories, mills, shops, office buildings, motor boats, mines and steamships. Buy National Mazda lamps with these proved qualities.



Don't use this Carbon Lamp

This is an old fashioned carbon lamp. It gives only one-third as much light as a National Mazda lamp at the same cost, and wastes two-thirds of your electricity in useless heat, discolors with age and makes poor light.

Buy National Mazda lamps this week at any store that displays this blue Convenience Carton containing five rugged, efficient lamps. Put a National Mazda lamp in every socket before you pay your next light bill.



Use this National Mazda Lamp

National Mazda lamps constructed like this, with the name etched on the bulb, are sold in blue cartons like the picture at the left. They give three times as much light as carbon lamps at the same cost.

The National Lamp Works has prepared a number of unusually attractive and interesting booklets on the various phases of scientific illumination. On request, any of the following titles may be obtained free.

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For booklets, or further information on scientific illumination, address any of these Divisions of National Lamp Works, of General Electric Company

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NATIONAL LAMP WORKS
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8 Nela Park, Cleveland

AFFINITIES

(Continued from Page 14)

turn into a side road and put out the lights and take off the license plates. They'll telephone ahead possibly and give the license number."

We were going pretty fast by that time and just at that moment I saw a buggy ahead in the road. Ferd called to me; but it was too late—I had pressed the siren and the very hills echoed.

"Good heavens, Fan!" he said. "You've done it now!"

We topped a rise just then and Ferd looked back. The puddlers were running along the road toward the place where they had left their cars! It was a race for life after that. Ferd bent over and put out the tail light, and I threw the throttle up as far as it would go.

"It's getting pretty serious," Ferd said. "We'll go up for a year or two for this probably. Stealing a machine is no joke."

"If it comes to that I'll steer the thing over a bank and die with it!" I said between clenched teeth. "Ferd, there's a short circuit somewhere. Listen to that steady knocking!"

The engine was not behaving well. It was not hitting right and it was telling on our speed. As we topped a long rise Ferd saw the lights of the other car appear over the crest of the last hill. Down in the valley ahead lay a village, sound asleep. We raced through it like mad. A man in his shirt-sleeves rushed out of a house and yelled something to us about stopping—that we were under arrest. We almost went over him.

The race would be over soon—that was clear. The car was making time, but not better time than the other machine. I do not know how I got the idea! We went limping and banging along until we had reached the edge of the town, and just beyond, beside the road, was a barn, with the doors open. I turned the car in there, shut off the engine and put out the lamps. Ferd caught the idea at once and leaped out and closed the doors.

"Good girl!" he said. "Unless the farmer heard us and comes out to investigate, this is pretty snug, ladylove. They'll pass us without even hesitating."

They did not, though. It gives me goose-flesh merely to remember the next half-hour. We waited inside the door for the car to pass. We could hear it coming. But just at the barn it stopped and we could hear them arguing. It seems the road forked there and they were not certain which way we had gone. My knees were shaking with terror and Ferd was breathing hard.

When I look back I think I should have noticed how queer Ferd was during the whole thing; and, when you think of it, why did he steal the boat at the beginning and not just borrow it? But I was absolutely unsuspicious; and as for noticing, there was no time.

I lost my courage, I'll admit, when they stopped; and I ran to the back of the barn. There was a horse there and I squeezed in beside the thing; it was company anyhow and not running about the country trying to arrest people who were merely attempting to get home. It seemed uneasy and I tried to pat its head to soothe it—and it had horns! I almost fainted. Somehow or other I climbed out, and Ferd was coming toward me.

"Sh!" he whispered. "They've roused the farmer, and—holy smoke!—they're coming in!"

Somebody had opened one of the doors about six inches. That made a path of moonlight across the board floor.

"I dunno why they closed the barn doors tonight," said the farmer from the opening—"mostly we leave 'em open. Now, gentlemen, if you want water for your automobile there's a pail inside the door here, and the pump's round the corner in the pig yard."

Ferd clutched my arm. The moonlight path was slowly widening as the door swung open. "Quick!" he said; and the next minute I was climbing a ladder to the haymow, with Ferd at my heels.

One thing saved us—and one only: The farmer did not come inside to see the car; and whoever did come clearly thought it belonged to the place and never even glanced at it. As for us we lay face down in that awful haymow with openings in the hay big enough to fall through, and watched and listened. I shall never be the same person again after that experience.

Whenever I get cocky, as Day would say, and reflect on my own virtues, and how few things I do that any one could find fault with, and not playing bridge for more than two and a half cents a point, and stopping a flirtation before it reaches any sort of gossipy stage—I think of Ferd and myself in that awful haymow, with a man below searching round that miserable machine for a pail, and Ferd oozing a slow drip-drip on the floor below that was enough to give us away—like the blood dropping from the ceiling in that play the other season.

There was one awful moment before it was all over—when the farmer had gone back to bed and the man returned the pail. The others were all in their machine, yelling to be off.

"They've had time to be gone twenty miles," one of them snarled. "The next time we see them, shoot at their tires. It's the only way."

The man with the pail stood in the doorway and glanced in.

"Pipe the car!" he said. "The farmers are the only folks with real money these days."

He came in with the pail and one of the drops from Ferd's clothes hit him directly on top of the head! I heard it spat! He stopped as if he had been shot and looked up. I closed my eyes and waited for the end; but—nothing happened. He put away the pail and hurried out, and the machine went on.

It was Ferd who spoke first. He raised himself on an elbow and listened. Then he drew a long breath, as if he had not breathed for an hour.

"Well," he said, "I may not be a thief and a robber, as well as an abductor of young married women, but I feel like one." He looked about the haymow, and at me, crumpled in my corner. "Really, you know," he said, "this sort of thing isn't done, Fanny."

"If it only doesn't get into the papers!" I wailed. "And if only Day doesn't hear of it! Ferd, I must look a mess."

He glanced at me. The moonlight was coming through a window.

"You do look rather frowzy," he said.

I think, if there is a psychological moment for such things, that was the moment. My affair, mild as it was, was dead from that instant. Day would never have said such a thing! Day never takes his irritation out on me; the worse I look the more certain Day is to reassure me. For instance, Day never says that—to him—I am as pretty as the day he first met me. He says that I am prettier than I ever was—and that every one thinks so! Day has a positive talent for being married.

Well, we sat in the haymow and quarreled. We thought it best to let them go on, give up the search and go back to the island for their women companions, before venturing out. So we sat and fought.

"It was stupid," I said, "to have stolen the boat—and not borrowed it."

"I'd have had to explain you," said Ferd.

"You need not have mentioned me. What is a lie for, if not for such an emergency? Couldn't you have found that boatman? That would have explained everything."

"I couldn't find the boatman."

"Did you try?"

He turned sulky.

"I did my best," he said. "I risked my life—I'll probably have a sick spell as it is. I've got a chill. How did I know the infernal boat had champagne in it?"

I sat and thought. A lot of things came to me that I had not thought of before—such as Ferd having got up the party and put me in my present position, and having been a stupid in more ways than one. And what if Day had got home unexpectedly? I said this to Ferd.

"Why didn't you think of that sooner?" he demanded brutally.

"What time is it?" I asked as sweetly as I could.

He held his watch up in the moonlight, but of course it was full of water and not running. His matches and cigarettes were wet, too, and he grew more beastly every minute.

"Ferd," I said finally, "I'm afraid lately you've been thinking that I—that I cared for you. It was my fault—I let you think so. I don't, really. I only care for one man and I think you ought to know it. I've been a shameless flirt—that's all."

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My name, address, occupation and date of birth are written below:

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You can search the whole world over and not find another gift that will bring so much pleasure to every member of the family.

Any Victor dealer in any city in the world will gladly play any music you wish to hear and demonstrate to you the wonderful Victor-Victrola.

Victors $10 to $100. Victrolas $15 to $200.

Victor Talking Machine Co., Camden, N. J., U. S. A.

Berliner Gramophone Co., Montreal, Canadian Distributors.

New Victor Records demonstrated at all dealers on the 28th of each month

30 Days' Free Kitchen Trial

Five Years' Guarantee Cast in the Ware

Make Some Woman Happy

Let us ship a piece of the sturdiest Aluminum Ware that can be made on our Kitchen Trial Plan. Give the ware the severest test in actual [illegible] combined tea kettle and cereal cooker—a wonderful Christmas gift for any woman. We ship straight from the factory by parcel post.

Kalumen Ware from Kalamazoo

We agree to replace any piece of Kalumen Ware that cracks or warps for five years from date of purchase. We back this guarantee with a bank bond. Write for interesting catalog showing many beautiful pieces. Don't miss this. A card will do.

KALUMEN WARE

THE GOODALE COMPANY
514 N. Church St. Kalamazoo, Mich.

Do This Once

Then You May Throw Your Rubbers Away

One *thorough* application of Dri-Foot will waterproof your shoes for the season.

DRI-FOOT

Waterproofing for Shoes

25c
Full size can 35c in Canada

keeps the leather soft under all conditions; makes it wear longer. Shoes are not greasy nor sticky; polish as well as ever. Good for black or tan.

Dri-Foot your shoes and forget rubbers—they're a nuisance and usually forgotten when wanted most.

Get a can of Dri-Foot from your shoe dealer and prove what we say. If he hasn't it, send us his name and 25c for a full size can—enough to keep your shoes waterproof for a whole season.

FITZ CHEMICAL CO., 598 Broad St., Phillipsburg, N. J.

Instead of being downcast, he rather brightened up at that remark.

"You'll break my heart if you say that," he said, trying not to be too cheerful.

"There's only one man for me!" I said firmly. "It's not fashionable, but it's very comforting. It's—Day."

"I'll never be the same man again, Fanny," he replied. "Am I not to call you up, or send you flowers, or look forward to seeing you at the Country Club on Sunday afternoons? Is life to lose all its joy?"

"Oh, we'll have to meet, of course," I said largely; "but—the other is off for good, Ferd! I find I can't stand too much of you. You're too heady."

Well, he was almost blithe over it, and sat talking about Ida—and what a trump she was about the time he lost so much on copper—and the way she came home from Nice when he had typhoid. It was stupid; but if you can understand me it seemed to put a cachet of respectability on our position. The more we talked about Day and Ida, the more we felt that the tongue of scandal could never touch us. We made a pact of platonic friendship, too, and shook hands on it; and it shows how dead the old affair was when Ferd never even kissed my hand.

About an hour afterward the other car went back toward the island and we got up stiffly and crawled down the ladder. Ferd had had a nap—and he slept with his mouth open!

We slipped out of the barn in the moonlight and reconnoitered. There was no one in sight and the house across the road was dark. Ferd took off the license plates and put them under one of the seat cushions and I looked for the short circuit. I found it at last, and Ferd fixed it with his penknife. Then he threw the doors open and we backed into the road. The last thing I remember is that as we started off a window was raised in the farmhouse and somebody yelled after us to stop.

"Damnation!" said Ferd between his teeth. "He'll telephone ahead and they'll cut us off!"

"We needn't stick to the main road. We can go back through the country."

We found a lane leading off half a mile farther along and I turned into it. It was rough, but its very condition argued for safety. As Ferd said, no one in his sane mind would choose such a road. The secret of the lane came out a mile or so farther on, however, when it came to an end in a barnyard. It was a blow—really! We did not dare to go back and we could not possibly go ahead.

"I can go up to the house and ask about the road," Ferd said. "The old stage road ought to be round here somewhere. If we can't find it there's nothing to do but to walk, Fan."

"I can't walk," I said, "and I won't walk. I'm in my stocking feet. It's all over! Let's just go back and get arrested and have it over. I can't stand much more."

"It's only twelve miles or so to town."

"I'll not walk an inch."

Ferd crawled out of the car and through a pig yard. I heard the pigs squealing. And then for five awful minutes I heard nothing except his distant knock and muffled voices. Then there was a silence, and out of it came Ferd headlong. He fell over the fence and landed in the mud beside the car.

"Quick!" he panted. "Turn round and get back to the main road. They've got him on the telephone, and in another minute——"

Did you ever try to turn an automobile in a panic and a small barnyard, with broken mowing machines and old wagons everywhere? I just could not do it. I got part way round, with Ferd begging me for Heaven's sake to get some speed on, when we heard people coming from the house on a run, and a woman yelling from a window that she could see us—and to shoot quick!

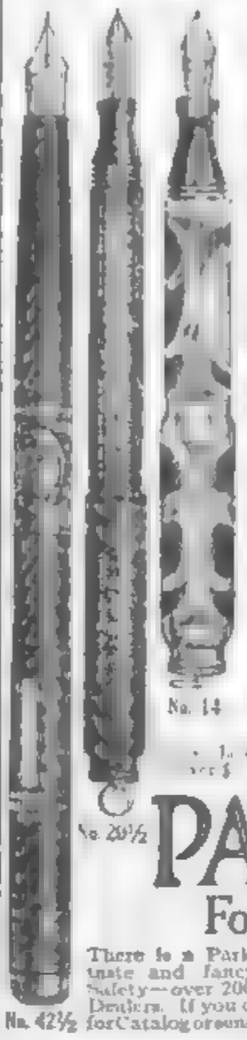
There was a field next the barnyard—a pasture, I suppose—and the bars were down that led into it. I just headed the car for it and shut my eyes. Then we were shooting forward in a series of awful bumps, with Ferd holding on with both hands, and the noise behind was dying away.

I do not recall the details of that part of the trip. Ferd says we went through two creeks and a small woods, and entirely through and over a barbed-wire fence—which was probably where we got our punctures. However that may be, in five minutes or so we drew up just inside a fence on the other side of which was a road. And we had two flat tires!

(Continued on Page 49)

For Christmas

What better gift than a handsome Parker Pen?



Everybody who writes will appreciate the handy [illegible] or the new [illegible] Pen as a Christmas gift. It would be difficult to select a more appropriate and more enduring gift.

Jack Knife Safety

Can be carried anywhere in any position—in any pocket. [illegible] it safe. Can't lose or mar it!

New Self-Filler

Nothing like it in the world. Looks just like a standard [illegible] barrel—no obstruction. Anyone will be delighted with this pen.

Pens Illustrated

No. 43½—Standard or Self-Filling [illegible] Sterling [illegible]

No. 14 [illegible] Safety [illegible] Sterling [illegible]

No. 29½ LUCKY CURVE

PARKER Fountain Pen

There is a Parker Fountain Pen for every taste and fancy—Standard—Self-Filling—Safety—over 200 styles—for sale by 15,000 Dealers. If you cannot locate a Dealer, write for Catalog or send price and we will supply you.

No. 42½

Parker Pen Company, 90 Mill St., Janesville, Wis.

You are cordially invited to visit our New York Retail Store in the big Woolworth Building.

"FAIR COMRADES"

is the title of our newest and greatest picture, and it has been wonderfully reproduced in colors. In a large Poster, 22 x 28, worthy of a frame.

PRICE 35c. Each.

Also a 1914 Calendar, 9x14, PRICE 25c. Each.

Will mail one to any address in the United States, upon receipt of coin or stamps.

TOLMAN PRINT, Brockton, Mass.

At least 15 of every 100 wooden lead-pencils you use go to waste. Sharpening machines make it 25 wasted.

We will prove we can save you that 25 per cent. Write us.

Blaisdell Paper Pencil Co., Philadelphia

Pencils specially imprinted for advertising purposes.

Blaisdell Paper Pencils

AGENTS WANTED

Cash paid weekly to home and traveling salesmen. Easy money-makers, permanent, regular income. Exclusive right to sell famous Stark Delicious and [illegible] Big free outfit—wonderful [illegible] closes sales at sight. Free trees pay expenses. Salesmen's orders biggest since our beginning, 1816. Write quick for contract and location.

STARK BROS. N. AND O. CO., R. R. 34, Louisiana, Mo.

WE Pay You 6% Interest on $100 certificates of Deposit and 5% on smaller sums. The [illegible] your deposit is assured by [illegible] First Mortgages held by Trustees [illegible] $250,000 Capital, Surplus and individual liability [illegible] as security. 21 years in business. Under [illegible] supervision. [illegible]

Georgia State Savings Ass'n, 175 York Street, Savannah, Ga.

The Criterion of Fashion

FORMERLY "TOILETTES"

For sale on all newsstands and by the merchants who sell

LADIES' HOME JOURNAL PATTERNS

The Christmas Criterion approaches from every angle the question of how the American woman may dress better and more economically than ever before, and gives valuable suggestions for Christmas gifts.

It seeks to inform her on every subject that touches fashion—all the foibles and fancies, all the genuinely established styles, all the practical suggestions that will make her holiday shopping easier, more pleasant and more sensible. There are pages of the new fashions themselves, in handsome color, to make present-day style as clear as it is interesting. In a word, The Criterion is the comprehensive magazine of dress today—for 5 cents.

Individuality in Clothes

Ella Wheeler Wilcox talks on clothes. Here's an interview worth reading. "A woman should study her own style," says the brilliant poet, "hunt out her best points and hide her poor ones." She takes The Criterion readers through her own wardrobe, explaining the definite scheme of design that lies behind each gown, including the one she wore when she was presented to the King and Queen of England.

Cloths Instead of Fur

This year, when a touch of fur is required on almost everything, including even the negligee, the manufacturers have come forward with cloths that are splendid rivals for Persian lamb, caracul, chinchilla, moleskin, and pony skin, as well as gray and black astrakhan and sealskin. They run from $5 to $12 a yard, but they are very wide and if judiciously used, can be used to wonderful effect without great outlay. It's all in knowing how, and The Criterion this month tells you how.

Yield to the Lure of the Remnant!

This year you need not put the temptation of the remnant counter behind you. The present styles dictate a combination of many materials in a single gown. You can use a little of this, and a little of that, and you are extremely fashionable. But you must know how to use the short length intelligently and economically. The Criterion this month contains a special article on this subject that will be very helpful to you.

50¢ per year 5¢ per copy

Twelve Christmas Gifts in One—The Criterion for 1914

The Criterion has a way of solving problems for you. The one that is bothering you just now is what to give most of your friends for Christmas. Send each one a year's subscription for The Criterion. It is the Christmas gift that is new all through the year—it comes as a fresh remembrance every month. It contains the news of fashion from everywhere, the most interesting possible comment on fashion, colored plates and photographs and drawings, and a host of helpful suggestions on everything that has to do with dress. You can send all this to any friend for a year for 50 cents. See the coupon opposite.

The Criterion Gift Coupon

Send The Criterion of Fashion and a Christmas Gift

( ) ( ) ( )

cents for each subscription for the year 1914.

My name ____

Address ____

My friend's name ____

Address ____

My friend's name ____

Address ____

My friend's name ____

Address ____

The Criterion of Fashion, 629 a, West 43rd Street, New York

COMMUNITY SILVER

"Stunning, isn't it, Tom? I had such a time with the salesman. He had solid silver on the brain—talked it like a parrot. I told him he was a Social Silurian."

"Social what?"

"Oh! Silurian Age—geology, you know—fossils and things."

"I see—"

"Yes, I explained to him that a Social Silurian was a person so petrified in past conventions as to really believe there was something sacred in the word 'solid'."

"Did he wither up?"

"Yes, indeed! He gave me the Community Silver I wanted—never even peeped 'solid' again."

"Community costs less. I suppose the poor man felt he ought to work for the bigger sale."

"Well, he didn't work me!"

YOU have only to see Community Silver to feel the joy of desire. A longing to have it for your own springs up within you. This beautiful ware is built by overlaying pure silver upon a "backbone" of stiffer metal. This silver is then so especially thickened at the wearing points, and toughened to resist wear, that in a long lifetime you will never see or touch anything but pure silver. At your service for 50 years.

SIX TEASPOONS, $2.15 (engraving extra). IN CANADA, $2.75.

(Continued from Page 46

Ferd tried to take the fence down, but he could not; so I did the only thing I could think of—I butted it down with the car. The glass in the lamps was smashed, but we were too far gone by that time to care. I had just one thought—if the gas only held out!

Ferd was quite sure he knew the way to town, but it turned out he did not. For hours and hours we bumped along on two tires and two rims, until my shoulders felt torn from their sockets. The worst of it was the noise we made. Every now and then we passed a farmhouse where the lights were going and everybody had been roused for the automobile thieves; and, instead of slipping past, we bumped by like a circus parade with a calliope.

The moon was gone by that time; and, our lamps being broken, more than once we left the road entirely and rolled merrily along in a field until we brought up against something. And, of course, we met a car! We heard it coming, but there was nothing to do but bump along. It was a limousine, and it hailed us and drew up so we could not pass.

"In trouble?" a man called.

"Nothing serious," Ferd said peevishly.

"Glad to give you a hand. You're cutting your tires to bits."

"No; thanks."

"I can take you back to town if you like."

It was Bill Henderson, Jane's husband, on his way from the club to his mother's in the country! I could not even breathe. Ferd knew it too—that minute.

"We are getting along all right," he snapped, trying to disguise his voice. "If you'll get your car out of the way ——"

"Oh, all right, Ferd, old chap!" said Bill, and signaled his man to go on.

We sat as if petrified. Bill was Ida's cousin! The way of the transgressor is hard; though why one should have to lose a reputation built up by years of careful living—just for one silly indiscretion—is what gets me! I put a hand on Ferd's arm.

"I'm gone!" I wailed. "It will be all over town tomorrow. Bill's the worst old gossip. Oh, Ferd!"

"He didn't see you," Ferd snapped. "For goodness' sake, Fan, shut up! This is my mess. There isn't any limit to the things he can say about me."

We bumped on a little farther. I was crying, I'll admit; my head ached and my spine was jarred numb.

"You'll have to do one thing," he said at last. "You'll have to tell Ida it was you. Heaven knows what she'll think."

"I'll die first!" I snapped.

Well, we got into town finally and it was three-thirty by the first clock we saw. Ferd got out and looked at the car, and then climbed in again.

"Better get along a few blocks and then leave it," he said. "It looks something fierce, and so do we."

And at that instant, before I could even start the engine, we were arrested for stealing the miserable thing!

"There is some mistake," Ferd said loftily, but looking green in the electric light. "This is Mrs. Day Illington and this is her own machine."

"Are you Mr. Illington?"

"Yes!" said Ferd.

The man looked very strange, as well he might, considering—well, considering the facts that came out later.

"I'll have to trouble you to come with me," he said, politely enough. "It will be only a short delay and we'll get this straightened out. But a car answering this description was stolen out the road a few miles and headed toward town, and there's a reward offered."

He stood on the step and I drove to the station house. I had it fixed in my own mind to go home and write a letter to Day confessing all, and then pack a few things and hide my wretched self for the rest of my life. I even planned what to take—my jewelry and my checkbook, and only a dinner dress or two; and I wrote the letter to Day—in my mind—and one to Ida, telling her it was only a lark, but it had gone wrong without any fault of mine. Then we drew up at the station.

Ferd got out and went in, and the officer turned on the pavement to help me out. But it was my chance—and I took it; I just threw on the gas full and shot ahead down the street. He yelled after me and then began shooting. One bullet must have struck the good rear tire, for it collapsed and almost turned the car round. But I was desperate. I never looked back. I just drove for all I was worth down the street to its end, and after that down other streets, and still others. All the time I was saying I would rather die, and going round corners on two wheels—or one wheel and a rim.

Finally I got into a part of town I knew and pulled up half a block from my own house. I recall that and leaving the engine still going, and the hideous nightmare of a machine standing by the curb, with its tires lying out on the road in ribbons and its lamps smashed; and I remember going up the steps and finding the hall door unlocked. Then I recall nothing more for a while. I fainted.

It was Martha, one of the housemaids, who found me, I believe, as she was going out to early mass. They got me upstairs to bed and there was no use trying to run away that night—I could hardly stand. They got me some hot tea and a doctor and a trained nurse, and in the morning before breakfast Day came back. He tiptoed into my room and tried to kiss me, looking awfully frightened; but I would not let him.

"Send the nurse out!" I whispered. So he did; and still I would not let him kiss me. "Not until I've told you something," I said feebly. "You may not care to when you've heard it all."

He looked so big and so dependable and so worried that I could have screamed; but I had to tell him. Bill Henderson might have recognized me; and Ferd, as like as not, would be goose enough to tell Ida the whole story. And, anyhow, there's nothing like perfect honesty between husband and wife.

"Day," I said tremulously, "I'm a felon a thief! I—I stole a lot of champagne last night and an automobile, and broke down fences, and almost ran over a policeman, and was arrested—or Ferd was—Day, don't look like that!" For his face was terrible. He had gone quite white.

"You!" he said.

"Get up and stand by the window, looking out," I implored him. "I can tell you better if I can't see your eyes."

So he did and I told him the whole thing. He never moved, and I kept getting more and more frightened. It sounded worse, somehow, when I told it. When I had finished he did not come to me as I had hoped. He said:

"I'd like a few minutes to get used to it, Fan. I'll go out and walk about a little. It's—it's just a little hard to grasp, all at once."

So he went out, and I lay and cried into my pillow; but when the nurse had brought me some tea and raised the shades, and the sun came in, I felt a little better. He had not been noisy, anyhow; and in time perhaps he would forgive me, though probably he would never really trust me again. I got up in a chair and had my hair tied with a ribbon and my nails done, and put on my new negligee with lace sleeves; and I felt pretty well, considering.

At nine o'clock the policeman on the beat asked to see me. I sent down word that I was indisposed; but he said it was urgent and would only take a moment. The nurse put a blanket over my knees and a pillow behind me, and the officer came in. I was frightened; but after all my only real fear had been Day, and now that he knew, fate could hardly have a fresh blow. But it had, all right!

"Sorry to disturb you, ma'm," said the officer; "but it's about your car."

"Yes?" My lips were trembling.

"It's been found; I found it—and only a block or so away, ma'm; but it's in bad shape—lamps smashed and tires chewed to ribbons. It's a sight, for sure!"

"But that's not my car!" I exclaimed, forgetting caution.

"I guess there's no mistake about it, ma'm. Those fellows that stole it, up the river, must have climbed fences with it."

"How do you know it is my car?" I was absolutely bewildered.

"These are your license plates, aren't they? I found them under the seat."

They were my license plates!

Day came in shortly after and tiptoed into the room. The nurse was out. He came over to me and stooped down.

"It took me a little by surprise, honey," he said; "but that's over now. You've been foolish, but you've had your lesson. Let's kiss and be friends again."

"Just a moment, Day," I said calmly. "Have you had your lesson?"

"Just what do you mean?"

He followed my eyes to the table and the license plates were there. He actually paled.

"Where did you get them?"

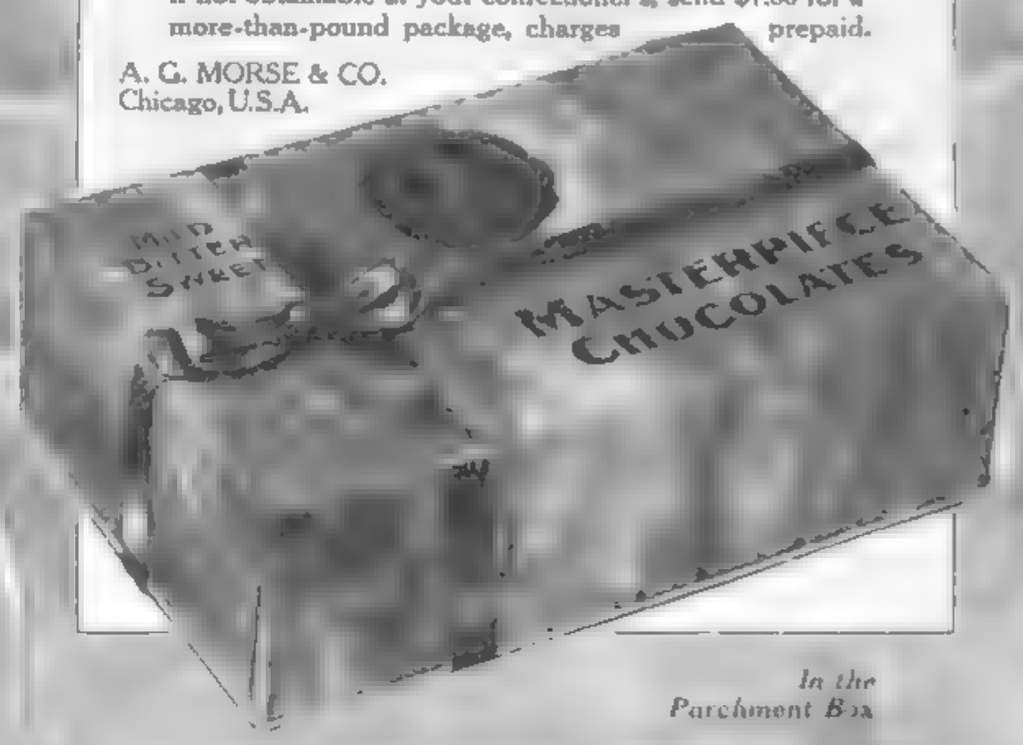
Morse's
Masterpiece Chocolates

Mild Bitter Sweet

Everybody loves Masterpiece Chocolates for their great variety of flavors and fillings, light creamy centers, and their extra heavy blankets of wholesome chocolate. Of course they're Morse's, a name which always means best. A Guarantee Certificate of freshness in each box.

If not obtainable at your confectioner's, send $1.00 for a more-than-pound package, charges prepaid.

A. G. MORSE & CO.
Chicago, U.S.A.



In the Parchment Box

HER own life, her little ones, her property, are *safe*. She *knows* it. She knows the weapon in her hand will destroy the burglar if he attacks her. She can see and feel when this automatic is loaded and cocked, hence she does not fear it, as she fears other firearms. For, "you can't say you didn't know a shell was loaded." Shoots one shot to each trigger pull—fast or slow—just as you want them. Send 6c in stamps for booklet "If you Hear a Burglar," advice by famous detectives and police authorities.

THE 10 Shots Quick SAVAGE AUTOMATIC

Savage Arms Company, 711 Savage Avenue, Utica, New York

The whole success of a dress

depends on the selection of the right pattern. It must be right, not only in style but in method. All

Ladies' Home Journal Patterns

are practical, simple and dressy. They produce the best result with the least work and the least money.

Ladies' Home Journal Patterns, 629 West 43rd St., New York

Get a copy of the newest fashion magazine, The Criterion of Fashion, 5c.

"Under the seat of the car Ferd and I stole last night at Devil's Island—my car, which you said was being overhauled!"

He drew a long breath. Then he got down on his knees and put his head in my lap.

"I've had my lesson—honest, honey!" he said. "Some darned fool suggested a picnic on one of those islands—mixed couples—and I was ass enough to agree. I took Ida Jackson. We didn't have any picnic—the champagne was stolen ——"

"Ferd and I ——" I put in.

"And then my car went ——"

"My car—and I took it."

"And we spent all the evening and part of the night chasing the thing for fear you'd hear of it!" He looked up at me and there were dark circles round his eyes. "I haven't been to bed at all, honey," he said humbly. "It's been a rotten night! I've had enough affinity for the rest of my life. There's nobody like you!"

I would not kiss him just then, but I let him lie down on my couch and hold my hand until he dropped asleep. Somehow the words of Ferd's silly card kept running through my head:

"Another woman now and then
Is relished by the best of men."

My little affair with Ferd had seemed harmless enough and the picnic had been a lark; but Day and Ida had had a picnic and it had been a lark—only the shoe was on the other foot, and it hurt!

And somehow, as I sat there, it seemed to me that the affinity business was only fun because it was dangerous. We were all children, and life was a Fourth of July, enchanting because it was risky.

Day was sleeping—his mouth shut! I leaned over and kissed him as he dozed.

Sitting there, with Day asleep, I went over the events of the night—and I knew that Ferd had had his lesson, too, and that, having been burnt, he would not play with fire again—at least not until the blister had healed; for Ferd had seen the island picnickers and had learned that they were not puddlers. He had seen Ida and Day and, worst of all, he had known that it was Day who was pursuing us.

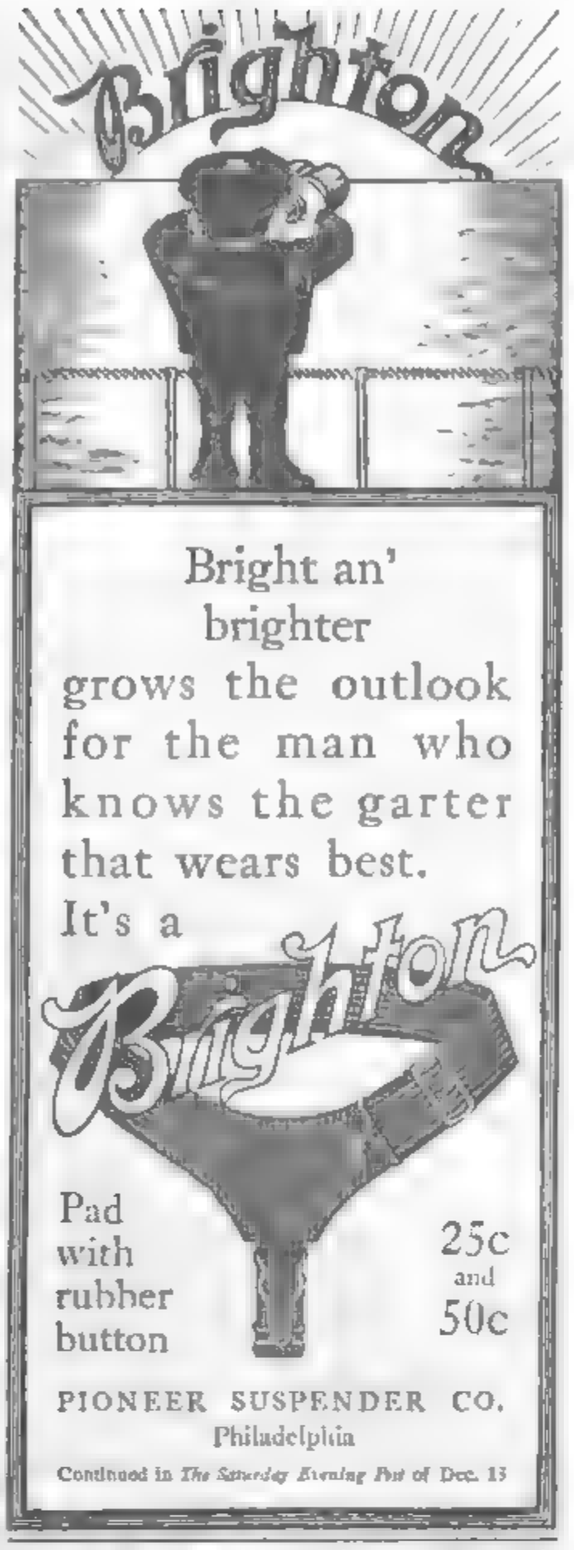
I thought of that hour in the haymow, with Day and the others below, and Ferd dripping; and very quietly, so as not to waken my husband, I went into paroxysms of glee.

Cheap Oxygen

OXYGEN has suddenly become one of the most likely means of improving people's comfort. It is predicted even that it is about to follow the history of petroleum, jumping suddenly from a rarity and curiosity to general use, on sale everywhere by the can. Petroleum came into general use when it was discovered that there were vast supplies of it that could easily be tapped. Of late years it is being found easier and easier to tap the vast supplies of oxygen in the air. Frederick Soddy, the noted authority on radium, is inclined to believe the time is coming when coal will be burned in oxygen instead of in air in order to get more heat at less expense, so that when a man orders twenty tons of coal for the winter supply of his furnaces he will order a number of tanks of oxygen to go with it.

The rapid improvement of machines to take oxygen from the air and water is responsible for the attention that is being given now to this subject by scientists and inventors. The modern methods of getting oxygen are to make liquid air and then turn the liquid air into oxygen and nitrogen, or by using electricity to turn water into oxygen and hydrogen. So much hydrogen is now being used in various industries to harden oils that great quantities of oxygen are being formed as a by-product. At present there is no use for most of this oxygen, so it is wasted. This in itself is serving to turn attention to the utilization of oxygen.

Mr. Soddy has pointed out that even at the present price of oxygen made in the big liquid air plants it is almost economical to burn coal in pure oxygen, for the burning of coal in air means the loss of much heat from the unnecessary heating of the nitrogen, which goes with the oxygen in the air but does not help the burning. Large plants making liquid air can now produce oxygen at a cost of about a third of a cent per cubic yard, and the process will probably be greatly cheapened in the course of time as it is developed by study and experience. Cheap oxygen is likely to find other uses not thought of now, for there are many men busy making experiments along this line.



Bright an' brighter grows the outlook for the man who knows the garter that wears best. It's a

Brighton

Pad with rubber button

25c and 50c

PIONEER SUSPENDER CO.
Philadelphia

Continued in *The Saturday Evening Post* of Dec. 13

A Gift Always Appreciated

ONE that will be a source of daily comfort and lasting satisfaction is offered in—

BISSELL'S

"Cyco" BALL BEARING

Carpet Sweeper

It is elegant in design and finish, light, easy to run, efficient and confines the dust, making it a most pleasing, practicable, appropriate gift for Mother, Wife, Sister or Friend. She would like to have two sweepers—one [illegible]

Bissell Carpet Sweeper Co., Grand Rapids, Mich.

"We Sweep the World"

For His Christmas

Give him a **Rockwell Reminder** for 1914. A daily calendar (twelve monthly pads) on bond paper, and leather cover holding two [illegible]

Size 3 in. by 5 in. Just fits the vest pocket

Genuine Pigskin or Seal $1.00
Fine Black Leather .50
Name on cover in gold (extra) .25

Postpaid on receipt of price—Money back if not satisfied

ROCKWELL PRINTING CO., 1100 Clinton St., Hoboken, N. J.

That's the button

Which you will always find on the genuine Fownes gloves, except our white dress gloves, with pearl buttons, which may be identified by the name Fownes in the wrist.

FOWNES GLOVES

are always sold under their own name. Whether the words on the clasp are FOWNES MAKE, or FOWNES LONDON, or FOWNES OWN MAKE the famous "paring knife" trade-mark and the word Fownes in the wrist are assurance of glove value, the world over.

Try a pair of our heavy two dollar street gloves for Fall wear. If you are not fan For with Fownes quality you will be surprised at the endurance and economy of these gloves and pleased with their fit, comfort and style.

If you have difficulty securing the genuine Fownes, write us, giving the names of the shops visited, and we will see that you are supplied.

FOWNES BROTHERS & CO.
119 West 40th St., New York

"Shorthand" by Machine

The Short Way to Efficiency

We are going to tell you the story of the Machine Way vs. the hand way in shorthand—and the Machine Way, as you know, is taking the place of the hand way *in everything in life.*

Here is a NOISELESS machine, called The STENOTYPE, which qualifies students to write *50 per cent faster* and with *100 per cent more accuracy* than is possible with shorthand.

It doesn't write the usual shorthand. It writes *STENOTYPY*, a perfect system of *plain English spelling*, with the *silent letters* dropped. It uses simple, plain, alphabet type.

It does away with all the confusion of shorthand. It is twice as easy to learn, write *and read.*

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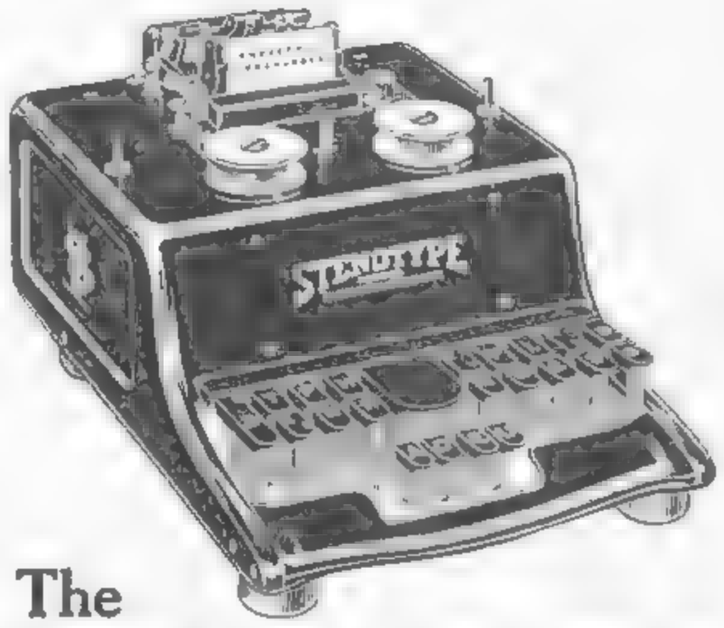

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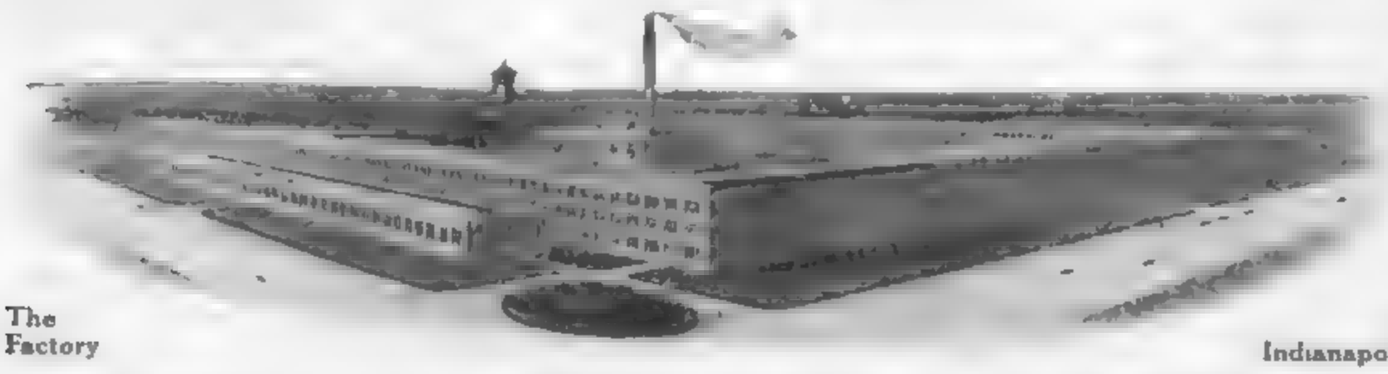

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I do not sell through dealers but do business directly with you.

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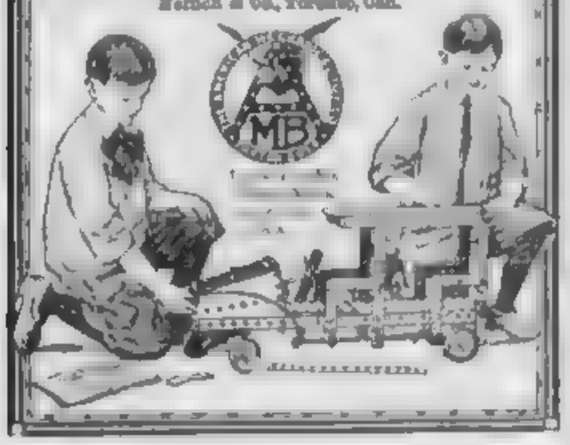

WRITING THE PHOTOPLAY

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THE HOME CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOL
Department 149 Springfield, Mass.

HONESTY IN BASEBALL

(Continued from Page 4)

the game, of conditions of play and of the personality of my players, to do precisely the same thing again under similar circumstances—send Lapp and Plank to bat, even in an exhibition game played for charity!

If the fair-minded critic is still unconvinced let him mull over this: I knew at the time that probably ninety per cent of those present at that game expected me to put in pinch-hitters, or one at least. They knew I sensed their thought, their wish in the matter. All I had to do was to follow expectations and no criticism would then rest on my shoulders. If the utility men had failed the failure would have been theirs, not mine. In other words here was a nice, soft bed for me to fall on—but I declined to fall. Why? As I have tried to tell, because I figured it out, conscientiously as well as scientifically, in the way I did. Lapp was clearly entitled to his turn at bat, and to take Plank out would have been unjustifiable, especially as it was a pitchers' battle.

Don't forget that. Instead of criticism of our brains or of our batting eye, it seems to me that the talk should center on Mathewson's pitching skill. He rose to an emergency such as few pitchers in the baseball games to come will ever be equal to. He pitched in such a way that our boys couldn't hit him either safely or hard. To Mathewson belongs the glory of winning; to none of the Athletics discredit for losing; and to the manager, I know in my heart, no lack of desire to win.

The next thing in order is what happened immediately after that game. When I entered the office at Shibe Park did I find the officials of the club smoking contentedly and thinking of the revenue that would come from the fifth game, now made certain? For the club-owners divide the receipts, except for the National Commission's share, after the first four games. Somebody has another guess coming. Every official, every employee, every man in that room was in a belligerent mood after the tense struggle, and they flew at me the moment I appeared, almost shouting as one man:

"Why didn't you put in a pinch-hitter?"

I told them why, as I have told you, overlooking their critical manner because of the tension under which they had been. But if any outsider could have looked into that room he would have been convinced, beyond all doubt, as to what those men were thinking—not players, not the manager, but the business staff of the club. Thinking of box-office returns? Not for a minute. They were thinking solely of the game—of the game they wanted to win.

Sport Better Than Money

Right here I want to insert something it is well to remember: For the last nine seasons the World's Series has been played under the auspices of the National Commission. The record is interesting, and has a direct bearing on the proposition that sport and not gate receipts have had the ascendancy in these inter-league contests. In 1905 the Giants beat the Athletics four games out of five. In 1906 the Chicago White Sox won four victories while the Chicago Cubs were winning two. In 1907 the Chicago Cubs won four games and tied one game with Detroit. This was the nearest any team has come to winning four straight. The following year the Cubs again beat the Tigers, four games to one. In 1909 for the first time the series went to seven games, Pittsburgh winning the odd game from Detroit and the championship.

The Athletics tried very hard to win four straight in 1910. We beat the Chicago Cubs the first three games. The fourth game was ours up to the last half of the ninth inning, when the Cubs tied the score and won out in the tenth. We won the fifth game rather easily. In 1911 we met the Giants for the second time. They won the first game. We won the next three, and had a safe lead in the fourth game when Coombs, our pitcher, was injured. My "board of strategy" overruled me and I kept Coombs in against my better judgment. The result was the Giants tied the game in the ninth and won out in the tenth. We won the sixth game, 13 to 2. Last year New York and the Boston Americans played eight games, one being a tie. After the Red Sox held the Giants three games to one, apparently they became over-confident and allowed New York to tie the series; but Boston won the eighth game.

For the entire period, nine contests, and not excluding tie games, the average length per series has been under six games. As for the Athletics, we have taken part in one series of six games and in three series of five games. Wherein, therefore, can a charge of hippodroming lie?

Before we pass up the record dear to the ardent fan, there is one other bit of evidence I want to bring forward: From a box-office standpoint the Giants are the topnotchers of either league. Playing at the Polo Grounds in New York they take in far more money in the championship season than any other major league club. This is to the advantage of the remaining seven clubs in the National League, each of which, in its visits to the Polo Grounds, shares in the receipts. There are two reasons why the Giants make big money: First, because the club is located in New York City; and second, because in the last ten years—from 1904 to 1913 inclusive—the Giants have won five pennants in their league.

Now in 1903 the American League transferred its Baltimore franchise to New York. From that day to this everything has been done by the owners of the New York Americans to make a championship team. It would be not only to their own advantage, but to the advantage of every other club in the American League, to have a winner in New York. Keeping this in mind, glance at the record. In 1903 Boston won the American League championship. The following year the championship was in doubt up to the very end of the race. The contenders were New York and Boston.

Guilty Players of Long Ago

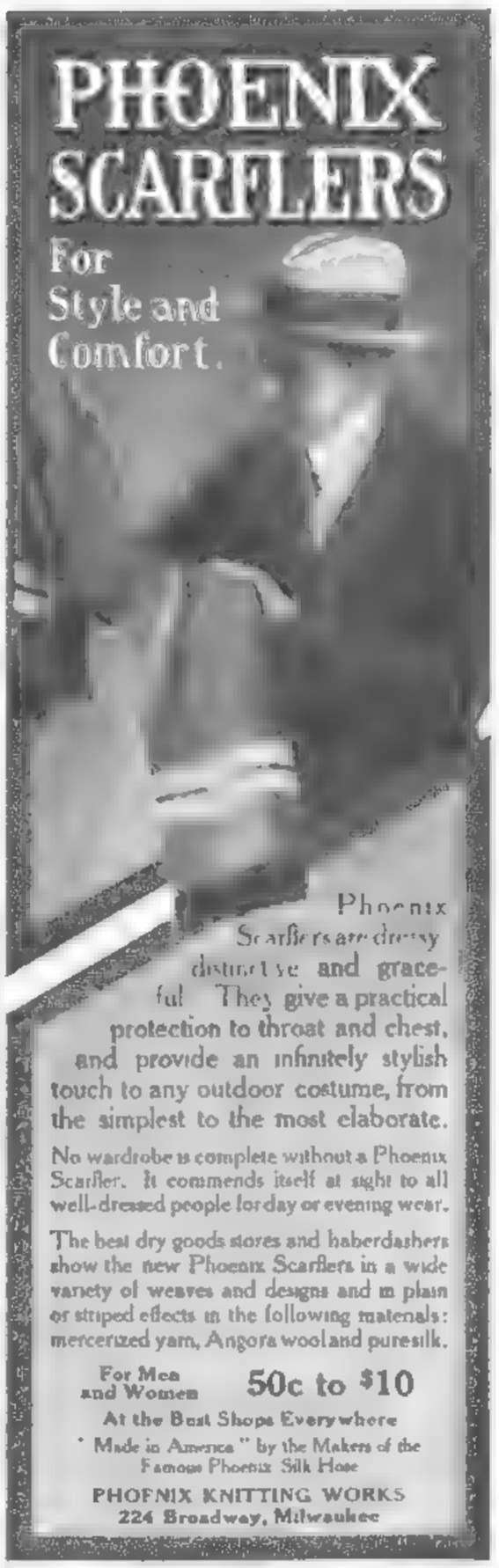
The Boston Red Sox, remember, had won the championship the previous year. The club easily had the call over the Boston Nationals, which were hopelessly in the second division. The Boston Americans, from the standpoint of popularity, did not need that championship in 1904. New York did need it—needed it badly. And, as between the two teams, it was far and away to the advantage of the other six clubs in the American League to have New York win. Well, what happened? On the very last day of the season Chesbro, in the box for New York, let go a wild pitch—and Boston won the championship. A frame-up?

Getting down to cases, what foundation is there for any charge of cheating in baseball? You have to go back thirty-five years for your proof. If any other business, any other human activity, can show such a record I am unacquainted with it. Organized baseball really began with the formation of the National League of Professional Baseball Clubs in 1876. Its second president was William A. Hulbert, of Chicago, called the savior of the nation's pastime. At the inception of the league the national game was threatened with extinction because of gambling and incidental crookedness.

The most sensational event in baseball history was the expulsion from the National League of four players of the Louisville club. Two of them confessed to the charge of "throwing" games for the benefit of the gambling fraternity, implicating the other two. The four players were expelled and were never reinstated. Mr. Albert G. Spalding, one of the founders of the game and a former president of the National League, has told of a scene which he witnessed in the office of President Hulbert. One culprit, who was the "Walter Johnson" of his day and had been a friend of Mr. Hulbert's, knowing the league president's kind heart, felt that, if he could see him face to face, friendship and the memory of earlier days would cause Mr. Hulbert to relent and to reinstate him. Mr. Spalding was a witness to this interview. He says that the guilty player looked as if he might have walked from Louisville to Chicago. He came before President Hulbert, the picture of abject humiliation, dropped to his knees, and with tears in his eyes made his plea.

The man made his entreaty, not on his own account—for he acknowledged that he was unworthy of consideration—but for the sake of his wife and child. President Hulbert was visibly moved by what he said. Mr. Spalding saw him put his hand in his pocket, take out money and thrust it into the hand of the blacklisted player. Then the president of the National League said:

"That's what I think of you personally. But you are dishonest; you sold a game



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and I can't trust you. Now go; and let me never see your face again; for your act will not be condoned so long as I live."

That act has never been condoned from that day to this. The following year Indianapolis dismissed a pitcher. And there ends the unsavory record of baseball.

To this day we must fight against gambling. One of the reasons why I am so close-mouthed before an important series is because I don't want to say anything that might be construed as a tip for the gambling fraternity. I sincerely wish that we could do away with every bit of gambling in connection with baseball—it is always a menace. But to illustrate how careful you've got to be if you're a manager:

Before the series with the Giants in 1911 I was introduced to a wealthy man, a baseball fan of another city. In the course of the conversation I happened to tell him that our pitchers, Bender, Plank and Coombs, were in fine condition. He construed this as a tip, bet heavily on the Athletics and won a lot of money. Afterward he told me about it—thanked me for my tip! I tried to tell him that I hadn't given him any tip, but he thought I was only joking.

This fall I visited his city with our team in the regular championship season. The wealthy fan was present at one of the games. He sat in a box near our bench and sent for me before the game began. After a little chat about things in general he amazed and dumfounded me by saying in a tone that could be heard all round us:

"Mr. Mack, you passed me out a good tip before the series in 1911—what about the coming series?"

I gave him a look that I guess he'll remember, and replied: "All I've got to say is that the series will be hard fought." At that I turned on my heel and went back to the bench.

This brings me, according to my style of thought, to the last game of the World's Series—that played in New York on Saturday. There were many reasons why I wanted this game, wanted it badly. One of these, and not the least important reason, was that I knew that the gamblers expected us to lose it—and were betting on what they thought was a certainty. You see, before the series opened we sold tickets for three games in Philadelphia, with the understanding that if the third game was not played money would be refunded. We played in Philadelphia Wednesday and Friday, therefore the series would have to be prolonged until Monday in order to get in the third Philadelphia game.

A Fortune at Stake

Everybody knew approximately how much money was at stake. With the exception of the bleachers, every seat in Shibe Park had been sold for Monday's game and the money was actually in the treasury of our club. The amount—to give the exact figures—was forty-five thousand, six hundred and thirty-nine dollars. We have four thousand bleacher seats, and as these brought a dollar apiece for the two games played, with hundreds disappointed, we were certain to add four thousand dollars to the amount I have named. In other words, if we lost in New York on Saturday about fifty thousand dollars would be divided between the Philadelphia and the New York clubs. Looking at it from a commercial angle—from a dishonest standpoint—there was every inducement for our club—not the players—to lose Saturday's game. Looking at it from the standpoint of sport, as well as of money, there was every inducement for New York to win that game.

We won the game, 3 to 1. We paid back in cash to holders of tickets forty-five thousand, six hundred and thirty-nine dollars. Compare this with any business whose affairs you know intimately and then tell me if you find any better evidence of downright honesty.

To this, which seems to me a knockout for those who bear false witness, let me give further proof that money is a secondary consideration, that baseball is the thing. Shibe Park affords seating accommodations for twenty thousand five hundred spectators. At least ten thousand more could be accommodated in temporary seats on the playing field—crowds of thirty thousand are not infrequent during the regular playing schedule. But the National Commission, with our hearty approval, ruled that only twenty thousand five hundred seats could be sold in Philadelphia—that a probable twenty thousand dollars per game in extra gate money should not filter into the pool of the players and into the coffers of the owners. Why? Simply because the presence of spectators on the field, necessitating ground rules, had thrown out of series of the past an element of luck and uncertainty, due to hits into the crowd which might have been caught if the fielders had had an unrestricted area. A possible twenty thousand dollars a game was sacrificed in order that the contest might be a better test of the mettle of the two teams without any uncertainties and luck other than that supplied by the game itself—the most uncertain of all sports. We lost the championship of our league one year because of a decision over a hit into the crowd. We were determined that no World's Series championship should be won or lost through such a hazardous event.

People have come to me since the last series—those who sat where they could see the Athletics' bench. After a smacking hit or a run across the plate the player who had "delivered the goods" came back to the bench, and he was seized upon, hugged and pounded on the back. Whenever our scoring machine was working right, hilarity ruled on the home bench. Folks who saw that said to me that if there was any doubt about the Athletics wanting to win—win in the shortest possible time—it was entirely dispelled by that moving picture of unrestrained delight, of appreciation for the other fellow's good work.

An Unfounded Rumor

It is my candid opinion that the players, managers and club-owners participating in the last series, and also the National Commission, have shown that they have done and are doing everything possible for them to do to place baseball on the highest footing. It is now up to the fans, and particularly to the newspapers, to remove all possible suspicion of cheating and unfairness, to create the general impression that our national game is above reproach. The first thing in this reform, in my judgment, is for the newspapers to drop the idea that the games are being played wholly for the benefit of the magnates. There isn't the big money in baseball that some believe. Considering the risk of the venture the returns are not large. It is a fact that our club, although World's Champions and contenders for the American League pennant, earned only two per cent on the club's investment in the season of 1912.

A few days before the World's Series I received a letter from the sporting editor of one of the largest newspapers in the country. This letter was not confidential and I still have it in my possession. The writer stated that there was a rumor, apparently well founded, bearing upon the betting odds in New York; that there was a reason why the gamblers were wagering large sums on the Giants to win. The rumor—and everything pointed to its being a fact, he said—was that the gamblers had "got to" Bender—the only pitcher they considered had a chance to beat the Giants!

I paid absolutely no attention to this letter, knowing that there was not money enough in New York to buy the pitcher whom I had already planned to use in three games, if necessary—to win three games.

My last word is to the fair-minded, honest man who loves baseball for its own sake, yet who is misguided enough sometimes to question the integrity of our national pastime. Think, my friend, of this: Day after day we are compelled to release ball-players, season after season old players are dropping out to make way for young blood. Naturally, for it is human nature, the player released or dropped can't help but feel a little soreness toward those who have dispensed with his services. Umpires who on the field absolutely control the game are cast adrift when their work falls below a certain high standard. They, too, may cherish some slight animosity against the league head who has deprived them of a good living. What a large, what a growing list of men, freed from club and league discipline, to whom the detractors of baseball could go for proof as to the unfairness or dishonesty of the game!

"What about this game of baseball," asks the man-who-suspects of the player or the umpire who is through with the game forever. "You've taken part in your last game, you've nothing to lose, come out and tell us how it's framed up."

Doubtless the question has been asked. But the answer has never been given to the public. Why? Because there's nothing to tell—baseball is strictly on the level.

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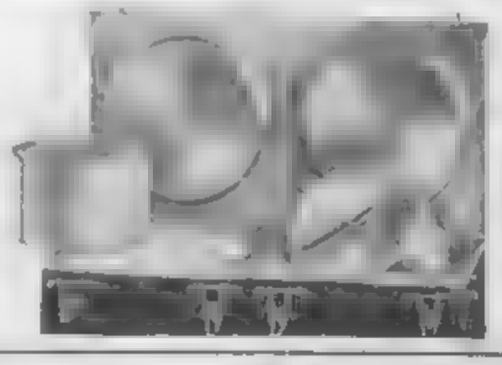

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AN AMIABLE CHARLATAN

(Continued from Page 21)

"Look here!" I said. "Let us understand one another. It's all very well to live by your wits; to make a little out of people not quite so smart as you are; to worry through life owing a little here and there, borrowing a bit where you can and taking good care to be on the right side when there's a bargain going. That, I take it, is more or less what is meant by being an adventurer. But when it comes to downright thieving I protest! The penalties are too severe. I beg you, Mr. Parker, to have nothing more to do with it!"

I went on, speaking as earnestly as I could and laying my hand upon his shoulder.

"I ask you now what I asked you yesterday: Give me your daughter! Or if I can't win her all at once let me at any rate have the opportunity of meeting her and trying to persuade her to be my wife. I promise you you shan't have to do any of these things for a living—either of you. Be sensible, Miss Parker—Eve!" I begged, turning to her; "and please be a little kind. I am in earnest about this. Come on my side and help me persuade your father. I am not wealthy, perhaps, as you people count money, but I am not a poor man. I'll buy you some pearls."

Eve threw down the book she had been reading and leaned over the side of her chair, looking at me. She seemed no longer angry. There was, indeed, a touch of that softness in her face which I had noticed once before and which had encouraged me to hope. Her forehead was a little puckered, her dear eyes a little wistful. She looked at me very earnestly; but when I would have moved toward her she held out her hand to keep me back.

"You know," she said, "I think you are quite nice, Mr. Walmsley. I rather like this outspoken sort of love making. It's quite out of date, of course; but it reminds me of Mrs. Henry Wood and crinolines and woolwork, and all that sort of thing. Anyhow I like it and—I rather like you too. But, you see, it's how long?—a matter of thirty-six hours since I met you first! Now I couldn't make up my mind to settle down for life with a man I'd only known thirty-six hours, even if he is rash enough to offer to pension my father and remove me from a life of crime."

"The circumstances," I persisted, "are exceptional. You may laugh at it as much as you like; but there are very excellent reasons why you should be taken away from this sort of life."

She shrugged her shoulders a little dubiously.

"There again!" she protested. "I am not so sure that I want to be taken away from it. I like adventures—I adore excitement; in fact I must have it."

"You shall," I promised. "I'll take you to Paris and Monte Carlo. We'll go up to Khartum and take a caravan beyond. You shall go big-game shooting with me in Africa. I'll take you where very few women have been before. I'll take you where you can gamble with life and death instead of this sordid business of freedom or prison. We'll start for Abyssinia in three weeks if you like. I'll find you excitement—the right sort. I'll take you into the big places, where one feels—and the empty places, where one suffers."

Her eyes flashed sympathetically for a moment.

"It sounds good," she admitted, "and yet—am I ungrateful, I wonder?—there's no excitement for me except where men and women are. I'm afraid I'm a daughter of Babylon."

"Doomed from her infancy to a life of crime, I fear," Mr. Parker declared, pinching a cigar he had just taken out of a box. "She loves the rapier play—the struggle with men and women. Takes risks every moment of the time and thrives on it. All the same, Mr. Walmsley, there's something very attractive about the way you are talking. I am not going to let my little girl decide too hastily. Our sort of life's all very well when we are number one and Mr. Cullen's number two. We can't have the number the time though."

"I haven't dared to mention it in plain words," I answered, "because the thought, the mere thought, of what might happen to Miss Eve is too horrible! But the risk is there all the time. One doesn't clear the largest notes or steal pearl necklaces for nothing, and you have an enemy in Cullen if ever anyone had. He means to get you both, and if you give him the least chance he'll have no mercy."

I looked at them anxiously. The whole thing seemed to me so momentous. Neither of them showed the slightest signs of fear or apprehension. Mr. Parker, with his newly lit cigar in the corner of his mouth, was smiling a smile of pleasant contentment. Eve, leaning back in her chair, with her hands clasped round the back of her head, was gazing at me with a bewitching little smile on her lips.

"I am not a bit afraid of Mr. Cullen," she declared softly.

"Between you and me," her father remarked, knocking the ash from his cigar, "there's only one darned thing in this world we are afraid of and that, thank the Lord, isn't this side of the Atlantic!"

The smile faded from Eve's lips. For a moment she closed her eyes—a shiver passed through her frame.

"Don't!" she begged weakly.

"I guess I'll leave it at that," her father agreed. "Now this little proposition of yours, Mr. Walmsley, has just got to lie by for a little time—perhaps only for a very short time. It's a kind of business for us to make up our minds to part with our liberty or any portion of it. Meanwhile if you'd like to take Eve for a motor ride round and meet me for luncheon, why, the car's outside, and if Eve's agreeable I can pass the time all right."

I looked at her eagerly. She rose at once to her feet.

"Why, it would be charming, if you have nothing to do, Mr. Walmsley," she assented. "I'll put my hat on at once."

"I have nothing to do at any time now but to respect your wishes," I answered firmly, "and wait until you are sensible enough to say Yes to my little proposition."

She looked back at me from the door with a twinkle in her eyes.

"You know," she said, "before I came over I was told that Englishmen were rather slow. I shall begin to doubt it. You wouldn't describe yourself exactly as shy, would you, Mr. Walmsley?"

"I don't know about that," I replied; "but we have other traits as well. We know what we want; very often we get it."

Mr. Parker rose to his feet. He put his hand on my shoulder. He was the very prototype of the self-respecting, conscientious, prospective father-in-law.

"Young fellow," he confessed, "I shall end by liking you!"

I drove with Eve for about two hours. We went out nearly as far as Kingston and wound up in the heart of the West End. I tried to persuade her to walk down Bond Street, but she shook her head.

"To tell you the truth," she confided, "I am not very fond of being seen upon the streets. You know how marvelously clever dad is; still we have been talked about once or twice and there are several people whom I shouldn't care about meeting."

I sighed as I looked out of the window toward the jeweler's shops.

"I should very much like," I said, "to buy you an engagement ring."

She laughed at me.

"You absurd person! Why, I am not engaged to you yet!"

"You are very near it," I assured her. "Anyhow it would be an awfully good opportunity for you to show me the sort of ring you like."

She shook her head.

"Not today," she decided. "Somehow or other I feel that if ever I do let you, you'll choose just the sort of ring I shall love, without my interfering. Where did we say we'd pick father up?"

"Here," I answered as the car came to a standstill outside the Café Royal. "I'll go in and fetch him."

I found Mr. Parker seated at a table with two of the most villainous specimens of humanity I had ever beheld. They were of the same class as the men with whom he had been talking at the Milan, but still more disreputable. He welcomed me, however, without embarrassment.

"Just passing the time, my dear fellow!" he remarked airily. "Met a couple of acquaintances of mine. Will you join us?"

"Miss Parker is outside in the car," I explained. "If you don't mind I will go out and wait with her. You can join us when you are ready."

(Continued on Page 57)

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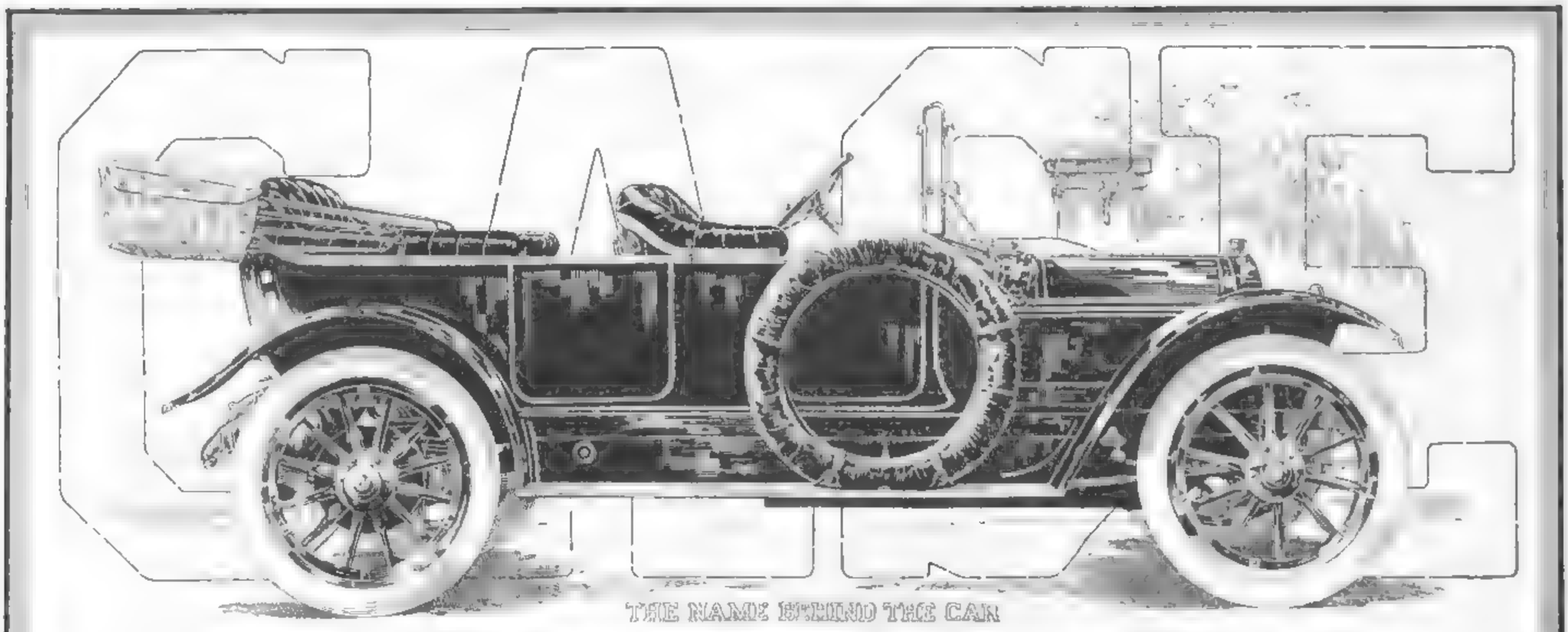

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That's what one of the biggest dealers in live poultry in the country says in an article that *The Country Gentleman* will publish next week:

FRESH FOWL—OR FROZEN?

There are two kinds of cold-storage chickens—one that has a couple of pounds of water absorbed into it, while most of the flavor goes down the sewer; the other frozen hard as a rock, with every bit of nutriment included.

The housewife generally buys the first kind because it looks "fresh"—and because the butcher tells her it is.

She should buy the other kind—do you know why? We'll tell you in this story. We'll tell you what to ask for and how to treat the chicken when you get it. You'll save money by following our advice.

Old Farms Made New

We have been telling you lately about opportunities to buy abandoned farms in the East—and more articles in that same series are coming.

Now we are beginning a series showing how old farms can be made new.

For several years the Department of Agriculture has been experimenting with farms in various parts of the country, replanning them just as an efficiency expert replans a factory to cut out waste in energy and expense—turning deficits into dividends.

The thing is no longer an experiment—in many instances losing ventures have been made to pay, old farms have actually been made new.

If you have an old farm that is losing money you want to make it over. If you are thinking of buying an old farm you want to replan it as a money maker before you begin work.

In either case you can't afford to miss this series, the first article of which, *Old Farms Made New*, will be published in next week's issue.

Pecans—And the Patient Waiter

A plantation owner set out a sixteen-acre pecan orchard, at a cost of $600. Three years later a friend asked, "What will you take for it?"

"It's not for sale," the owner answered, and $1800, $3000, $4000, wouldn't budge him. Why? "Because when it is ten years old I can sell it for $16,000—$1000 an acre," he declared. Now it is nine years old and he wouldn't take $16,000 because it will soon be paying twenty per cent on that valuation.

Tree crops is the next big thing in farming, says Dr. J. Russell Smith, after an 18,000-mile journey through the nut-growing countries of Southern Europe and Northern Africa.

A Woman and a Windmill

The Woman was a tenderfoot spinster from the city. She went homesteading with a tent, a cot, a trunk, the windmill and boundless ambition, energy and pluck. "Any woman can do it," she declares, "if she will buckle down and not try to be a parlor ornament."

Any woman—do you get that? It may mean you.

These are a few of the big features you will find in next week's issue. But they are not all:

Out West—the Little Landers. Can a family farm a quarter of an acre and get a living out of it? That's the claim back of Southern California's Little-Lander movement. Ever hear of the little landers?

When Dairymen Get Together. For a long time the dairymen have been divided into many factions. Now harmony is coming. The last National Dairy Show was really a peace conference. Our article about it is not merely a list of prize winners, but a foresight into dairy futures.

Growing Alfalfa for Market. A hundred dollars an acre in a droughty year looks good to Kansas farmers, and their cornfields are rapidly becoming alfalfa fields. Have you tried alfalfa as a money crop?

Progressive Agriculture. A girl made $107 from tomatoes on a tenth of an acre. A boy raised 167 bushels of corn on an acre. Uncle Sam is teaching 92,000 boys and 33,000 girls how to get the most from the farm, and they are teaching their fathers and mothers.

The Woman's Department. The advance guard of Christmas shopping suggestions and holiday recipes and helpful hints for the "mainspring of the farm"—the wife and mother.

And a dozen more articles dealing with the two important features of the farm business—economy of production; profit in marketing.

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(Continued from Page 54)

"Five minutes—not a moment longer, I promise!" he called out after me. "Sorry you won't join us."

I took my place once more by Eve's side. Perhaps my tone was a little annoyed.

"Your father is in there," I said, "with two of the most disreputable-looking ruffians I have ever seen crawling upon the face of the earth. What in the world induces him to sit at the same table with them I cannot imagine."

"Necessity, perhaps," she remarked. "Very likely they are highly useful members of our industry."

Mr. Parker came out almost immediately afterward. I suggested the Ritz for luncheon. They looked at each other dubiously.

"To be perfectly frank with you, my dear fellow," Mr. Parker explained as he clambered into the car and took the place I had vacated by his daughter's side, "it would give us no pleasure to go to the Ritz. We have courage, both of us—my daughter and I—as you may have observed for yourself; but courage is a different thing from rashness. We have been enjoying a very pleasant and not unlucrative time for the last six weeks, with the—er—natural result that there are several ladies and gentlemen in London whom I would just as soon avoid. The Ritz is one of those places where one might easily come across them."

"The Carlton? Prince's? Claridge's? Berkeley?" I suggested. "Or what do you say to Jules' or the Milan grill-room?"

Mr. Parker shook his head slowly.

"If you really mean that you wish me to choose," he said, "I say Stephano's."

"As you will," I agreed. "I only suggested the other places because I thought Miss Parker might like a change."

We drove to Stephano's. It struck me that Luigi's greeting was scarcely so cordial as usual. He piloted us, however, to the table usually occupied by Mr. Parker. On the way he took the opportunity of drawing me a little apart.

"Mr. Walmsley, sir," he said, "can you tell me anything about Mr. Parker and his daughter?"

"Anything about them?" I repeated.

"That they are Americans I know," he continued, "and that the young lady is beautiful—well, one has eyes! It is not my business to be too particular as to the character of those who frequent my restaurant; but twice Mr. Parker has been followed here by a detective, and last night, as you know, they left practically under arrest. It is not good for my restaurant, Mr. Walmsley, to have the police so often about, and if Mr. Parker and his daughter are really of the order of those who pass their life under police supervision, I would rather they patronized another restaurant."

I only laughed at him.

"My dear Luigi," I protested, "be careful how you turn away custom. Mr. Parker is, I should think, no better or any worse than a great many of your clients."

"If one could but keep the police out of it!" Luigi observed. "Could you drop a word to the gentleman, sir? Since I have seen them in your company I have naturally more confidence, but it is not good for my restaurant to have it watched by the police all the time."

"I'll see what can be done, Luigi," I promised him.

Mr. Parker was twice called up on the telephone during luncheon time. He seemed throughout the meal preoccupied; and more than once, with a word of apology to me, he and Eve exchanged confidential whispers. I felt certain that something was in the air, some new adventure from which I was excluded, and my heart sank as I thought of all the grim possibilities overshadowing it.

I watched them with their heads close together, Mr. Parker apparently unfolding the details of some scheme; and it seemed to me that, after all, the wisest thing I could do was to bid this strange pair farewell after luncheon and return either to the country or cross over to Paris for a few days. And then a chance word, a little look from Eve, a little touch from her fingers, as it occurred to her that I was being neglected, made me realize the absolute impossibility of doing anything of the sort.

For a person of my habits of life and temperament I had certainly fallen into a strange adventure. Not only had Eve herself come to mean for me everything that was real and vital in life, but I was most curiously attracted by her terrible father. I liked him. I liked being with him. He was a type of person I had never met before in my life and one whom I thoroughly appreciated. I sat and watched him during an interval of the conversation.

Geniality and humor were stamped upon his expression. "I am enjoying life!" he seemed to say to everybody. "Come and enjoy it with me!" What a man to be walking the tightrope all the time—to be risking his character and his freedom day by day!

"If there is anything more on hand," I said, trying to make my tone as little dejected as possible, "I should like to be in it."

Mr. Parker scratched his chin.

"I am not sure that you really enjoy these little episodes."

"Of course I don't enjoy them," I admitted indignantly. "You know that. I hate them. I am miserable all the time, simply because of what may happen to you and to Miss Eve."

Mr. Parker sighed.

"There you are, you see!" he declared. "That's the one kink in your disposition, sir, which places you irrevocably outside the class to which Eve and I belong. Now let me ask you this, young man," he went on: "What is the most dangerous thing you've ever done?"

"I've played some tough polo," I remembered.

"That'll do," Mr. Parker declared. "Now tell me: When you turned out you knew perfectly well that a broken leg or a broken arm—perhaps a cracked skull—was a distinct possibility. Did you think about this when you went into the game? Did you think about it while you were playing?"

"Of course I didn't," I admitted.

"Just so!" Mr. Parker concluded triumphantly. "That's where the sporting instinct comes in. You know a thing is going to amuse and excite you. Beyond that you do not think."

"But in this case," I persisted, "I think it is your duty to think for your daughter's sake."

Eve flashed upon me the first angry glance I had seen from her.

"I think," she decided coldly, "it is not worth while discussing this matter with Mr. Walmsley. We are too far apart in our ideas. He has been brought up among a different class of people and in a different way. Besides he misses the chief point. If I weren't an adventuress, Mr. Walmsley, I might have to become a typist and daddy might have to serve in a shop. Don't you think that we'd rather live—really live, mind—even for a week or two of our lives, than spend dull years, as we have done, upon the treadmill?"

"I give it up," I said. "There is only one argument left. You know quite well that the pecuniary excuse exists no longer."

She looked at me and her face softened.

"You are a queer person!" she murmured. "You are so very English, so very set in your views, so very respectable; and yet you are willing to take us both ——"

"I am only thinking of marrying you," I interrupted.

"Well, you were going to make daddy an allowance, weren't you?"

"With great pleasure," I assured her vigorously; "and I only wish you'd take my hand now and we'd fix up everything tomorrow. We could go down and see my house in the country, Eve—I think you'd love it—and there are such things, even in England, you know, as special licenses."

"You dear person!" she laughed. "I can't be rushed into respectability like this."

Perhaps that was really my first moment of genuine encouragement, for there had been a little break in her voice, something in her tone not altogether natural. If only we had been alone—if even another summons to the telephone had come just then for her father! Fortune, however, was not on my side. Instead the waiter appeared with the bill and diverted my attention. Eve and her father whispered together. The moment had passed.

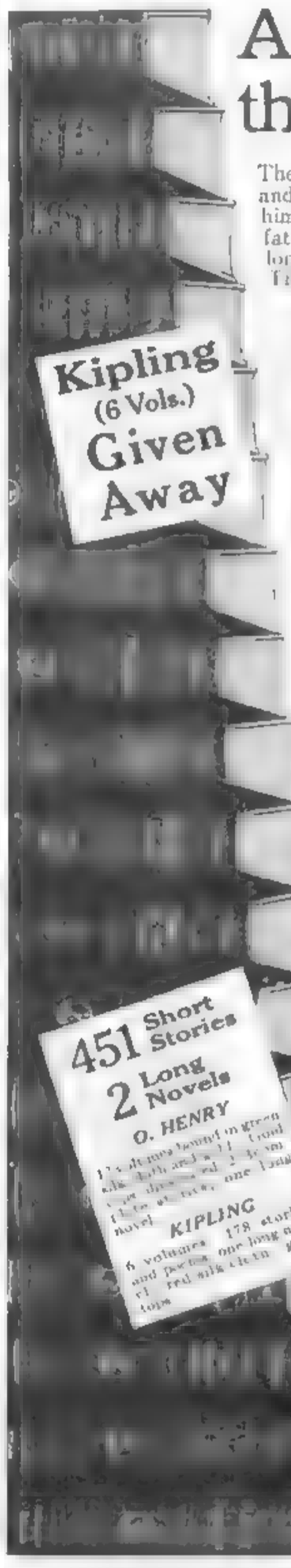
"Anything particular on this afternoon, Walmsley?" Mr. Parker asked as he rose to his feet.

"Not a thing," I replied.

"I have just got to hurry off," he explained; "a little matter of business. Eve has nothing to do for an hour or so ——"

"I'll look after her if I may," I interposed eagerly.

"Don't be later than half past five, Eve," her father directed as he went off, "and don't be tired."



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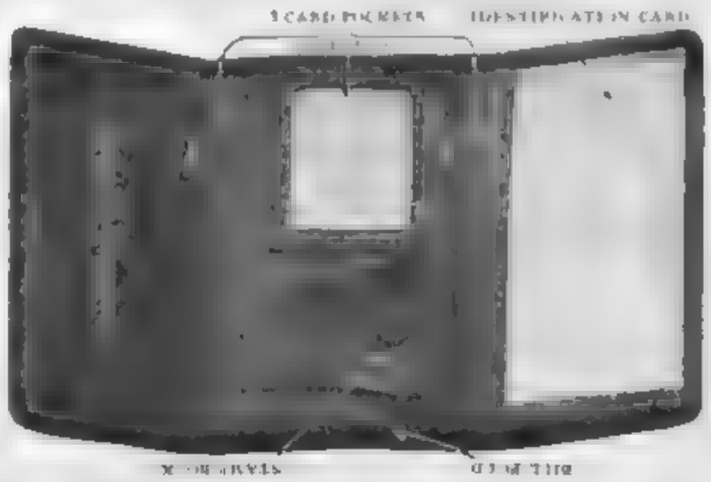

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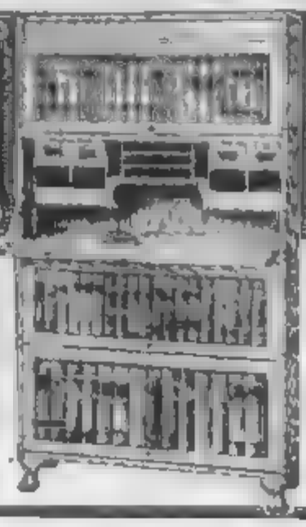

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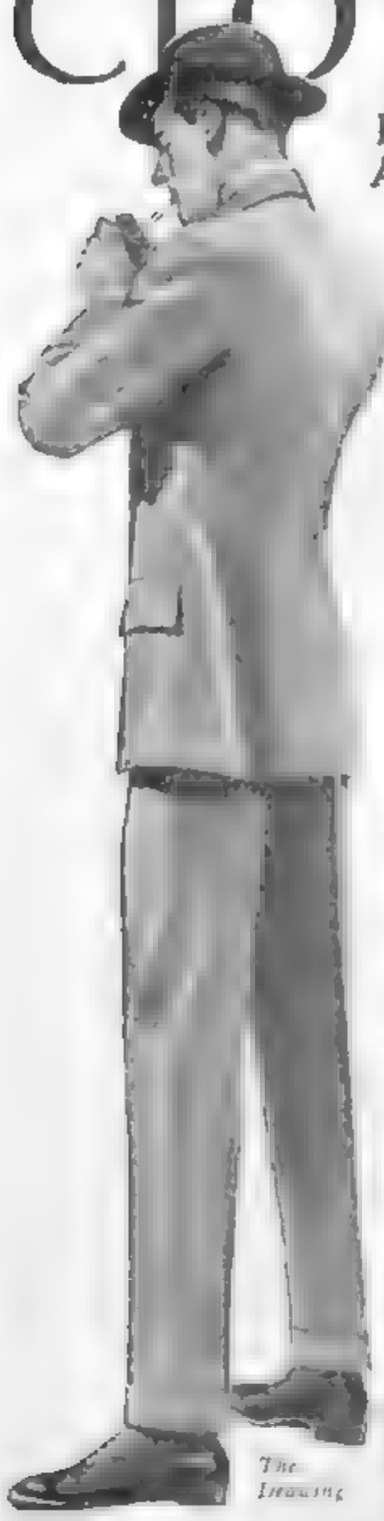

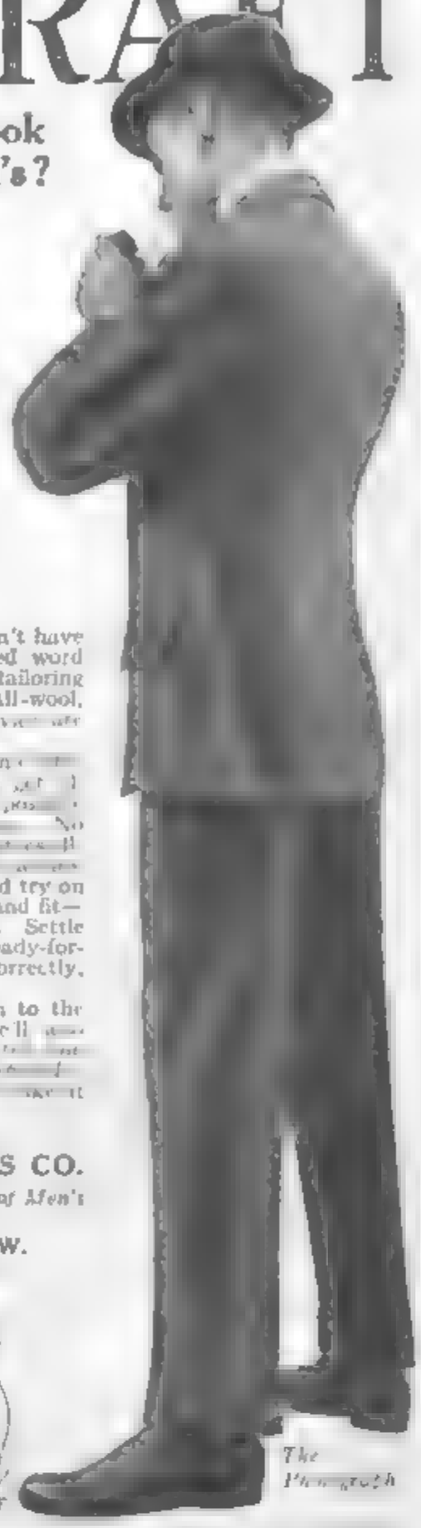

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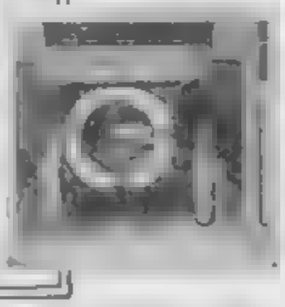

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We followed him a few minutes later into the street. A threatening shower had passed away. The sky overhead was wonderfully soft and blue; the air was filled with sunlight, fragrant with the perfume of barrows of lilac drawn up in the gutter. Eve walked by my side, her head a little thrown back, her eyes for a moment half closed.

"But London is delicious on days like this!" she exclaimed. "What are you going to do with me, Mr. Walmsley?"

"Take you down to the Archbishop of Canterbury and marry you!" I threatened.

She shook her head.

"I couldn't be married on a Friday! Let us go and see some pictures instead."

We went into the National Gallery and wandered round for an hour. She knew a great deal more about the pictures than I did, and more than once made me sit down by her side to look at one of her favorite masterpieces.

"I want to go to Bond Street now," she said when we left. "I think it will be quite all right at this time in the afternoon, and there are some weird things to be seen there. Do you mind?"

We walked again along Pall Mall. Passing the Carlton she suddenly clutched at my arm. A little stifled cry escaped her; the color left her cheeks. We increased our speed. Presently she breathed a sigh of relief.

"Heavens, what an escape!" she exclaimed. "Do you think he saw me?"

"Do you mean the young man who was getting out of the taxicab?"

She nodded.

"One of our victims," she murmured; "daddy's victim, rather. I didn't do a thing to him"

"I am quite sure he didn't see you," I told her. "He was struggling to find change."

She sighed once more. The incident seemed to have shaken her.

"The worst of our sort of life is," she confided, "that it must soon come to an end. We have victims all over the place! One of them is bound to turn up and be disagreeable sooner or later."

"I should say, then," I remarked, "that the moment is opportune for a registrar's office and a trip to Abyssinia."

"And leave daddy to face the music alone!" she objected. "It couldn't be done."

We turned into a tea shop and sat in a remote corner of the place. I had made up my mind to say no more to her that day, but the opportunity was irresistible.

There was a little desultory music, a hum of distant conversation, and Eve herself was thoughtful. I pleaded with her earnestly.

"Eve," I begged, "if only you would listen to me seriously! I simply cannot bear the thought of the danger you are in all the time. Give it up, dear, this moment—today! We'll lead any sort of life you like. We'll wander all over Europe—America, if you say the word. I am quite well enough off to take you anywhere you choose to go and still see that your father is quite comfortable. You've made such a difference in such a short time!"

She was certainly quieter and her tone was softer. She avoided looking at me.

"Perhaps," she said very gently, "this feeling you speak of would pass away just as quickly."

"There isn't any fear of that!" I assured her. "As I care for you now, Eve, I must care for you always; and you know it's torture for me to think of you in trouble—perhaps in disgrace. As my wife you shall be safe. You'll have me always there to protect you. I should like to take you even farther afield for a time—to India or Japan, if you like—and then come back and start life all over again."

"You're rather a dear!" she murmured softly. "I will tell you something at any rate. I do care for you—a little—better than I've ever cared for anyone else; but I can't decide quite so quickly."

"Give up this adventure tonight!" I begged. "I hate to mention it, Eve, but if money—I put my checkbook in my pocket today. If your father would only ——"

She stopped me firmly.

"After the things you have told me," she said, "I don't think I could bear to have him take your money today. I can't quite do as you wish; but what you have said shall make a difference, I promise you. I can't say more. Please drive me home now."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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